MEMOIRS,

ANECDOTES, FACTS,

AND

OPINIONS,

COLLECTED AND PRESERVED

BY

LÆTITIA-MATILDA HAWKINS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Time passes his sentence at leisure.
JOHNSON'S *Rambler*.

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1824.

TO

SAMUEL TOLFREY, Esq.

&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR SIR,

DID I know of any fable of an honest Jay who returned with thanks the Peacock's plumage, I would refer to this fiction to justify my obtruding on you this volume.

To your memory and your conversation, I have been much indebted; still greater is my obligation to your example;—and it gratifies my pride to subscribe myself

Your very grateful and

faithful humble servant,

LÆTITIA-MATILDA HAWKINS.

Twickenham, 1st July, 1824.

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VOLUME II.

MEMOIRS.

The idle purpose of beguiling a state of convalescence which led me to begin this low species of work, has really involved me in infinite trouble; and the fear that any want of judgment or information, or that any inaccuracy of memory should have betrayed me into error, adds uneasiness to my labour. The only satisfaction I feel, is in the power which yet remains to me, of making the *amende honorable* for mistakes already discovered or communicated.

I owe it to a kind friend that I can correct the little I have said of Mr. Beard the singer. His first marriage, I am told, was of a kind so little *beneficial*, and notwithstanding appearances, so far from *raising* him, that for the sake of survivors, it is prudent to suppress the circumstances of it, and

to consider his second marriage as that which placed him in the situation his private worth merited.

I have followed my father in a supposition respecting "the eleven thousand virgins, by considering them as one individual of the name of *Undecimilla.*" The beautiful publication of the etchings from the Angerstein gallery, which includes the Claude denominated after these multitudinous young adies, establishes their existence as a historical fact. They are there said to have been collected in the British Islands for the purpose of colonising, by Maximus, when he had renounced his allegiance to the Emperor Gratian. They were to be conveyed to Bretagne; but being seized on, in their passage, by the Huns, they took refuge from dishonour in death.

I am not at all satisfied with my ichnography respecting the Beaufort estate at Chelsea. All that I have *asserted* is true, but my conjectures are worth nothing; and Evelyn, whose diary has raised my doubts, so adds to them, that I must give up a ques-

tion, which, if I followed my inclination, would lead me too far.

To my memoir of Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, I can add, from Evelyn's information, that she died in 1699, had been the richest lady in Europe, and was married to the richest subject; that she was born at Rome, but educated in France; that she was dissolute, abandoned by her husband, and banished; that she came to this country for shelter, and finally hastened her death by drinking spirituous liquors. That she wrote her own story and adventures; and, as Mr. Evelyn says, "so did her extravagant sister, wife to one of the Colonna family." I now proceed.

My father got great credit with the government for framing an act of parliament, consolidating those respecting the turnpike-trusts. It led him into an intercourse with the ministry, at the head of which was the Duke of Grafton. His grace foreseeing that his administration would be unsparingly attacked, advised with him as to the conduct to be adopted. Sir J. gave it as his firm

opinion, that written attacks required to be repelled by writing.

After some conferences on the subject, the Duke pressed him to accept a seat in parliament. Every inducement was held out: he should be guaranteed against all injury to his family, and should have every support from government. I trust it is just cause of respect to his memory, that though the use into which his argumentative powers would have been brought, was consentaneous with the energy of his mind, and though under such favour he might have done much for his children, he was not to be prevailed on, in this instance, nor ever to lend his pen to ministerial interests.*

* "You see what *we* are *obliged* to do," said the lady of a rural vicar of some distinction, as she was seen coming out of a house the mistress of which was rather "below *par*." On the same sort of compulsion the following fact may be accounted for. My father, walking up St. Martin's Lane, followed at some little distance the then *premier*. He saw him pass a very handsome chariot, in which was a very fine lady, to whom the peer bowed profoundly. Curiosity prompted Sir J. to ask a shopkeeper, standing at his door, and whose attention had been evidently alive to the circumstance, if he knew whose carriage it was. The man replied, "O yes, sir, it is Poll Kennedy." Poll's history it is as well to suppress: her brothers, it is well known, were tried for the murder of a watchman.

In all the tumults occasioned by Spitalfields weavers and Wapping coal-heavers, and in all the riots occasioned by the *patriotism* of Johnny Wilkes,* or the want of management in those

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Why they, and why Blood who stole the crown out of the Tower, were not hanged, " fits not *us* to know."

* With Wilkes's family my father was, of necessity, acquainted, my mother's brother having lent to one of them, I believe for the purchase of an estate in the Grenades, a large sum of money. No man could be of higher honour than the eldest brother of John Wilkes, whose name was Israel; but want of energy and the love of change and of show, were his bane.

In the very troublesome business of settling this debt, when that for which it had been contracted had been ruined by neglect, my father was obliged to have many conferences with the *quondam* idol of the mob, in all which he showed himself a much more honest man, in his opinions at least, than some thought him. He utterly disclaimed all real coalition with those whose brains he had fired; and the humorous anecdote of him, lately brought forward, in which he protests, as if affronted by the supposition of his party-spirit, that *he* " never was a Wilkite," is corroborated by his uniform abandonment, in private, of all those principles by which he mounted to the shoulders of the populace. On my father's asking him, when money was wanted in settling his brother's affairs, if his friend Alderman Bull would not assist him, he replied — " No; there is a time when the fever of mankind will abate."

" Of my father's conduct in this time of commotion, it is a specimen that, to avoid all compulsion to illuminate in such a cause, he had strong oak shutters put on the outside of all the *reachable* windows in our house.

who should have known their own powers, my father, without making himself a party-man, performed the duty of a firm, undaunted magistrate. In the last of these calls on him, my mother's solicitude made her come to Twickenham, during the Brentford election, but she never said a word or expressed a fear that could hinder him in the discharge of his duty.*

With the Marquis of Rockingham my father had great pleasure in transacting business and holding conversation, as his lordship had a taste for the fine arts, and would talk on the subject. He once showed the liberality of his spirit, when he had called Sir J.'s attention to a very fine antique gem, by saying, that to put him in possession of what he so much admired, he would allow it to be copied. An application was made, I think, to

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* I remember once betraying the confidence of my younger brother, by informing her that he was, the next day, to fight a schoolfellow at the Charter-house. I was certain that she would not suffer it; but she disappointed me, and made me ashamed of my treachery. She, however, took pains to convince me that he would be despised; and this was sufficient.

Worlidge, but the price he demanded was too exorbitant. Again, my father was offered to be brought into parliament, and free of all expense, but again he declined it.

The often wearisome attendance on the secretaries of state, was very much enlivened to Sir J. H., by the friendship which he contracted with Sir Stanier Porten, then under-secretary, and who, let the principal be whom he might, was always the man of business. Lord Rochford, too, was very easy of access, very fond of music, and very willing to bestow any leisure moments in conversation. *

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* His lordship introduced into this country the Lombardy poplar, and told my father that he brought the original sapling from Turin, tied to the pole of his carriage. When the tree was a novelty, it became a general favourite, and was adopted universally wherever a rapid growth of what may be called *screenery* was desired; but being planted in strait lines, before rows of houses of as quick growth as itself, it became vulgarised, and was treated with neglect equal to the fondness which had made it common. It now has found its level, and artists who have been in Italy, can admire a *single* Lombardy poplar as a substitute for the more classic cypress. To any body disposed to seek amusement in familiar objects, few more readily afford it than a row of these bowing gentry in a brisk wind; but it is no subject of merriment to have fifteen of

Sir Stanier Porten was a man of a deportment so grave, that it seemed as if nature had intended him *for*, or he had formed his nature *by*, a long official residence at Madrid, from which he came fresh into the secretary of state's office. He was of the most gentlemanly port and manners, and so far removed from all the common cares of life, that an idea of his concerning himself with money, or that which money purchases, never could enter the mind of those who looked up to him. He was what I could have supposed Burleigh, Sidney, or Walsingham to have been, but nothing lower; and how Sir Stanier was dressed, where he dined, what he ate or drank, or any thing beyond his application of his great authority, could never be asked. In his department, he had the weight due to his high integrity and his complete application to the duties of his office; and solely by the threat of resigning it, he kept out of this country a French ambassador, with whose evil disposition

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them planted between one's windows and a south-western view of one of the finest curves on the Thames: I speak feelingly. It is a gross violation of a commandment.

towards this country, he had made himself acquainted.

He was sprung from that excellent old protestant stock of London merchants, whom the faithless revocation of the Edict of Nantes had made *refugés* here.* He had a sister, who was mother to Gibbon the historian, and another who, with the fine spirit of independence in a family whose meridian sun had been so cruelly clouded, took the conduct of a boarding-house

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* It would be a curious but a painful speculation to trace, in all its ramifications, the mischief and misery entailed on the world by that neglect or management of Anne of Austria, which left Louis XIV. unlearned. His natural abilities were good; his feelings originally within the reach of reasonable conviction; he deplored his ignorance, and reproached the memory of those who had so fettered him. It forced him into a slavish dependence on others; it narrowed his ideas; it left him to frivolous [illegible] to uncurbed passion, and ended in deeds of bigotry, which were in effect of the most operative cruelty. His "Memoires écrites pour le Grand Dauphin," speak well for him, for even with all they might receive from the revision of Perefixe or Racine, or the solicitude of others who had to prepare them for the public eye, they carry in them the evidences of *a mind* in the original author. That they are genuine, I have the opinion of Count Jarnac, who could say much for their authenticity, and had no prejudices that could bias him.

for Westminster scholars, and stood as high in *her* official situation as her brother did in his.

Sir Stanier, I believe on the retreat of Lord Rochford, accepted the situation of a Commissioner of the Customs, and in that office acted with the same integrity as that which had guided him in earlier life. He married late, but discreetly, and found in his wife the same undeviating spirit of rectitude and high honour. Lady P. might have been trusted with any secret of state, and though of a liveliness more resembling French vivacity, than her husband's Spanish gravity, they were excellently matched. He left in their childhood, two of the loveliest children I ever beheld, who, without any affectation or ostentation, were brought up in a very superior class of distinction, and who, in becoming themselves new roots of family, have "in no wise" departed from the character of the original stock. His widow lived long in the perfect use of her lively faculties, and was called, without previous suffering, from a world, the faults and follies of which had filled her mind with experience and observation. In the hands of those who inherit

her property, must be a very large and curious collection of letters and notes to Sir Stanier from our ever-to-be-lamented late King, who, on many occasions, communicated immediately with him, when under-secretary of state.

When, in changes of administration, my father had to act with men incompetent to business, or whose modes of dress classed them with the *petits maitres* of the day; when he felt himself obstructed in his own plain and judicious paths of duty, by private regards and want of punctuality, his mind always recurred to the superior qualifications of Sir Stanier Porten, and though he could, in a select dinner-party *sans façon*, forgive an elegant young nobleman for interlacing the tones of the German flute with the graver business of opening a box of despatches, he could not but think his Grace's qualifications better employed in his situation as Her Majesty's chamberlain. The fault was in the choice.

My father's situation sometimes afforded us amusement, sometimes information, and frequently very serious lessons. Of the first class, was the

complaint of a man who sold milk, against a servant-maid who would not rise in a morning as early as he required. The girl, when called on for her defence, did not attempt to deny the charge, but she archly replied, that she rose early enough to heat a quantity of water, which she named, for her master to put into the milk which he carried about to his customers.

Cases occurred in which my father wished for the presence of my mother. He did so when a lady of fashion was under the necessity of appealing to the law to defend her from the alarming pursuits of a man who pretended to be injured by her indifference. My father suggested that the horse-pond might be the best *dehortative:* but he afforded the lady the protection she sought.

On the same day, how contrasted! there appeared before the magistrates, a young woman, the mother of a family, whom bodily danger obliged to apply to the same succour against the brutality of her husband. Still it was evident that her heart clung to him, that though driven to complain, she wished to lay the blame of his excesses on any thing rather than on himself. She was one

moment showing the marks of his cruelty, and the next fainting under the sense of the *fiat* she was seeking. Pale, emaciated, and in tears, which had just served to relieve her agony, and to give her power to suffer, she followed the elegant ladies, who merrily entered their carriage after a jocular scene.

On one occasion we expected amusement, for which we had only the disgusting substitution of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's *manual* conflict with her maid. A lady known too well, by the probably borrowed name of Kitty Frederick, was to appear to answer to a complaint of one of those manufacturers of finery who are the most subject to such ephemeral customers. She had, in the shop phrase of the time, "run up a bill:" it would now be called "opening an account;" and was considered as having obtained goods under false pretences.

The lady was then under the protection of Lord M———, afterwards entitled, with infinitely appropriate wit, "the Star of Piccadilly." His chariot bore her to the *arena*: one of the footmen behind it, was said to be her father! Her appearance was in no way remarkable; it was gen-

teel, without any assiduity; and she was, though not of the first beauty, pretty enough to recommend whatever guise she assumed. She sate unmoved while all the formalities were gone through; and then, when called on by the court to state her defence, she said in a tone which needed repetition to make her excuse audible, that she was "not of age." This it was impossible to disprove; she therefore retreated to her carriage, preserving in all its integrity the *nonchalance* with which she had entered a court of justice on a most disgraceful accusation, from which she could not clear herself. Perhaps like the eels of the proverbial story, she was "used to it."

There is something, however, setting aside the *iniquity*, rather dazzling in the idea of a pretty young woman so splendidly supported under a disgrace; — the coronet — the "set out," is altogether imposing, and the royal heart of the escutcheon of that house, carries with it a chivalrous grandeur still more impressive. The young and thoughtless should, therefore, follow Kitty Frederick a little further. We will do so.

The next time I had the *honour* of meeting her,

was in Vauxhall Gardens, where she was hanging on the arm of a new protector, the then Imperial ambassador. In the course of a long and gay evening, she became extremely elevated, to such a degree indeed, as to call to the by-standers, whose notice her freaks had attracted, to ask what *those people* wanted. She was very expensively drest: the ambassador gave distinguished liveries to *all* her servants. Again I met her, and before my father, but not as a principal; she was only one of many gudgeons whom the sweep-net of the police had surprised in a house of ill fame near St. Giles's, at a merry moment, when she was on full swing, going down a dance, which was identically sworn to as "The Trip to Highgate." At this time, I suppose, she was *independent*. Her dress was composed of the remains of "style." She escaped again.

In her next situation I only *heard* of her: she was then playing at battledore and shuttlecork with a gay young man in the King's Bench prison.

In hastily committing to paper such incidents as

these, the torrent of recollections is overwhelming. Yet when a moral can be extracted, to raise gossip into usefulness, I cannot withstand the temptation. I wish to say a little on the regret it must occasion every thinking mind, when suddenly made sensible that what appears innocent enjoyment, is in itself vicious.

In arriving last summer at one of the most respectably-visited resorts for health, I passed a beautiful cottage, adorned with all the *agrémens* of wealth, elegance, and cultivated taste; a young gentleman and lady were, even in a shower, playing battledore and shuttlecork in the open air; two children were at their sports under a veranda near them, and the scene prompted a pious wish that nothing might ever cloud their felicity. Enquiring who this pretty groupe were, I learnt that it was Lord *****, and his foreign mistress, with *her* little family!! Is it not enough to make one hate whatever is attractive, and to suspect whatever seems innocent? and is it worth the price paid for an infamous connection, to have nothing of more *peculiar* enjoyment, than a game at battledore and shuttlecock?

Another point to which I would speak, is the apparent severity of disturbing the gaiety of "The Trip to Highgate." But, alas! the police of our country is only too relaxed, it does not afford security to the better part of the community.* But inasmuch as it discountenances all illicit Trips to Highgate, as well as more glaring offences, it is salutary. Houses of silent aspect, in which the hero of the stage learns to endure the first fire of his own voice, exist in various parts of London; and, I do not doubt, would afford very good amusement, even to those habituated to a public theatre; but their evil tendency has been proved, and therefore no favour must be shown them. It is matter of fact, for I have it from the official authority itself, that a lad, an apprentice, was brought to a governor of the Philanthropic

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* This may too truly be said of the village from which I write. The best guard of our nightly hours, next to the protection of the Almighty, is in the adoption of London modes, which make those who use the night for the day, the guardians of those who, but for this benevolent practice, would not perhaps sleep very easy in their beds. Surely that system wants correcting, which leaves a village of the highest luxury, and only ten miles from London, utterly destitute of police!

Institution for admission, on account of his having stolen from his master, a hat, in which he designed to have fulfilled an engagement at one of these Thespian nests, for that evening, by playing the *improving* part of Lothario, in Rowe's tragedy of the Fair Penitent! a drama, I have already said, as well calculated as most on the stage, to break down every wall of separation between virtue and vice.

What chance Miss Kitty Frederick ever stood, for being "an honest woman," I cannot say, but as of black we have many shades, so are there many in characters which seem all of one hue; and every distinction that can be made, between those who deplore the temptations to which they have yielded under poverty, want of advice or protection, delusion, or even human frailty, is not only charity but justice. Still, however, the line of demarcation must be kept strongly impressed; a fortunate marriage, be it gained by weakness on one side or influence on the other, is no passport to that good opinion on which all associations ought to be founded; and no argument adduced to the

contrary, can be other than fallacious. No less unjust is a departure from this rule, to the persons in whose favour it is broken, than to those who are put on a level with them. Dazzled with their success in overcoming those restrictions which they themselves must respect, they are thrown on the world; and, attaining a height for which they could not hope, all possibility of even being for a moment sorry for any thing beyond their lost time, is taken away. They become hardened and confident, excuse their faults by example, and are insolent in quoting the "superior liberality" of those who are dupes to false principles. Instead of retreating to domestic privacy, and making days of goodness weigh against years of licentiousness, expense and show become of more value in their eyes, because they can now out-blazon others; a reformed course of life is converted into a politic measure, and, poor souls! they are thus defrauded of their hope in another world, by bartering it for the baubles of this.

The recent statement of the truth respecting the affairs of a deceased popular actress, a statement loudly called for by the most opprobrious and un-

founded calumny, bring *her* to recollection, as having from early life met with unusual obstacles in the path of rectitude, yet never letting depart from her, those good instincts, which it is greatly to be regretted had not their fair chance for victory. But what is good let us preserve in memory, as we do her comic excellence. She fitted up an elegant cottage on Twickenham Common for her elder daughters, saying, that she hoped, had *she* had a good home, she should not have been induced by any temptations to lead such a life as her's had been. At some little distance she placed in a comfortable abode, an aunt; and these in her highest elevation she used to visit. I have seen, and indeed watched the style of such a visit to the young women; it was a pattern to persons of high rank. They were very plainly drest; I may say below the rank of their dwelling. On seeing Mrs. —— alight from the carriage, they came forward on the lawn, made a profound courtesy where it was due, and then each approached and kissed her hand. After this they fell into the well-bred ease of reception. She had taught them *good manners*.

I believe it is known that she herself was an example of filial regard to her mother, in whose misfortunes originated the errors of the daughter. I have seen a memoir of her, which must excite the pity even of the most virtuous.

If I were chronologically accurate, or if I paid, indeed, due respect to *rank*, there is one lady of very superior claims, who ought to have had precedence of all my fair *acquaintance* of the tribe of iniquity, who, it must be confessed, about the year 1780, more or less, afforded us Hyde Park air-takers and Pall Mall up-and-down-drivers, great amusement.* I think, on the whole, we are

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* I shall be abused for telling a fact, and it will be disbelieved through mere affectation of candour, but it is true; I had it from an eye and ear witness, and I print it on my steady plan of making experience warn the inexperienced. A lady of my acquaintance was at a milliner's, nearly opposite Marlborough House, when a very handsome coach, pale blue, with silver initials, and servants in blue and silver, drove up. A young lady, in the height of morning-fashion, and betraying herself only by the expensiveness of her dress, and what *then* were thought the manners of her profession, alighted gaily, and coming into the show-room, which was, excepting the form of the windows, a public shop, desired to see some dress hats for the morning; none exactly suiting her, she ordered one, with an injunction, that it should be got ready imme-

getting rather more into the *exemplary morality* of those whom we go over the water to study, by putting on to vice the mask of virtue; and as this is one degree better than compelling the latter to *adopt the costume of the former, let us comfort* ourselves that we are not at the very worst, unless, indeed, it is the very worst to be short of that situation in which we *must* mend. A little patience may produce this, in some ranks.

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diately. "For," said she, "one of our young ladies has a brother who is to be hanged to-morrow morning, and we are all going to see him go."

It will be insipid after this to say, that some few years later than this *glorious* period, the reign of

"Venus laughing from the skies,"

I took a young friend into a fashionable *finery shop*, thinking she would amuse herself, whilst I either made my purchase, or paid a bill. A beautiful woman, leaning on the arm of a man of fashion, and having by the hand a *drest-out* little boy, came near us. We did not at that time dress in the showy style of a later period; war had made us frugal, its taxes had made us sullen, and we seemed content with neatness. My young friend recognised the lady as a school-fellow, and drew me away to the back shop, where her sensations nearly overcame her. In hope that our inferences were precipitate, I made enquiry as to the estimation of the lady: the answer given me conveyed the most just contempt of an appearance so artificial as that which might be supposed adopted to obtain respect.

But at the time of which I speak, the glut of splendid equipages, and the exorbitant profusion of every kind which were exhibited *by* or *for* these pestilent members of the community, would in *some periods of history have left records* of the measures taken to control them *; and some quarter, like that allotted to the Jews in Rome, might have been well sacrificed for the purpose of keeping them within bounds.

I was going to speak, and let no one fear I will tell all or half that I know, of the Perdita of her day, who attracted our notice very early in her career, by residing in the same street with us. One such lady had before graced our neighbourhood; but it was not till a very extraordinary equipage was seen wheeling about the street, that the politeness of *her* husband was manifest. †

* But in one point they showed more good sense than we have done since. They did not annoy themselves, and their gentleman, in a close carriage, as we have done now for some years, with bonnets that admit neither of our hearing or being heard; but, to make up for this, persecuted them with stiff whalebone hoops, even in morning dress, and wore hats, flat indeed, but of immense circumference. Mrs. Hastings, O happy woman! had one thirty-three inches in *diameter*. Father and mother, cruel as they were, kept *me* to twenty-seven!

† An upper servant from this family offered herself to my

Our Perdita set off at a different rate. She too, indeed, had a husband, and she had a mother, and a young child! all living with her! She was unquestionably very beautiful, but more so in face than figure; and as she proceeded in her course, she acquired a remarkable facility in adapting her deportment to her dress. When she was to be seen daily in St. James's Street and Pall Mall, even in her chariot this variation was striking. To-day she was a *paysanne*, with her straw hat tied at the back of her head, looking as if too new to what she passed, to know what she looked at. Yesterday she, perhaps, had been the dressed *belle* of Hyde Park, trimmed, powdered, patched, painted to the utmost power of rouge and white lead; to morrow, she would be the cravatted Amazon of the riding house: but be she what she might, the hats of the fashionable promenaders swept the ground as she passed.

But, in her outset, "the style" was a high phaëton, in which she was driven by the favoured

mother, urging, as a motive *to* accepting her, that she could tell the whole story of all that was passing in the house she was quitting.

of the day, three candidates and her husband were outriders; and this in the face of the congregations turning out of places of worship.

She has written works of genius, and her own Memoirs; but I once heard more of her than is told there, and, I believe, from good authority, as it was from a lady, whose brother was employed to save her husband from the effects of his own misconduct. He was, as, alas! is too often to be alleged in mitigation of profligacy, the natural son of a man of rank, and bred to the law, but idle and dissipated. These qualities soon brought him to the goal at which they seem to aim, the King's Bench Prison, whither his father remitted to him, by the hand of the gentleman to whom I allude, a guinea a week. Employment in writing was also offered him; and he might, by these means, have retrieved his circumstances; but he would do nothing. In this depth of misery, his wife was eminently meritorious; she had her child to attend to, she did all the work of their apartments, she even scoured the stairs, and accepted the writing and the pay which he had refused!

About the year 1778, she appeared on the stage,

and gained, from the character in which she charmed, the name of "Perdita." She then started in one of the new streets of Mary-la-bonne, and was in her altitude. Afterward, when a little in the wane, she resided under protection in Berkeley Square, and appeared to guests as mistress of the house, as well as of its master. Her manners and conversation were said, by those invited, to want refinement and decorum.

She now, in the hope of an aristocratic establishment, would have bribed her husband largely to renounce her; but in both schemes she was foiled.

Connected with the atrocious publicity of these proceedings, was the deplorable ruin of one of the most promising artists that ever graced this country. This was Sherwin the engraver, whom a benevolent patron brought out of the woods of Sussex, where he followed his father's occupation of cutting pegs for ships. Through this medium, he was placed with Bartolozzi; and while under his instruction, astonished the world of taste by his exquisite engraving of what is called "the Marlborough gem." He then came forward, but in an

irregular way, not at all indicating a disposition to sit down industriously to his own branch of the graphic art; but taking an expensive house in St. James's Street, where his attention was every other minute claimed by equipages and eccentricities, he went into a desultory variety of drawing, painting, and engraving, in which any one acquainted with the slow progress of the graver, may guess which most occupied him.

Generous and kind-hearted to the utmost, no sooner did the prospect of success encourage him, than he called up his relations, made gentlemen of them, and tried to associate them in his credit. *

He now became at once the fashion, and fashion's assiduous votary. Scarlet and nankeen was the

* In his imperfectly finished engraving of the Deserted Village, he is said to have introduced the portrait of his father, who was in himself a fine old man. Sherwin was much amused when the rusticity which he himself had quitted with the woods, was brought to his recollection by one of his brothers, a lad, putting his fingers into a dish of potatoes to help himself. The old man, whose sagacity had shown him that manners change with countries, corrected him *sotto voce*, by saying, " Moosn't grabble yer han 'moong the tahtoes *here*."

spring *costume* of the men of *ton*; and I have heard from one who was at that time his pupil, that he had had four scarlet coats made for him, before he could obtain the colour that satisfied his *artist-eye*. Fortunately he had, I believe, as many brothers as rejected coats.

He now projected his picture of the Finding of Moses; and somehow or other there was a little Moses ready found for the purpose, and with nearly as much of whisper and caution as that which attended on the birth of his original. A sketch was made of the subject, which certainly was in a very masterly style, and to which Sir J. H. paid great attention as it proceeded. Our eldest princess was to sit for the Egyptian princess; and, as I heard Sherwin say, he intended to have portraits of all the beauties of the day for her attendants. The scheme brought with it its own hindrances; to see the picture in its progress, to see themselves and one another, the women of fashion were in Sherwin's drawing-room from two to four daily; and the *cortége* of *beaux* may be conjectured. Horses and grooms were cooling before the door; carriages stopped the passage of the street; and

the narrow staircase ill sufficed for the number that waited the cautious descent or the laborious ascent of others. The wit of *that* time would have furnished a complimentary allusion to the vision of the patriarch. The then young Duchess of R ———, queen of beauty! but of manners the most chastised; her graceful grace of "Deva;" Lady Jersey, newly returned from Paris, where her lord and herself had obtained the distinguished title of "the English couple!" the Waldegraves, daughters of a mother still retaining the traces of almost unrivalled beauty, forgotten, even in its prime, by herself, while engaged in conjugal duties the most cruelly demanding; and many others, were there, who claimed places, or were solicited to accept them. *

* It is melancholy to reflect, that of these personages I can recollect but three surviving. Our princess, and the first named duchess are two. I think, beside the then Lady Craven, and I am doubtful whether she was one, there is no other. If it is true that the lady to whom the name of Isabel belongs, on hearing a gentleman repeat, "Isabel is a belle," answered, "*Was* a belle," it discovers a *grace* of which nothing can rob her.

Under such patronage, Sherwin used to brag, that, in the course of a spring-morning, all the beauty and fashion in London, from five to twenty-five, was to be seen in his painting-room. The picture went on accordingly.*

But alas! into this national groupe, there was no admission for "the Perdita." She felt the exclusion, and to atone for it to herself, she frequented Sherwin's painting-room at other hours, to help him off with his time; consulting him, not only on a portrait of herself, but on circumstances still less connected with the art of engraving; of which indeed Sherwin himself seemed to have lost all sight. She was then a star, but of the second magnitude; had been transferred down-

* It just now occurs to me to recollect the seriousness with which Sherwin must have undertaken even this *avocation;* for it was to be the *délassement* of his profession. He was painting in a strong western aspect, in nearly the widest part of St. James's Street, and, if I remember right, nearly opposite one of those openings that might help him to a little more of the sun before it made its bow for the night. One feature of character I must not forget. Utterly insensible to the value of his talents, he seemed rather to consider it as an obstacle; and, forgetting his woods and his wooden pegs, he told my brother that he should have preferred the army!

ward, to her great mortification, and was catching at reeds to support her. Her chariot had been set out in the best style, and she had opened to Sherwin all the plan of the pretty basket of five round flowers, which surmounted the rose-wreath, disposed into M. R.; she had brought him to confess, that, *at a distance*, this basket *did* deceive the eye into the notion of a five-pearled coronet; but now she meditated something more striking; a *vis-a-vis*, the seat-cloth of which should cost as much as the former carriage. In this consultation was interwoven that of the character in which she would be painted; she chose, and not without weighty consideration, the Abra of Solomon kneeling at the feet of her master! But who should be the idolatrous prince? Sherwin told me he could guess the scheme, but not choosing to further it, he proposed the *secondary dominant*;—he said it was impossible to express the indignation with which she repelled the substitution. "Kneel to *him*?" said she, "I will die first." *This* picture proceeded not at all, but it served to talk about; and invitations to dinner kept her alive in the attention of the artist.

But both were westering. The expectation of an heir to the noble house of Cavendish, quite overset his equanimity. In his devotion to it, on its being announced to him, he fired pistols out at his windows half the night, and half drowned his pupils, for, sad to say! he *had* pupils, in punch.

These excesses, which had at first but *slight* cause, soon recurred without *any*; and, from habit, he would keep vigils to atone for lost time; and then, instead of the slow-paced graver, the rapid crayon was called forth; and to supply the exigencies of the hour, he would sketch, in the finest style, heads which royal munificence converted into gold. But this could not hold out long: "the sabbath shone no sabbath-day" to his young men; their incessant toil was to assist the funds required by thoughtless expense; his admirers shook their heads; he went into an eclipse; he bound himself to work for a printseller; and, after the usual gradations of fortunes, health, and spirits all broken, he expired, forlorn and comfortless, in a poor apartment of a public inn, in Oxford Street! *

* The picture of the Finding of Moses was at length finished *in some sort*, and the engraving from it was *somehow* com-

Taken at the extreme points, would such folly be credible? Would it be believed that a young man thus endowed, thus patronised, and who was at one time in the receipt of twelve hundred a year, could thus make ducks and drakes of his subsistence, and thus trifle away his talents? Greatly was it to be regretted by all who knew him.

As for Perdita, I saw her on one day handed to her outrageously extravagant *vis-a-vis*, by a man whom she pursued with a doting passion; all was still externally brilliant; she was fine and fashionable, and the men of the day in Bond Street still *pirouetted* as her carriage passed them: the next day, the vehicle was reclaimed by the maker; the Adonis whom she courted, fled her; she followed—all to no purpose.

She then took up new life in London, became

pleted. In addition to all the distraction of mind already mentioned, he began many things on the feeling of the moment, which he never finished; one was the Death of Lord Chatham: another was the Relief of Gibraltar.

literary, brought up her daughter literary, and expressed without qualification her rage when her works were not urged forward beyond all others. What was the next glimpse?

On a table in one of the waiting-rooms of the Opera House, was seated a woman of fashionable appearance, still beautiful, but not "in the bloom of beauty's pride;" she was not noticed, except by the eye of pity. In a few minutes, two liveried servants came to her, they took from their pockets long white sleeves, which they drew on their arms, they then lifted her up and conveyed her to her carriage; — it was the then helpless paralytic Perdita!

The scenery preceding her dissolution, afforded perhaps more steps of decline, but she was known no more.

I should be guilty of a great oversight, were I to close these records of popular beauty, and omit to give what I know of one, whose memory will be handed down to posterity with that of Cleopatra, Aspasia, Laïs, and others, who can serve no higher a purpose than

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

I mean the lady distinguished as Emma Lady Hamilton.

There is indeed a volume of Memoirs of her, which, if containing only facts, is most justly entitled to praise, as it carries the moral with the narrative, and shows how great is the aggregate of that evil, which is considered lightly in its individual parts. Nothing can be more disgusting than the necessities in which persons, the admiration of more than all Europe, found themselves involved by deviations from right, which, at least to one of the parties, we may hope appeared in the original error, venial.

In speaking of Lady Hamilton, I must mention the man whom she so lamentably fascinated, to the wounding his conscience and the destruction of his peace of mind. But I will not connect him with this woman; his better part would have disowned all contact with her, had he not been enslaved by her natural and artificial powers of attraction. Well might his excellent professional friend remind him of "Rinaldo and Armida," reproach, reprove, exhort him! — But the Proverbs of Solomon can tell us for what he exchanged the

golden treasure of his good name; yet alas! he who wrote the Proverbs almost obliterated them by his own weakness. Yet still they stand to bear witness against him, and the loss of his example is made up to us by a better code.

Mrs. Welch was intimately acquainted with a family to whom Lord N. was nearly related, and she frequently met him and his lady at the house of these friends, which indeed was his home in his short residences on shore: he was then, I think, called Captain, and subsequently Commodore Nelson, and had the rank of Colonel of Marines. Nothing could be more gratifying than the right to offer hospitality to such a couple, who then lived in undisturbed conjugal harmony. Mrs. N. was very highly appreciated; and her husband's affection for her son by her former marriage, was that which ought in all such cases to be shown.

If the weather admitted not of attending public worship on Sunday, Nelson would challenge to himself the office of reader of the service. No man could more fully show in his mind and deportment that he was the son of a very worthy parish-priest. And after the dreadful amputation of his arm, he was

seen to place upon the reading-desk of St. George's, Hanover Square, where he was a regular attendant even on week-days, a note, stating that "a person having received great mercies, desired to return thanks." It requires more than human patience to record this. What has not his seducer to answer for? It was little short of risking her own soul to ruin his. Well, well might he say in his fits of despondency, as he did, even when nothing led to the recollection, "I would give the world I had never seen Naples!" I hope nothing is true of what is said on the other side of the question; such a man, well known and understood, required and deserved every degree of gentle management; he needed *coaxing*. For the sake of what he did for this country, may God forgive him! *

* I cannot be supposed very conversant in naval tactics; but the plan of Nelson's battles was made very clear in his despatches, and has since been elucidated by his biographer. I think it was in that in which he fell, that he adopted the scheme of cutting through the enemy's line in two places, which was considered as original, and, had it failed, would, I know, have been called *quackery*. Original it might be in *him*; for the Memoirs of James II. were not then published; but, as far as I can judge, it had a precedent in that famous

But let us go back to Lady Hamilton:—the first time I ever heard of her, was from a lady very conversant in the world of rank and talents, to whom her first regular patron, Mr. G———, mentioned his having fixed her out of sight. "I have spent," said he, "thirty pounds, in white jackets and petticoats for her, and she shall have nothing else, I vow." This was the morning *deshabille* of the time. Her singing had then been heard, and had astonished the hearers, and much was said of her beauty, and the extraordinary perfection of her general taste and talents. She had made her *début* as Miss Hart, and soon got to Naples, whither I have no intention to follow her. She next appeared in an exalted character, in which her intrigues were of some service; but much more is attributed to her than is just: whoever envies her this power must recollect how dearly it was bought.

I must, however, mention the manner in which she introduced herself into the friendship of the Queen of Naples. The circumstance was well

sea-fight with the Dutch, in which James, then Duke of York so distinguished himself.

known by persons of information at the time. His Sicilian Majesty had sent her *carte blanche*; but the lady was no person of romantic passions—she sinned not through frailty; it was on calculation that she formed her plans: she presented the document to the Queen; and Her Majesty's exuberant gratitude led her to the same sort of liberality as that of Herod to his step-daughter; at least the Queen put it to her to say what should be the reward of this act of virtue. But the Christian lady had no saint's head to demand, she only asked admission for her own at the Queen's court. Her Majesty replied, "Not at my court alone, but to my private parties, and at all times." There was probably no damage done to either by this friendship.

The world knows enough of her after this time, but perhaps they do not know some earlier circumstances, which I had from the sister of a lady, in whose family she lived as nursery-maid in Wales. What I heard was this: —

She had, living at the same time, a mother and a grandmother; the one of them made a livelihood by driving an ass on errands from a town in Wales,

I think, to Liverpool; the name of one of them was Lyon; but in process of events, it was mounted into Carnarvon; and an order given in a moment of enthusiasm for a monument of filial piety was executing, but never perfected; the fit was over.

The business of "Miss Hart," at this time, was to read the newspapers and spout Shakspeare to some frequenters of one or more public-houses or inns, and by this she got money.

I cannot chronicle her movements exactly; but the next situation I find her in, is that of nursery-maid to a family in Wales, where were two little girls: thence she departed lighter than she entered on the service, for she had not *a character* to encumber her; — she was sent off in a hurry.

My next article of information comes from a lower source, but equally authentic, and I must here interpose it to prevent confusion. She came to town, and obtained a service in Pall-Mall, with a lady who kept only two servants, and those females. Something amiss occurred here; and hand in hand the two were obliged to quit this service, with only the wide world before them.

Character entirely gone, what was to be done?

the forlorn damsels separated, and when next they met, which was in the street into which they had been launched, poor Emma Hart, as I suppose she would wish to be called, was in sad plight; they stopt to speak, and to condole with each other. Emma made no secret of her plans or her poverty: she had been told, she said, that she might get money by selling her teeth, and she was then going to offer one or more to sale.* Certainly this is a way of realising a fortune, which would have occurred to none but a thorough-paced *Londonian*; and the horror it excites tempts a hearer to think any thing preferable. Her friend, it may be supposed, thought so; for her answer, as it was given me by the person to whom she told it, was, "I am sure I would never sell my teeth, while there were such houses as I can tell you of." A direction was soon obtained; and the advice turned

* I have been accustomed from infancy to hear of the means found by a husband to give an entertainment to his friends. I think it was from Horace Walpole, that my mother heard that our neighbour the Countess of S——— was obliged, as a dutiful wife, to submit to have her hair cut off for this purpose: it certainly palliates what occurred afterwards.

out what *may* be thought lucky, by those who do not read to the end of a piece of biography.

I now resume my superior informant's narrative. Lady Hamilton came to London with Sir William, and happening to hear that the family in which she had been nursery-maid, were in town, she called on them, and wept in ecstasies over the dear children, whose tender years had been intrusted to her care. She begged to be allowed to introduce these her first friends to Sir William; she would enquire his engagements, and name the first open day, when she hoped to be favoured with their company to dinner. All was done beautifully; presents of foreign productions were sent, and in particular to the younger of "her darlings;" they were wrapped in a handkerchief of the finest cambric, which her dear Fanny was requested not to return, as, "if it had not dried the eyes of the Queen of Naples, it had those of her friend Lady Hamilton, at the sight of her misfortunes."

I believe this is literally as I received the words. I have no right to give my informant's name; but she would be accredited at the least hint.

Were I to enter on a biographical sketch of the men who formed the *cortége* of this extraordinary woman, I must go far beyond what my judgment permits; there are lives and letters which say more than could be wished; and there are names in them, which at one time or other the possessors may wish effaced.

Through the whole progress of writing the History of Music, my father had had in his intention the dedicating it to the King; and near the completion of it, he got Lord Rochford to obtain permission. His Majesty, on being told that it was ready, honoured him not only with an early appointment, but with a command to present the work to him, not in the usual form at St. James's, but in private at the Queen's house. Darbishire, one of the excellent binders of the day, but sadly irregular, had bestowed his best work on them; and the presentation took place.*

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* Of this man's mode of doing business, a judgment may be formed, if Mr. Steevens for once told truth. He had

He had asked a very worthy officer of Hicks's Hall, whose meritorious daughter is now one of the first legal ladies in Scotland, to accompany him; and, with this attendant, he awaited the King's coming from the riding-house, and was conversing with Mr. Nicolay, one of the pages, who was a lover of music, when he was most agreeably surprised to see His Majesty enter the apartments, followed by the Queen. Mr. Nicolay received the presented volume from the King's hand, and then ensued a conversation on the subject of the work, and of music in general, in which Her Majesty took a lively part; the King professing his decided taste for what is called *the old school*, and jocularly complaining of his inability to persuade the Queen to prefer it to the modern style.

There was a point, however, in which my father could subscribe to Her Majesty's opinion, without

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given him, on a rainy day, a set of books to bind. He received them at Hampstead, and returned towards town. Some little time after, Mr. S. set off to walk into London, and passing a skittle-ground, had the satisfaction of seeing his books lying soaking in the rain, while Darbishire was aiming at the nine pins.

the sacrifice of his own. This was, in condemning the light airs to which modern composers have set sacred words for choral service. She said she was extremely displeased with many anthems which she had heard at the chapel-royal, for their want of devotion; and to bring one to his recollection, she sang the first few bars of it. I think it was Kent's "O Lord our Governor," an anthem so much a favourite with some fashionable *amateurs*, that half a guinea was often given by a musical man of rank to a chapel-boy for singing it.

With these criticisms, our amiable monarch expressed his fervent admiration of really fine music, and concluded what he had to say, by a sentiment similar to that of Shakspeare, "that he should not like to meet in the dark, a man who had no love for music."

The conversation was kept up for more than an hour, when their Majesties withdrew in the most gracious manner. *

* Under the sanction of our deceased monarch's feelings, I beg leave to indulge my own. Don Quixote is not the only

I owe to the reader, or perhaps to my own gratification, some little mention of an excellent

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personage in the world, on whom the mention of a favourite subject acts to excess. Enthusiasts in taste are all more or less Quixotic, but perhaps none more prone to this infirmity, than the lovers of music. Gay has painted the *mortifications* of a painter; Hogarth has delineated the poet as in *distress;* but his musician he has portrayed as *enraged.* What would his hero have resorted to for relief, had he existed in the present era of musical taste, at least in one branch of it?

In my father's time, I was accustomed to hear with infinite delight, the grand pieces which Mr. Ashley would select for his hearing, when he knew he would be in the court-yard of St. James's, at the relief of the guard; and long since that period, the band of a regiment has given me a high treat on the Terrace at Windsor. It was music not only addressed to the ear, but acting on the heart and its noblest affections. If the Swiss are under the magic influence of their "Rans des Vaches," why may we not be indulged in the high feelings of loyalty and patriotism, excited by music calculated to disperse recollections of an inferior nature? But, now, what is the disappointment, when the intricacies of a piano-forte lesson are given on literally "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals?"

At Windsor, I experienced, in the autumn of 1823, the severest disappointment of this sort. Paltry country-dance tunes led the guard to the relief, and on days of performance by the bands, a coppersmith's workshop was more tolerable: crashing, clanging, grating were all the sounds I could extract, for melody was overpowered by the yells of accompaniments Yet I surprised a friend, the wife of an officer of high rank,

man, a valued friend, the son of one who was highly valued by my father; I mean Captain William Gostling of the Artillery. I have already recorded many circumstances respecting his father, a minor-canon of Canterbury Cathedral; but I believe omitted to describe him by that which is his chief distinction, his very pretty volume, called "A Walk round Canterbury;" a work for which no one could be more fit than himself, if long residence, accurate observation, and a retentive memory, are necessary to make it useful and entertaining.

He had two sons; the elder, who was extremely

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by my complaint. She replied, "Our regimental band is nothing in brass, compared to some others; you should hear such and such." I could only hope I never should.

I know well that I am justified in my abhorrence. No one can love music, or have an ear for sounds, who can approve this din. A friend of acknowledged taste writes from Lausanne, in answer to my representation, "I am glad to find that your musical taste and mine agree so perfectly. I have a most hearty contempt for what you refer to. Did you ever hear Bartleman inveigh against 'trombones and such like?' The first thing he used to do at all county music-meetings, where of course he was all-powerful, was to silence them."

disposed to have made the army his profession, was placed in the church; and the younger, whose habits of thinking were of a grave cast, was educated an engineer, and placed in the artillery.

The effects produced by this disregard of choice in a profession, were very different in the two sons. What the elder might have proved if indulged in his wish, I will not pretend to say; but in that which was his situation, no good-natured well-intentioned man could occupy a rank less exposing him to envy. The ruling passion which had been nipt in the bud by the behest of his father, never forsook him; he knew the movements of horse and foot all over the kingdom; and could he but hear of a regiment, or a part of a regiment, about to be quartered or make any stay in Canterbury, he would go a mile or two out to meet it; but I must confess, not solely to gratify his martial feelings; but, as he said, to scrape some little acquaintance with the quarter-master, to induce him "to take his oats" of such or such a corn-chandler; for amongst persons of this and equally useful, and often very respect-

able, classes of society, lay the intimacies of the Reverend John Gostling.

His zeal to serve his friends of every description, was unbounded. To trust to him a wish for a frank, was to give him importance in his own eyes, equal to that of ambassador to any foreign court. The consequence of his friend to himself, made him fancy he was justified in any introduction of his request. No rank made Johnny hesitate if a lady was to be served; he would have stopped any one of the royal family on the road, or laid hold on the bridle of a general-officer in his way to a review, ere he would have returned without the *envelope* duly executed. I remember once, when I was about returning home from Canterbury, he was very assiduous in making enquiries for me, as to the conveyance for my maid. All was arranged; and we ourselves were near departing in a few hours after her setting off, when kind-hearted Johnny came to take his leave, and give us his best wishes. He came with great glee on his countenance, and his eyes danced even more than they did after certain exhilarations. His feelings were very warm, and I should have

been sorry to see him depressed at our departure. As he approached me, my security against distressing him increased: "Well," said he, "I saw her off; I got up at four o'clock; I handed her in; and charged the coachman, whom I knew very well, to take care of her; I told him she was your servant." But for the last words, I might have asked a question; but I well knew Johnny would have done as much for my maid's cat, if I had allowed her one: so I had only to be grateful.

He used to write me birth-day verses, and new-year's-day verses, and "verses upon several occasions," till I almost dreaded the return of these festivals: it is a miserable task to have not only to thank for compliments too fulsome to be accepted, but to praise verses without metre or common sense.* He wrote two letters at the

* The disposition to write in rhyme, does not in the least prove the power to do it. When my father had written the cantatas which were set to music by Mr. Stanley, he employed a man to make the fair copy of them, and his transcriber was so pleased with them, that he not only commended them, but tried his powers in the same way. He told his employer that he too could now write cantatas, and asked him to hear a part of one. Four lines my father, even at the distance of many years, remembered: but I must preface them by saying

same time, one to his own brother, and one to my brother. Either not knowing that they might be

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that the poet was clerk to an attorney, and in a litigation between two brothers, was suspected of having given such information to the defendant, as enabled him to elude the law: to him, therefore, whom he had injured, he addressed the cantata in which these lines were to be found: —

> "Some say I did not use thee well,
> In fav'ring of thy brother Barlow;
> But since all that is past and gone,
> I'll drink thy health now at the Harrow."

Telling this to Captain Gostling, he requited me by this anecdote: —

"Bermudas poetry," is an expression almost proverbial in some parts of America. Its origin is this: — It was agreed by a party dining at a tavern in Bermudas, of which place it is said that no native knows what is metre or rhyme, that every one should try to redeem the credit of the country, and that the worst poet of them should pay the reckoning. The palm of demerit was obtained by this couplet, —

> "Here she comes, and walks along,
> A faithful friend is hard to find."

I know not whence my father got the lines descriptive of the landing of Æneas, —

> "And so without any more *ands* and *ifs*,
> He jumped from off the rocks on to the cliffs,"

or who proposed the amended reading, —

> "And so without any more *ifs* and *ands*,
> He jump'd from off the cliffs on to the sands."

brought face to face, or not concerning himself, should they encounter each other, he made the one a transcript of the other; and well he might, for there was nothing personal in either of them; their contents being, almost exclusively, reports of what was done, or designed to be done, by his cavalry and infantry.

Could he have been sensible to the verdicts which these evidences procured him, from those who were reasonable judges, his peace of mind might have been disturbed; but if he could carry on his little plans of goodness in his little household, and find them repaid by attentions to his table, he was well satisfied.* I once, when he was living alone, sent him, with a view to entertain his friends and neighbours, a piece of salmon seven pounds in weight, and three lobsters. No man upon earth could be more grateful for a thing of *real* worth, than was Johnny for my offering to his palate: he only waited to have enjoyed it, to return me his

* I recollect perfectly well, when I was a child, being taken to visit a gentleman of independent fortune in Twickenham, who was handsomely drest, but with the cook's or his own checked apron round him, was topping and tailing gooseberries for wine.

most sincere thanks; and that I might know how he had husbanded and yet diffused his possessions, he told me that he sent over the way to an old lady to invite her to dine with him, and that he and she had made a delicious dinner on the salmon and lobsters.

But Johnny had great delight in seeing others enjoy what was to him enjoyment. His own guests were never stinted in their pleasures; for every nicety that could be procured, was to be seen on his table, and in the perfection of cookery; puddings and sauces were made by transmitted and incommunicable receipts; his housekeeper required the nicest management, and would point-blank refuse to tell any of the secrets of her profession. But, for these table-delicacies, it was necessary to pay the price of submitting to be stared out of countenance while eating: Johnny's little twinkling eyes followed every morsel almost down the throat of the receiver, and he waited only to know that it had touched the chord of the palate, to ask if it was not nice, or delicious: it was buying food very dear, I confess.

Yet, notwithstanding my intimate knowledge of

Johnny, I confess I was astonished to hear that he could possess the power of offending. This was betrayed to me by a lady living near him, in whose family a nurse for an invalid had been employed. This woman was thrown into great grief by the illness and death of an only son; but having, in a few days, and by the reasoning of her friends, brought her mind into a state of submission to the event, it created surprise in those kindly interested for her, to perceive that her grief broke out anew, when it appeared to have subsided. On questioning her, and reminding her of the comparatively happy state of resignation which she had obtained, she burst out into a flood of tears, and confessing all that was said to her to be just, she yet argued against the possibility of being comforted, "for" she heard "it was settled that Mr. John Gostling was to bury her son; O dear! O dear! could they find *nobody* but Mr. John Gostling to bury her dear boy? O dear! O dear!"

In turning my attention to Mr. Gostling's other son, who was intended by nature for the church, and by his father for an officer of artillery, it occurs to me that I never knew a submission of this sort where

the church was the profession really wished for, pleaded in case of a failure in duty. The conscientiousness that recommends, as a mode of life, the duties of a parish-priest, is carried into any other calling; and perhaps there is no courage more genuine or steady, than that which is rooted in such a disposition: he who would do his utmost as a country-parson, will most probably do his utmost in any situation of life; but let me not be misunderstood as reversing this proposition, or even looking with complacency on such changes, as are now again, after just and decided opposition, tolerated in our church. If David, the man after God's own heart, was not worthy to build a temple to the honour of Him whom he had served with all his power, because he had been a man of blood, however necessarily engaged in war, what can we say for dragoon-officers and Waterloo-heroes?

Captain Gostling had made every possible advantage of his education, to atone to himself for the disadvantage of being sent into the army very young: he was therefore acceptable wherever he could bestow his leisure hours; and to the most correct conduct, founded unostentatiously on moral

and religious feelings, he joined the most companionable qualities. He was an excellent mathematician, drew with great facility, understood pictures, and was a scientific musician. He had married very early in life, and in doing so was not conscious that he marred the peace of another young woman, the intimate friend of his sister. But injunctions to silence were imposed too rigorously to be disobeyed, and every one of the party behaved as became them.

The young Mrs. G., a very delicate creature, died, leaving an infant daughter who lived only to be five years old. Whether under sisterly influence or spontaneously, I know not, but in decent time all was again settled, and the second Mrs. G. was all that wife and mother could be to the widower and his child. The greatest grief that this worthy man knew, was the loss of this beloved little girl; she was taken from them; but he had every resource in his excellent wife, who accompanied him wherever he went, and under whose watchful care he ended a life, many years of which were devoted to the practice of those duties which would have done honour to the clerical character, had he been

indulged in the choice of a profession. Severe services had rendered him very nervous, but happily without the usual concomitant of such complaints, irritability of temper; and early anxiety, re-iterated by the perils of the profession, made Mrs. G. grave; but they both were animated by the sight of a friend, and I must ever recollect with pleasure

> "The hours that we have spent
> When we have chid the hasty-footed time for parting us."

I cannot be expected to enter into the detail of his professional life, but I know that with Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and the other heroes of Minden, he was intimate. At the period of the battle, which I think occurred in 1759, he was a very young artillery-officer; but I have heard it said of him, though he never hinted it, that circumstances having devolved a very important command on him, his skill and coolness had a great share in deciding the fortune of the day. I have many times tried, but always in vain, to make him fight "his battles o'er again." He told me once, speaking of the part of the army to which he belonged, "We play the overture," and he would say, as

many others have done, that the most trying moments were those of the pause before the commencement of an action; but when he was pressed farther, he would say, "Be satisfied *not* to know."

To recollect Minden without adverting to that which is become almost a proverb, *Minden n'est pas clair*, is impossible.* I will tell what I know

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* A search for the origin of proverbs, if it could be successful, would be productive of much that is curious. There must have been a time prior to the existence of all that are used; but they have acquired such authority with us, that we seem to think they are co-eval with the first establishment of society. Pasquier, in his Researches, has much of this French lore, and I wish we had some of our own. There is a proverb which has been proposed to me to explain, but which is utterly unintelligible to me as to its application, "It is not all holiday at Peckham fair;" but there is one which, having heard the fact from which it originated, before I heard the proverb itself, I was surprised to find, in any degree, of common use; it is a comparison of one disappointed hope of pleasure to another, by saying, "'Tis just like Odsey races."

Now the allusion to Odsey races owes its birth to a very trifling fact. Two or three young women had been often promised by an old gentleman, the father of one of them, who lived in the neighbourhood of Odsey, that he would treat them to the races there; but the performance of the promise was always, from time to time, deferred, on excuses not deemed valid by the young people; sometimes the weather was bad, sometimes the horses were employed, and the old

when I have secured myself from forgetting an anecdote which I owe to him.

In a case where some military movements were to be debated, an officer, who had originally been bred to the church, and had been a tutor, I believe, to one very high in command, began in a most pompous and pedantic style, " I remember, that at the siege of Troy—" Captain G., who was mirth itself, could not forbear replying, " Why what an old man you must be!" " I had my joke,"

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gentleman was prohibited by *étiquette*, and the respect due to himself, from going, unless with four horses. At last they got him to pledge his word for their indulgence at the next races, which were then near. Every thing seemed propitious to their wishes, at least no intention of deceiving them was manifested; they were dressed, and he came into their sitting-room as if ready to accompany them; but under some pretence or other, while waiting as they supposed for the carriage, he drew them to an upper room, from the window of which, having placed a good telescope in it, they could discern the race-ground; farther than this performance of his promise, he never proceeded. I know the name of the gentleman: I had the fact from one of the sufferers; and very much surprised was I to hear " Odsey races" used as a proverb.

There is another, which alludes to the difficulty of getting a tenacious visitor out of a house. This is a sort of admirative sentence, " A delicate day for my cousin to go to Lower Ormond!" but this I cannot clearly explain.

said the captain, "but it was very near being a serious one; he was very much offended, and it was well for me that he cooled."

With regard to the battle of Minden, it is well known that there were some awkwardnesses committed, notwithstanding the splendour of the victory, and that the English did not escape being involved in them. I have heard my father speak of one instance, in which an English officer, and *not wounded*, was dragged by the heels from under a hedge, when the business was over. But the famous departure from promptitude rested with the second in command, whose conduct bore a very extraordinary aspect. Captain G. used, however, even taking it at the worst, to say that he had known many good men with whom "it was sometimes not fighting day;" but it is from other sources that I obtain the facts of this extraordinary proceeding. Count Jarnac told me that he was himself in the action, and that his regiment were opposed face to face to Lord —— ——'s. The late Lord Pembroke told the Count, that he himself carried the orders to advance, three times; but no movement followed.

The regiment was in such high estimation with the enemy, that, as Count J. said, they were all astonished, and he remembered saying to an officer near him, "*Est ce qu'ils sont peints sur la toile?*" But *he* asserted, that there was no want of courage in this disobedience; it was error on stratagem, and was designed to produce the disgrace of Prince Ferdinand, in order to succeed to the command. Strange to say! the same *ruse de guerre* was practised on the part of the French, by Maréchal Broglio, but *there* it produced its effect; it disgraced M. de Contades, and substituted the Maréchal in his rank. *

Of the French part of the business, I gain a little knowledge from that most entertaining work, Thiébault's Twenty Years' residence at Berlin. He says that General Clarke, an Englishman, who served with the allies in the Seven years' war,

* I cannot suppose myself entirely correct in reporting circumstances connected with that of which I am ignorant. I may mistake in supposing that the chief command of an allied force *could* have devolved on this officer; but I am confident of that on which my little narrative depends, as I copy from what I committed to paper when I had heard it.

told him that he made a visit to Maréchal Broglio at Paris, on purpose to get the affair at Minden explained. "The Maréchal," he said, "received him hospitably, and talked over the events of the war. On the third day, which was the last of his visit, General Clarke thanked him for his communication, but concluded with saying, '*Cependant, Monsieur le Maréchal, vous me pardonnerez cette franchise; mais Minden n'est pas clair.*'" No further attempt was of any avail; he could get nothing but evasive answers; and the phrase, "*Minden n'est pas clair*," became a by-word when any one was suspected of not answering frankly.

To understand this, Thiébault says, it is necessary to know, that, at the moment of action, Maréchal Broglio was ordered [or advised] to take the enemy in flank; he would not, and the victory was lost. "*On attribuoit la perte à son ambition, à sa rivalité, et, en un mot, à une trahison trop ordinaire en ces tems-là.*"

I must not indulge myself to a greater extent in the recollection of this excellent man Captain Gostling, who, after suffering severely in action and by climates, reached, in a shattered state of

constitution, attended with deafness, some length of years, which, as I have mentioned, were spent as those of a brave man who has done his duty through life, should be, in "piety and peace." I am unwilling to suppress those anecdotes which I have saved from his conversation; but in presenting them to the reader, after a period which may have made many of them popular, I may subject myself to the degrading suspicion of pillaging some manual of this sort of lore. I can only state the manner in which they came to me, as I have already done.

Dr. Balthazar Regis, formerly one of the dignitaries of the church of Canterbury, was perhaps as credulous a man as ever existed. He had a brother-in-law of the name of Morrice, who delighted in telling him marvellous tales, which the doctor would swallow and repeat without the least hesitation, vouching all he said on the authority of his brother *Moreece*, as he, being a Swiss, called him. He one day in the hearing of Captain Gostling, told the following *pretty* story. "My brother *Moreece* has a fish-pond, and all on a

sudden the fish were gone; they dragged the pond and afterwards drained it, but not one fish was to be found. At last my brother ordered his men to dig into the mud, and when they had dug a great depth, they perceived a smoke. Digging farther, the smoke increased till they came to a chimney and the roof of a house; they untiled it, and in the room below, found a little old man and woman broiling the very last fish; and if my brother *Moreece* had not discovered them, and taken them to his own house, they must have been starved."

This same credulous Dr. Regis was almost as remarkable for a deficiency in general learning, a failing of which he was not conscious. In his university-examination this was proved, for being ordered to turn to a passage, *Apocalupsios*, he was totally at a loss: but when the examiner, to relieve him, said, "*Revelationis*," he with a happy confidence cried out, "O Revelationes! habeo, habeo." Yet this man, in a future philological contest with Dr. Bentley, being warned that he would come off only second best, replied, that "perhaps Bentley might meet with his match in him."

The late Sir R. R. lost his left hand in a way that he never chose to mention. The story was this. While with the army in Scotland, he had behaved like a villain to a young woman in an inferior station of life. Her brother vowed revenge, and tried all means to make Sir R. fight, but he would not. On the day before the battle of Culloden, he entered himself a volunteer in the same regiment with R., and on the day after it, he got him into a situation where he could not avoid him. "I fought for your country yesterday," said he, "and suppressed private revenge for the sake of public good; but now I insist on my own wrongs." Still R. shrunk, when the Scot drawing his claymore, with one blow struck off his left hand, and then said, "I have left you your right hand; you may still fight, for I will consent to have my left tied behind me." But nothing could stimulate such a mind.*

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* I remember when I was quite a child, Sir Robert's coming to my father to consult him on some injury, for which he meant to bring the offenders to justice. He lived not more than two or three miles from us, and when he was gone, I was very much surprised to hear my father say of the ap-

Some officers riding together, came nearly up with a common acquaintance, an Irishman. They stopt to lay a wager, that the first word he uttered would contain an Hibernian blunder. Accordingly one of the company rode up to him to make the experiment. "You are well overtaken," said he, to the Irishman. "The same to you," said Teague; and thus decided the wager.

When Lord Ranelagh was paymaster of the forces, there was a very awkward deficiency in his accounts. Some officious person whispered it to the King, that it was more than probable it was occasioned by the expensive building the Earl was then carrying on at Chelsea. The King told Lord R. what had been hinted. "Will your Majesty be so good," replied he, "as to tell the next person that says so, that this is impossible, because not a farthing of the money I am laying out there, is yet paid."

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plication, that "it was from a rascal, who came to complain of a rogue." I knew not what this meant, nor was I ever told.

The celebrated Lord Ligonier used to dislike very much the visits of Colonel Broome; and finding them very frequent, and that the Colonel would take no common hint, he adopted the following method. When he wanted him gone, he would beat on the wainscot, with the ends of his fingers, that species of military march which every soldier knows as a signal to retreat; and the scheme succeeded.

Dr. Huxham the physician, when with the army in America, restored to health a gentleman who had suffered to a very great degree by sailing round the world with Lord Anson. The circumstances of the patient were not such as allowed him to discharge his obligation properly to the doctor, but getting preferment in the sea-service, and being on the point of sailing on a cruise expected to turn out profitably, he waited on Dr. Huxham, apologised for his neglect, and expressed his hope that this cruise would enable him to atone for it. "I will put you in a way, Sir," said the Doctor, "to repay me easily: if you take a vessel laden with Port wine, save me a quarter-cask, and I shall be obliged to you." They

fell in with such a vessel, took her, and the gentleman remembering his engagement, secured a pipe for Dr. Huxham. It was landed safely at his back-door, and deposited in a small yard, while the Doctor was at supper within, with a friend of his, an apothecary. Presently a violent knocking at the front-door alarmed them. It was a custom-house officer, who had got intelligence of the wine, and who very civilly consented not to disturb the family by removing it that night, but peremptorily insisted on affixing the broad arrow on it. This was complied with. Dr. Huxham was charged not to remove the wine; and he returned, not very well pleased, to his guest, who, however, soon found a way to dispel his uneasiness. "Let your servant," said he, "collect all the bottles in the house that are fit for the purpose. I will go home and fetch what I have, which I believe amount to two gross. We may draw off the wine before daylight, and replace it with sea-water." The Doctor followed the advice, and completely jockeyed the custom-house officer.

The same physician had two very plain deformed daughters. They were one day standing with their

father at his door, waiting to be let in. Two sailors came by. Said one to the other, "Look, Jack, what angels!" "Angels!" repeated Jack, "they are two of the ugliest women I ever saw." "Nay," replied Jack, "I assure you they are angels, for you may see their wings are budding." The Doctor was so pleased with the fellow's wit, that he gave him half a crown.

When George the Second was to dress on the morning of the battle of Dettingen, two sashes were laid for him on his table; the one crimson, belonging to the British uniform; the other yellow, for the Hanoverian. The king took up the yellow; which Lord Stair seeing, cried out, "Does Your Majesty mean that all your English should desert? If you do, the putting on that sash is sufficient." The king then, but very reluctantly, took the crimson.

The Rev. Mr. Gostling (the Captain's father) dined once in company with Mr. Colebrooke (the father of Sir George), where was a haunch of venison. Mr. Colebrooke, perceiving that his reverend neighbour ate with all the keenness of an

amateur, said, after remarking him for some time, "What would I give, Sir, for your stomach!" "It is at your service at any time," replied the Minor-Canon. "Then I dress a haunch on Thursday," answered Mr. C.

Lord R., being deranged in his intellects, was sent by his friends into Scotland, under the care of fit persons. They halted with him in Edinburgh, and while there, placed him in an apartment which was used as a state-prison. It was over a gateway, and a sentinel paraded before it; he accidentally recognising His Lordship, asked him how he got there. "Just as you got your post, I suppose," replied the Earl; "more through the interest of my friends, than my own deserts."

When Lord Sandwich was to present Admiral Campbell, he told him, that probably His Majesty would, in consideration of his services, knight him. The Admiral did not much relish the honour. "Well, but," said Lord S., "perhaps Mrs. Campbell will like it." "Then let the King knight *her*," answered the rough seaman.

Captain Gostling, when in the West Indies, had an Irish servant. Having drawn off a puncheon of rum, he told this man, by way of favour, that as there was some rum still remaining in the cask, he might, by adding a few gallons of water, get some very good grog. The man accepted the kindness; his master, after some days, recollecting the rum, asked him how his grog turned out. He bluntly replied, "It is spoilt — It is so strong, nobody can drink it."

A stranger visiting Greenwich Hospital, saw a pensioner in a yellow coat, which is the punishment for disorderly behaviour. Surprised at the singularity of the man's appearance, he asked him what it meant. "O sir," replied the fellow, "we who wear yellow coats are the music, and it is *I* who play the *first fiddle*."

I should have led my reader too far, while *her* (for I never expect a gentleman to get thus far,) attention was asked for another subject, had I said,

in my note on proverbial allusion, all I had collected; but it may serve as a setting to my sketched portraits, if I say it here.

There are two allusions brought to my recollection by what I have said, on which I must seek, rather than affect to give, information: the one probably may be peculiar to Suffolk or the adjacent counties, as I never heard it elsewhere. When there is an alarm of fire, or riot, or any thing that requires united activity, the bells of the churches are said to be rung in a manner that is called *awk* or *ork*. Of this I never could get any explanation; but I make, I dare say, a very ignorant as well as a hazardous guess, in surmising that, as this consists in a terrible jangling, our word *awkward* may be some relation to it.*

The other I must explain by instancing it in its

* In perusing that very pretty, good-tempered work, Moor's "Suffolk Words and Phrases," I was surprised to see so many introduced, which appeared to me of general use, at least familiar in the highest degree to myself; till, proceeding further into the volume, I perceived that this familiarity was accounted for by the fact stated, that Anstey, the author of the Bath Guide, was a Suffolk man. He was related to my mother.

use. A Shropshire woman, Lady H.'s housekeeper, was very careful, in her management of the other servants, that they should duly pay their "*Saint Ibb's.*" I never could get nearer the sound or the orthography, than as I write the saint's title and name. It was a sort of festival made by the coming of a new servant, and by the recurrence of the days when they received their wages. As Lady H. paid her servants quarterly, these holidays were rather frequent; but as they required nothing more than treats of beer and tea, and were reciprocal, the individual damage was not great. Mr. H. H. conjectures that it may be a corruption of *stips*, a small piece of coin, one sense of which, as given in Ainsworth, is "a hireling's wages." I should be very glad however to know to what the saint owes his origin, as well as *awk* its derivation.

Provincial language is a very amusing study, and capable of being made highly conducive to a knowledge of our own language. It has of late been a little in request, therefore I hope I shall not displease by offering a few specimens of it: but those at hand are in general, if not entirely, of an authority that can hardly boast the character of pro-

vincial: they are too near that Babel of language, our metropolis, to set up for independence.*

I am accustomed to hear a native of Lewisham in Kent, use phrases and proverbs new to me; but they may be new only to *me*. I will venture a specimen.

"You have no spunk for a sheepfold." Used as a reproach for want of spirit.

"Let's have none of your charlating," *i. e.* ill-natured gossip; pronounced like the French *charlatan*.

"It's all in one place like St. Gregory's beard." Used when the fire burns on one side only.

"They have it all their own way like the poppies in a turnip-field."†

"There's a child born," when a star shoots: it

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* It may be owing to that prejudice which prevents our seeing what is singular in the place of our birth, that I cannot admit, as in any way common to Londoners, the substitution of the *v* for the *w*; — the contrary, I think, is the usual vulgarism; the former is troublesome and affected, and were I to write a farce, I should bestow it on the slip-slops.

† Another humorous comparison to this purpose, is a London one: "You have it all your own way, like a mad bull in a china-shop."

is supposed to fall over the spot. In hearing this, it is impossible not to think of the circumstances of our Lord's human birth.

"I'll make a Pilate-wash of it;" for, "I will have no concern with it."

"I'll give you to the clocks;" a threat to children, meaning to the beetles. The Scotch call beetles clocks, as appears in the Literary Gazette for March 17, 1823.

"Why you are as fine as Dapper Johnson! where are you going, neighbour, to-day?" "Oh! I'm going a waking;" *i. e.* holiday-making.

Buds from turnip-tops are called at Lewisham *chardoons*, and eaten with pickled pork.

But it is very difficult to decide on the provinciality of words or phrases. If never to be heard out of the district in which they are supposed indigenous, be a requisite to the distinction of provincialism, a *cordon* of something *very* powerful must prevent the provincials from emigrating; and what that can be which shall resist the attraction of the metropolis, is yet to be sought.

To a son of Mr. Langton I am indebted for the recollection, that in hearing a Frenchman describe the diversion of wolf-hunting, the loud repetition of the words, "*Au loup*," used to animate the dogs, seemed to him to have been imitated in our "Holloo!"

I can only *hint* at what I have heard an Ayrshire friend describe as common to *his* country folk. In their hospitality, they invite a newly arrived guest to come *into*, and not, as we "Southrons" *coldly* do, merely *to*, the fire to warm yourself; they advise you, not to sit *upon*, instead of *near*, the door; and to change your *feet*, not your *shoes*, in danger of damp; and enquire if you will have your *head*, not your *hair*, cut.

I hope I have not before told the following, which comes from the friend above alluded to. When threading the multitudinous barriers on the road from Paddington to Islington, which will probably never lose the name of the New Road, he heard the servant on the driving-seat call out at the gates, "Hell." On enquiry, he found that the day-letter, that was the passport through some of them, happened to be L.

But I must not enter on H stories. I must pass by "some *honey*," mistaken for "some *money*."

The following anecdotes I owe to the Rev. Mr. Evans, of St. Olave's, Southwark, who living much with the society of which Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Thrale were the luminaries, and being himself a man of information and observation, was always a profitable addition to any company. Residence, at the period when I best knew him, was not as strictly required of the clergy as it is now. Under this liberty he resided in Westminster.

Bishop Green had a visitor, to whom, in the height of summer, he showed a very shady avenue in his grounds. "I cannot have such a walk," said his friend; "my gardener says it is only a harbour for the birds." "Do not mind him," said the bishop; "if the birds do you mischief, they will pay you in their notes."

Old Mr. Grove, the table-decker at St. James's, used, as long as he was able, to walk round the Park every day. Dr. Barnard, then a chaplain,

met him accidentally in the Mall! "So, Master Grove," said he, "why you look vastly well: do you continue to take your usual walk?" "No, Sir," replied the old man; "I cannot do so much now; I cannot get round the Park; but I will tell you what I do instead,—I go half round and back."

Dr. Newcome, afterwards Dean of Rochester, was head of the house at Cambridge where Mr. Evans studied. When Mrs. Carter's Epictetus came out, he asked Mr. E. if he had bought it. "No, Sir," he replied, "'tis a *dear* book." "You mistake, young man," said the doctor, "'tis a *high-priced* book, but not a *dear* book."

Captain P———, Mrs. Evans's nephew, was once witness to an instance of retributive justice that gratified him highly. Passing along one of the streets at Portsmouth, he followed a sailor and his doxy; they stopped at one of those shops that equip customers from head to foot; and the sailor calling to those within, ordered them to dress his

companion in the best of every thing they had. Captain P., rendered curious by such inconsiderate liberality, waited to see how the fair one would be clad. She was taken into a parlour, and presently returned extremely fine. At the shop-door, a beggar-woman, with all the symptoms of wretched indigence, implored relief. The fine lady refused her in the most insulting terms. The sailor heard her; and struck with the brutality of her conduct, exclaimed, "Why you hard-hearted wretch!" then driving her again into the shop, and leading in the beggar, he compelled madam to strip, and resume her rags, and dressing the beggar in her good clothes, gave her money, dismissed her overpowered with gratitude, and turned the inhuman object of his former bounty adrift.

At Folkstone, Mr. Evans heard a crier giving notice of a sale of earthenware on the following day, in the market-place. Setting forth the stock, he meant to say, that the sale would continue the next day, and for that day only; but by his punctuation, it ran thus, "where it will continue

on sale to morrow, and — for *that day only*, God save the King." *

It is said that at Hastings the crier is employed to cry the weather at noon. The saying originated in the following incident. A man had given public notice, that he should begin to pick hops the fol-

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* I do not love the "*vide myself*" that is adopted by some writers; but here I will adopt it to remark a singular instance of good luck. While engaged in writing "Heraline," I had ventured, on a very slight knowledge of the ancient town of Folkstone, to exhibit an instance of stupidity in a boy there, which served to mark its seclusion from the world. A lady, whose birth-place was not far from it, was very good-humouredly disposed to own the portrait a fair specimen; and, to prove it, told me two stories current there. The one was, that on its first establishment as a place of abode, it was peopled by twelve pirates; their trade having led them into great danger, they thought it necessary that their names should be called over, but no one who attempted the enumeration could make out more than eleven; till happily they discovered, that in taking this *census*, the *censor* had uniformly omitted himself.

The other was, that when every one of this wise dozen had acquired wealth sufficient to purchase for himself a watch, they were in such distress to keep them going, after they were down, that necessity drove them to invite a watch-maker from a neighbouring town to settle there.

lowing day; but the morning proving rainy, he, to prevent the pickers assembling in vain, sent the crier into the market-place, to give notice that he should postpone the picking. At noon the weather again changed; and, unwilling to lose all the day, he sent the crier again to say, that it was then fine, and he would begin. This gave rise to the witticism against the people of Hastings.

Alderman Sawbridge possessed eminently the faculty of remembering the cards played at whist; when the last card of a deal was about to be played, he said, "It is singular that the four fives should come together." On playing the round, it appeared indeed that every one of the party held a five.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon, which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told to the preacher: he resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract

my words, but in *this* instance I will; I said you had stolen the sermon; I find I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

Many pleasant evenings I can remember spent at Mr. Evans's, when we were neighbours, and my father and he were daily in the Bird-cage Walk *, or the Mall of St. James's Park. One evening in particular I call to mind, when I had the good fortune to meet Dr. Vincent there. It was at the time when the troubles of Holland of that period, were at the height, and it was determined rather to inundate the country than to yield to the Stadtholder. Mr. Evans told Dr. Vincent that the re-

* The south side of St. James's Park afforded at that time, a delightful, quiet *promenade* for those who wished to enjoy in the air, the company of an agreeable acquaintance; but even in its then state of shade and foliage, it was so far inferior to what it had been in the remembrance of Lady Lucy Meyrick, that she deplored it as ruined. Recollecting what it *had* been, while walking there, she said, "I knew the time, when, if there was one nightingale in these walks, there were a thousand." A man passing, turned round, and with a look that spoke his meaning, said, "Yes, yes, I believe it; if there *was* one, there *was* a thousand."

solution had been already in some measure executed, the sea having been let in over many acres of land. "We may truly then say," said Dr. Vincent, "that the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." *

* Wit will often obtrude itself where it ought not; and I may be thought its abettor in this instance; but as there are some chances in my favour, I will risk it to preserve a fact. In 1793, when a war with France was agitated, on account of the conduct of that country to the Dutch, a gentleman in company said, impetuously, "D—n the Dutch;—burn their towns." "Rather," replied Lady Wintringham, "undam them, and sink them."

I dare not enter, as fully as I could, into the memoirs of this extraordinary woman, whom Sir Clifton married, with a courageous disregard (sufficient to have satisfied even the Poet of the Seasons himself) of

"The dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher could scorn."

But she was a woman of no common capacity of mind. Uncultivated as it was, it must have been a bold rhetorician who would have argued with her. I was once invited to meet her, and the interview afforded me the only opportunity I ever had of conversing with a person really professing to be gifted with second-sight. She was Irish: whether Hibernian and Caledonian second-sight are of the same species, I cannot tell; but Lady W.'s was as well calculated to disturb her own happiness, and that of all about her, as any could be. I asked her expressly, whether she regarded it as a privilege or a misfortune. "The latter," she said, "and in a

Such grave uses made of quotations from Scripture, so far from calling for that reprehension

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very great degree;" and with uncommon perspicuity, and the utmost fluency, she proved it by a narrative which I will give, as nearly as I can, or as is necessary, in her own words. " Sir Clifton was fitting up a house in town, while we were living at Notting Hill, and it was nearly ready for us. As our situation was inconvenient to him, he wished to hasten the workmen, and for this purpose we came to town one fine afternoon in the Spring of the year, to see how they proceeded. I remember very well seeing the plasterers' men, who were just quitting it, having finished their part, coming out at the door, with their tubs of whitewash and their brushes; and looking to see how the house looked, (for it was a very pretty nice house, and I liked it extremely,) at that moment I saw, as clearly as ever I saw any thing, a coffin swung across the passage. Sir Clifton was still in the carriage with me; I turned to him, screamed out, and had no power to speak; — I fainted away.

" A mob collected. As soon as I came to myself, I told Sir Clifton what I had seen, and declared that I never would set my foot in that house, nor should he, for I was certain that whoever first crossed the threshold of it, would die. He said, ' Now, my dear Nanny, do not distress me by giving way to this nonsense; you know I have given up many houses, and forborne hiring many servants, because of your fancies: I cannot give up in this instance; you *must* live in that house; the landlord has laid out money on it purposely for me; you chose it yourself; and if you make me give way to you, I will never live with *you* in any other.'

" Well," continued Lady W., " I did not know what to do; a great mob was about us, and I proposed going to Lady B.'s, in Cavendish Square, as she was a particular friend. When I

which persons of narrow judgment are apt to bestow, without consideration, are most happy allusions, as they tend to elucidate the meaning of that which we read times without number, as if it had *no* meaning, and as they make us ourselves in our own hearts bear witness to the justice of many comparisons.

It is pleasure to me to dwell on the remembrance of that ornament to the dignified rank of the clerical order, and to the learned literature of our country, Dr. Vincent; and, on the other hand,

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was there, I got a little better, but still I could not persuade myself to go into this house. There were several friends with Lady B., and for my sake they tried to persuade Sir Clifton, but in vain; he thought he could conquer my fancies, as he called it, and he was determined. He even said I should not go home: but just then the landlord of the house, who had heard of my terror, came, and very kindly said he could not bear to think of my being compelled to live in the house. He brought the agreement for it with him, and tore it in pieces before us; Sir Clifton then gave up, and forgave me."

This, I dare say, is quite as much as my reader wishes for on the subject; I will, therefore, speak of Sir C. W. himself. He told a lady of my intimate acquaintance, on hearing of our late King's first illness, that it did not surprise him. When in attendance on his Majesty, many years before, he had remonstrated against his dressing his neck so tight. But having once urged this in vain, he could not go farther without offending.

disgraceful is it to see him confessing, in one of his works, that what he had done on a similar subject in a former work, had disappointed him in the reception it had met with. This, indeed, ought to discourage no one; because it is on all hands agreed that the merit of a written work has no connection with its success: and those which have demanded the most thought in writing, are, perhaps, the least likely to be popular, because they require a proportionate degree of thought in reading; and it seems now rather the purpose of reading, to be spared the labour of thinking for ourselves.

I have been told it as unquestionable fact, that the promotion of this laborious and accomplished scholar, who used to the best purposes all his transcendent powers, and who preached conviction to the heart most energetically, — that this learned divine's promotion was stopped by the busy tongue of some one who whispered to the late King, that his evenings were spent at whist! The royal lips themselves betrayed the slander; and his Majesty, seeing him at court, when Dean of Westminster, said coolly, "Well, Mr. Dean, do you play

at cards as much as ever?" I rejoice in recollecting that the Dean had sufficient presence of mind to reply, "I hope whoever told your Majesty that I played at cards, said also, that my eyes will not serve me to any other purpose by candle-light: but Vincent died Dean of Westminster; he lives, however, in the love and esteem of all who knew him. Most lamentably ignorant of the demands of the human intellect, are all those who wonder that generals love games of chance, merchants sober whist, and scholars wives of small-featured minds; and very unfair is the judgment that reports this against them. But still worse was the case to which I refer. Had the Dean played at chess, he had been commended, and well he might, if to give the mind no relaxation be merit; for I know not whether, in the choice of labour, I should not have preferred sailing with Nearchus, or floundering in the Periplûs of the Erythræan Sea, to the intense application of chess.

But I cannot, even yet, quit the dear Dean. His biographer, no fulsome panegyrist, has recorded traits of the amenity of his temper; but a fact remains to be recorded of something beyond this.

It is, indeed, unpleasantly transmitted by a mistake which he committed in preaching a sermon, in which he introduced the mention of it, but had misunderstood two important circumstances, — the parish in which a scene of distress had occurred, and the conduct of the parish-officers; for this, however, he made all possible atonement, by an open acknowledgment of his error.

He was, without affectation, extremely fond of young people, and was always particularly kind to a very pretty little lass, the niece of a friend and neighbour. He was visiting this neighbour one morning, when pretty Peggy, the darling of us all, came in, full of adventure. She had been on a visit to another relation, and had, with her, been zealous in attention to the then novel mean of relieving the wants of the poor by soup-shops.* She had observed

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* Is it a trite anecdote of the late King, that in passing some new rows of houses at Hammersmith, which were decorated with fanciful Etruscan vases, very much indeed resembling tureens, his Majesty cast a hasty look at them, and said, in his quick way, "Soup-shops, soup-shops."

And riding over Richmond Hill, he enquired to whom belonged a stone-fronted house, of peculiarly handsome appearance, then fitting up. Being told that it was the property of

a very delicate child resorting thither, and interested by her deportment, she had enquired into her poverty, and had visited a wretched lodging, where had resided a field-officer of a regiment of militia, with a wife and five children. One parent was dead, and, if I recollect right, the other was dying, and pretty Peggy's bright eyes poured down their graceful tears at the distress. She procured present relief, and then intrepidly (modest, coy, and delicate, as she was,) had faced a vestry, and stood firmly every interrogation. All this she detailed, when meeting her sportive admirer, the dear Dean;

> "No sighs the past recall,
> No cries awake the dead,"

but interment might be afforded when life was extinct, and orphans might find a father in a friend. He set to work, collected little short of 200*l.*, applied it in the best manner to the best purpose,

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Mr. Blanchard, his Majesty's card-maker, he said, "That man's cards must have turned up all trumps." Hearing that the very fine house at Hammersmith, once Hatchett the coach-maker's, was then Smith the stable-keeper's, he said, "Coach and horses."

and rendered an account to every subscriber, with the humility of an agent.

Of his sportiveness, I must intrude an instance. Pretty Peggy, when a growing girl, having a great curiosity to see the ceremony of the Maundy in Whitehall Chapel, coaxed a cousin, a Westminster boy, to accompany her. The simplest of all simple girls in her attire, she hoped to indulge herself unseen; but some circumstance of introduction, making Dr. Vincent, as sub-almoner, aware of her coming, she and her escort were cited to appear before the officiating persons, and her good-natured friend, as paying her "honour due," presented her a rich cup, out of which she was to drink to the King's health, her hands and face were then sprinkled with rose-water, a nosegay was put into her hand, and a place in the procession was assigned to her and her esquire. Such are the amiable sports of genuine students, and those who deem them unworthy of them, have never taxed *their* intellects to the uttermost, or experienced what even some females have endured for the sake of getting knowledge, when the necessary relaxation of an imaginary cord round the head, has

been sought in arranging a flounce, or folding a turban.

Horsley unbent in cards. I heard him say jocosely to the mistress of a house, "Who was that pretty black-headed girl, that I played casino with just now?" "My youngest daughter, my Lord," was answered with corresponding liveliness.*

Horsley was a man of coarse outline and feature, but of talents which it does not come within my province to describe, though I can appreciate them. I remember the sensation produced by his 30th of January sermon, at the time when France was dyeing her hands of the deepest tint, in the blood of royalty; and I have witnessed the breathless attention of some of his hearers, when he preached his famous sermons on the witness borne to the resurrection of our Saviour. I wish his style of close argument, or rather deduction, were substi-

* Amongst those whose intensity of application drove them to minor resources, stands the illustrious M. De Luc, who certainly found recreation in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. There is a story abroad, of his requesting his daughter, in his last hours, to play on the piano-forte, and, as it were, expiring in music; but, on the authority of Mademoiselle De Luc herself, I can say that it is a mere fabrication.

tuted for the vague exhortation and undefined precept of the present mode. Either we have, in general, what is too mean for the dignity of a place of worship, or a sort of preaching the time out, which keeps equi-distant from that centre in which plain truth resides, and leaves matters, to use a common expression, "much where we found them." Tone, manner, emphasis, person, and hair cutting, make up too often the influence of what we hear in fashionable places, and it certainly is judicious as well as modest, not to submit such discourses to the cooled judgment of a reader. And in all this vapid business, which, however, I grant goes down very sweetly, it is astonishing to perceive how well content the clergy are to preach on hackneyed texts, and to leave to our own expounding, some which contain weighty matters of the law, and others which would give scope for reconciling those which seem to jar.

When a divine hardly knows to what sort of a congregation he is to preach on the following Sunday, he may well be excused for making a garment, put together on speculation, fit as many as he can; hence it arises that our ears are wearied

with, "Let me die the death of the righteous," and the concluding exhortation to live so; and with the equally hackneyed text, "Thou art the man," and the undertaking to prove that the prophet aimed at every one of us; while the attributes of the Deity are left to float in the air over our heads, and the diagnostics which would enable us better to comprehend the conjoint nature of our Blessed Lord, and would tend to fix every affection of our hearts upon him, are left imperfectly delineated on our minds, if not perfectly invisible.

But let us congratulate ourselves on the vast improvement, made in our time, in the conduct and habiliments of our parochial clergy, and let us not forget what has been or is commendable in any rank. Let that thorough integrity which raised Moore to the highest dignity of our church, be ever borne in mind. Let his saying to one of his officers, with tears in his eyes, on receiving a considerable fine on the renewal of a lease, "We must look out for objects," be ever recollected to his honour; and let it be known, for it cheers one's heart to hear of such instances of moderation, that

when the personage at present filling that rank was bishop of Norwich, and held a visitation at Stowmarket, in leaving the town he waited while an additional pair of horses, which the people of the inn supposed he ought to have had, were taken off from his carriage. Without any *hauteur*, but in a manner that conciliated rather than offended, he condescended to name the number of his children, and assured those whom we must suppose anxious solely for his dignity, that on so level a country, a pair of horses would be quite sufficient. *

In this, and many such instances of demanding less than might be claimed, there is more than one circumstance of satisfaction. The lower classes of people, be their interest what it may, are seldom

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* When this prelate was first made a bishop, it was of course supposed to be through the interest of the noble family to which he is related, and particularly at the request of the beautiful duchess. My younger brother, then a boy, wrote these lines on the occasion,—

> "Old poets tell, how could it be?
> That Venus rose from out the *sea*;
> But modern times a wonder show,
> The *see* from Venus rises now."

wanting in judgment on their betters. The common story of an insolent fellow, who took the wall, rudely saying as he passed a gentleman, "I do not give the wall to *every* puppy," has a moral equal to any in Æsop's Fables in the reply, "But I do."

It was in suggesting the utility of sermons to elucidate obscure texts, that it occurred to me to bring forward one on a *very* obscure one, and, as it exists only in a volume, of which but two hundred copies were printed, it may be new to many young men who are fitting themselves for the sacred profession. I will give them only the historical and explanatory parts of it; the reflections on the text their own minds will furnish. We owe it, as a composition, to the scholastic ability of Dr. Berkeley, a prebendary of Canterbury, and son of the well-known Bishop of Cloyne, and the publication of it is a favour conferred by the eccentric, but very justifiable, conjugal pride of his widow. *

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* I omit many very amusing "Canterbury Tales," as not being quite satisfied how far they may *carry*, but I may, I

The text is that which describes David's attack on the Jebusites, and the intent of the preacher was to

believe, safely treat the reader with two, respecting a member of the church, of an extremely unquiet and satirical humour, of which he gave frequent specimens in his conversation, and by indulging his poetical talent. I need not say that he gave great offence, or that he made more enemies than acquaintance by this, for who does not? The then Dean, a man who could be abused by none but such as he tried in vain to keep in order, was of course the most obnoxious to his satire. On a day, when it was the office of this genius, as a minor-canon, to begin the service, he had just uttered the words, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness," when suddenly stopping, and looking round, he affected, as if by accident, to perceive, at that moment only, that the Dean had not reached his seat. "O!" said he, "the dean is not come yet," and sat down, as if the application of the sentence would fail if he were absent.

I am sorry to say, that to get rid of this strange man, who interrupted every thing, a good living was (as I have been told) given him. Whether given or coming by rotation, matters little, he *had* it, and a lady from Canterbury happening to be visiting near his residence, they met in a walk. In his usual sarcastic manner, he asked her, "if they went on with all *the puppet-show work* in Canterbury cathedral." She replied, "No, Sir; they have lost Punch."

It is an honest pleasure to the mind, to see scorn thus repaid with scorn, and the chastisement may sometimes prove wholesome. There is a proportionate satisfaction in the good-humoured retort of that which is jocularly intended. The following is one of the best of its kind, and if I leave it in its

make clear what was meant in the answer to his summons of their city to admit him, by their defying him to enter it, unless he took away "the blind and the lame," who are, subsequently in the text, described as peculiarly *hateful* to David.

Our national Bible says nothing at all satisfactory on this, much more might have been obtained from sources at every clergyman's hand; but this great work, however well designed to make us better, seldom attempts to make us wiser. It remains, therefore, matter of very serious difficulty to comprehend, how the relieving a besieged town of the useless, should be made a *sine qua non* in obtaining entrance, and how any man of so amiable a natural temper as David, should hold in such

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original language, in which all the wit lies, I hope its excellence will obtain its toleration.

A gentleman whose name, however spelt, sounds Ægon, seeing a friend to whom he was talking, put his hand too violently to his head, said, in the language of Virgil's Bucolic, "Cujum pecus?" A moment's thought would have made him more prudent; he would have recollected, that in his question he brought the answer home to himself. The person asked could not be expected to forego the pleasure of answering by the next line,

——"nuper mihi tradidit Ægon."

bitter enmity persons so justly entitled to compassion. After preparing the subject Dr. Berkeley proceeds thus.

"This portion of Palestine, so singularly distinguished by the most interesting events, was the object of King David's attention, who * * * * * * * conducted his host to Jebus, and fought against it, and took it.

"Probably there was a subterranean passage, cut like a canal or large tube, through the rock or hill whereon stood the castle of Sion, affording a secret communication between the fort and the town below, whose inhabitants were partly Israelites; 'whosoever getteth up to the gutter, or rather *through* the gutter or subterraneous passage, and reacheth the lame and the blind, he shall be chief and captain.' Joab surprised the Jebusites through this avenue, and received the military honour that had been promised; as did our third Edward, through a similar passage at Nottingham, and seized one of his own insolent subjects. But to return: Expositors give us two very different interpretations of this passage of sacred history; the one *literal*, the other

symbolical. Those who exclude metaphor, and adhere to the simple narrative, must maintain that the possessors of the strong hold of Jebus (the future Sion) discovered a confidence greatly discrediting military virtue. For they must have forgotten or overlooked the martial merits of David and his worthies, whose fame must needs have extended beyond the narrow limits of the land of Canaan. They depended on their forts being inaccessible, not knowing, or not caring to own, that the armies of the living God are more certainly *irresistible* than any rock or fortress could be *impregnable.*

"Thus secure of continuing undisturbed in Sion, they refrained not from ridiculing as powerless, all attempts to dislodge them. They probably treated David with that same contempt that he had once experienced from Saul their friend, intimating withal, that if the son of Jesse was indeed determined to try his fortune, the better to evince their unconcern at his assault, nought should be opposed to it but blindness and decrepitude.

"The Jebusitish confidence arose, according to this exposition, from consciousness of national

prowess, and of local advantages. Hence their security and their irony too; whereas he with whom their contest lay, had been a man of war from his youth, and he then headed the flower of the whole land of Judah.

"That triumphant eulogy, 'Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his *ten* thousands,' still rung in their ears; and the head of Goliath (of which we read that it had been carried up to Jerusalem, and *there* deposited), this head of their champion, was still present to their eyes. So that it is highly important to suppose these infidels thus disposed to merriment, when assailed by a warrior accustomed to conquer, who had recently rescued Keilah, and vanquished the Amalekites after their burning of Ziglag.

"By these considerations one is led to conclude, that if we adhere to the *latter*, we shall never reach the sense of the inspired historian, which yet may, without great solicitation, be extracted by the *symbolical* interpretation.

"For, secondly, a custom obtained, old perhaps as superstition itself, of concealing in the

foundation, or of depositing in some eminent fort, of a newly erected city, certain images magically consecrated, and either inscribed with the names of some imaginary deities, or else configurated like them in their supposed apparitions.

"To these talismans, or representations of fancied protectors, was much of virtue confidently ascribed; while they kept their stations, neither foreign hostilities, nor more formidable domestic convulsions, were to be considered as sources of terror. To this purpose had the city of Troy and the temple at Ephesus hid the image that fell down from Jupiter, and the palladium stolen by the Grecians. In some parts even of our own island, this species of credulity has still its share of influence, for the doctrine of amulets is not absolutely exploded, and deism itself is not wholly free from superstitious prejudices. Nay, even atheism hath bigots, who, joining materialism with judicial astrology, eliminate the great source of BEING, and yet shudder at a frowning planet, or venerate an unconscious talisman. This absurdity, if we may believe a celebrated poet of our own, was

found in a silly king and in a shrewd atheistical vicegerent: 'What made,' he enquires, 'what made

'A perjured prince a leaden saint revere?
A godless regent tremble at a star?'

It should then seem that the men of Jebus relied *not* on sightless and impotent *mortals*, but on their idols of every construction and denomination. Experience, however, soon convinced them that there was no valid 'enchantment against Jacob,' nor any 'successful divination against Israel.'

"The vaunters speedily experienced that their blind and their lame, their constellated images, such as had been cast under a certain configuration of the celestial bodies, were in truth nought but the invention of knavery and the confidence of folly. For, with what propriety could it be said that the *soul* of David, 'the man after God's own heart,' *hated* poor mortals eyeless and helpless?

"But it may be said, that (granting the blind and the lame to denote those *sigils* or *figures* wherein superstition trusted, yet) where is the probability that the defenders of Jebus themselves should distinguish their own tutelar images by an

appellation so degrading? To this we answer, that there runs such a strain of self-sufficiency through the words of the Jebusites, so expressive of their settled belief that the king of Judah *could not* hurt them, as makes it highly probable they should, in the luxury of wit, retort on the monarch those words of his own, whereby he had vilified the gods as being 'blind and lame.' If it be asked *how* the besieged can be supposed to have known that their besieger had made thus free with their gods of silver and gold, and brass and iron, and wood and stone, we reply, that this intelligence might have reached them by the same means that Moses knew the Moabites to have been insulted by a poet of the Amorites:—by report, peradventure; for by report or tradition it was known to that illustrious lawgiver, that (long before his time) an Amorite had derided the vanity and self-sufficiency of Moab, and expressed his contempt of Arnon, in those numbers which he had thought fit to insert among his own immortal writings. 'Come unto Heshbon, let the city of Sihon be built and prepared. For there is a fire gone out of Heshbon, a flame from the city of Sihon; it

hath consumed Ar of Moab, and the lords of the high places of Arnon.' (*Numbers*, xxi. 27, 28.) Why then might not David's indignation against idol worship, be *well known* to every court and city and village in Palestine? This is surely *probable*, as his spirit was stirred in him, in like manner as was that of St. Paul afterwards, on seeing a place wholly devoted to idolatry; and the monarch had better success at Jebus than the apostle had at Athens; for the Jebusites (disappointed of help from their idols, their *blind* and *lame* auxiliaries) made, it should seem, a solemn declaration, never more to confide in them or admit them as tutelar deities, 'the blind and the lame shall not come into the house.'"

From matters much too high for me I turn to a period of which I wish to give some account; but it is painful to me to call to mind the events of it. This, however, must not operate on me. It is that year, or rather that portion of the year 1780, in which the riots, called Lord George Gordon's, disgraced the metropolis, and spread contagion or terror over the whole kingdom.

We had at the time no expectation of any disturbance; but returning with Lady H. from a morning-visit, about two miles to the south of London, we saw a number of persons assembled around the Obelisk in St. George's Fields. It was then the first week in June, and my mother decided that it must be a bean-feast, or some such accumulation of persons. We reached home very quietly, and had dressed for a party at Mr. Langton's, when my brother came in from Westminster Hall.

He will speak for himself.

(*Loquitur H. H.*)

"On the day when the riots began, I was in Westminster Hall, and the tumult became so great, that Mr. Dunning, who was then speaking in the Court of King's Bench, was unable to go on; and, as the Hall was then filling with an immense crowd, who were making their way to block up all the avenues to the House of Lords, the Court adjourned. I afterwards saw the mob in regular procession marching up Charing Cross, and driving back every nobleman's carriage that was on its way to the House. Some noblemen

who were thought to be friendly to the opinions of the mob, were treated more gently than the rest; Lord Fortescue, if I mistake not, was taken out of his carriage by them, and kissed by the old women who had mixed with the throng. The Lord Chancellor only met with sarcastic pity; the mob crying out not to touch his head, in a way that showed that they would insinuate that that was his weakest part. The next morning, Mr. Justice Willes, in his charge to the Grand Jury, mentioned that he had been attacked in his way to the Hall; from this time all was confusion and uproar, and the subsequent events have now become part of the history of the period; but it should be remembered, that the prosecutions of the offenders, which took place as soon as peace and social order were in any degree restored, were conducted with so much candour and liberality, as to produce the applause of all descriptions of persons; the management of these was chiefly, if not entirely, confided to Mr. Howarth, of whom mention has been already made. Of this gentleman the catastrophe was melancholy; he was fond of going on the water, and in spite of all the

dictates of prudence, he would venture in a boat, which he knew at the time was not 'sea-worthy.' The event may be anticipated; in one of his excursions the boat filled with water, and he perished!"

We still had no idea of further danger, and should have gone out, had not the coachman come in to say, that a lady, who lived very near us, had been stopped in her carriage by the mob at Charing Cross, and compelled to huzza for Lord George, and cry out "No Popery!" on pain of being dragged out.

The next day we heard that the guards were preparing for duty; but all reliance in them was destroyed, by its being said that they were heard to declare, that, if ordered to fire, it should be over the heads of the mob that they would discharge their pieces.

The Westminster Justices now began an attendance in rotation at the Guildhall, and our anxiety had its intermissions, till a day when my father could not leave his station, even for dinner. His servant went to and fro between him and us,

and our hearts sunk, when after waiting till late in the evening, in the most painful suspense, we learnt that we must not expect him till the following morning.

The cause of his detention, was a message from Lord Mansfield, requesting him to come immediately to him in Bloomsbury Square, as he had reason to apprehend that his house would be attacked.* My father went thither directly on foot, attended by constables, and found his Lordship in the most tumultuous state of feelings, and utterly at a loss to know what to do. The mob had given notice of their intention to visit him, and a great concourse of people was assembling as spectators of the impending mischief. Sir J. was cool and firm: he advised sending for a military force; and while this was carrying into effect, Lord Mansfield asked him to go to the Archbishop of York, who lived in the adjoining house, and was under the

* It should, however, be remembered that Lord Mansfield did not really stand in need of my father's assistance, as the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench is a magistrate in any county in which he is present.

same terror. The Archbishop however was more himself.

The guards came; and there is little doubt that the attack would soon have been repelled; but Lord Mansfield insisted on their not remaining on the spot, but being ready when summoned.

My father remonstrated; he represented the inconsistency of such a plan, and the impossibility there would be of making any armed force of use, when not immediately at hand; but fear is very deaf, and his Lordship was, I may say, obstinate. He insisted that the guards should be stationed at the vestry of St. George's church; and though this placed them considerably beyond the diagonal line of Bloomsbury Square, Lord M. saw no inconvenience. He *would be* obeyed, though even the commanding officer protested against a proceeding so absurd.

He was obeyed; and the result is well known to those who had the misfortune to witness the scenes of this time. The mob kept their promise; and, in a space of time inconceivably short, his house had only its walls standing. One of the young ladies of the family staid long enough to see her

grand piano-forte thrown into a bonfire made of the furniture; and such was the *noble spirit* of these *protestant heroes*, that a large silver tankard was thrown into the blaze with a considerable quantity of guineas in it. A cry was then set up, from the tone and temper of which it was conjectured that *all* the mob were not of the same description, the audible words were, "If there are any *females* in the house, send them away." Having given time for the execution of this charitable order, and consequently the evacuation of the house, they proceeded with the work of demolition. But this is anticipation.

While Lord Mansfield was using that *liberty to think*, which the reluctant obedience of the guards seemed to afford him, a verbal message was delivered to my father from the Duke of Northumberland, requesting him to come to him at Northumberland House, to give him his advice. Sir J. then asked Lord Mansfield and the Archbishop, what were their intentions. He represented that without the guards on the spot, he could render them but little assistance, and therefore was ready, with their concurrence, to obey the Duke's sum-

mons. It seemed difficult to decide even on this point: it needed his own casting-vote. He, of course, in such a time, gave it for active exertion, and followed the messenger sent for him, proceeding, as before, on foot.

In the way they met a large party of the rioters, who were just then in all the exultation of a successful attack on the gaol of Newgate, and were preceded by the deep-toned bell which was part of the spoil. But, contrary to all expectation and probability, they proceeded on their course, and suffered the guardians of the peace which they were destroying to do so also, who reached Northumberland House, happily for us who were so deeply interested, in safety.

The Duke received my father in a way far different from what he had expected. He said, "I am very glad to see you; but how happens it that you come?" My father answered, "I come in obedience to your Grace's message." "I have sent no message," the Duke replied. The messenger was called in; he could give but a very imperfect account of what he had done, and his Grace could not recollect that any order to the purpose of

fetching Sir J. had escaped his lips. But with whomsoever the mistake had originated, we had abundant cause to be thankful to it; for it called my father away only just in time to spare him the exertion he *must* have made to repel the mob at Lord Mansfield's, where the bad management I have described, incurred double danger.

It was a singular instance of timely prudence which made a curious spectator quit his station on the steps of the opposite house, at one moment, when, at almost the next, a man who had taken his place was shot dead!

Now what was the conduct of his Grace of Northumberland, a man who through life, perhaps, had had as little occasion to premeditate, and as few opportunities of setting an example of endurance, as any person so exalted in worldly station? My father had, indeed, heretofore blamed his conduct, in the case of former riots, in purchasing the safety of his windows at the price of a butt of porter; but he now asked my father what he thought his best plan of proceeding with the mob, who had likewise promised *him* their company. He either had the guards in readiness, or sent for them.

My father's advice was to have the soldiers drawn up in the court-yard, with their face towards the Strand, and on the first summons to open the gates; and then, after due form, should they not retreat, to suffer the soldiers to fire over their heads. The Duke asked my father if he would stay with him. He replied, "Certainly, for he could do no good at Lord Mansfield's."

They sat down to supper. News came of the demolition of Lord Mansfield's; but day dawned, and no attack was attempted on Northumberland House. The Duke then proposed retiring to rest, and very politely said to Sir J., "Lord Percy's bed is ready for you." My father accepted the offer of rest, but lay down in his clothes.

We, at home, had been under too much anxiety to go to bed. All the reports around us, were terribly alarming; much mischief was already perpetrated, and more was threatened; but we did not, even now, know the worst; for though my father returned in safety at seven in the morning, it was to say, that from the resident curate of the parish, who followed him into the room, he had received intelligence that our house was to be demolished

the following night. Our kind neighbour added to this friendly warning, an offer to take charge of any valuables, and some that were portable he conveyed away.

Similar intelligence, and similar offers came from those near us, who heard of our situation,—a situation strongly contrasted with the time of year, and the verdure of St. James's Park, which our house looked on.

All was now activity to prepare for our compulsatory departure, which Sir J. desired might be effected before sunset, regardless of what remained in the house, the door of which, I should have said, had been marked with the character of destruction, an open-headed figure of eight.

One offer of assistance which we received was from a lady, whose stables in the neighbourhood afforded abundant room for furniture, and this encouraged us to attempt saving the best. We had but recently settled ourselves in this dwelling, and the newness of carpets and other articles exciting the *tenderness* of our servants, they exerted themselves vigorously; our wardrobes were stript, and their contents thrown into chests, the books

were packed in boxes, and by the hour at which we were to abandon our condemned house, not an article remained for the bonfire, but bedsteads and fixtures. The rioters must have had good intelligence; for no attack was made.

I flattered myself that we should go far; left to the conduct of my own fears, the Land's End alone might have stopped me; but Sir J. not chusing to go out of the county, and merely withdrawing with us for the night, we availed ourselves of the known benevolence of a family, relatives of his early friend Israel Mauduit, who lived at Clapton.

My spirits had been supported through the day, by the necessity of acting; but when, in our endeavour to avoid the streets, we found it difficult to get through Hyde Park, and when, having gained what is called the New Road, we met the Hampshire militia coming into London with a train of artillery, and its "panoply of war," the matter seemed growing too serious to be supported by common fortitude.

Our party consisted of ten persons. Some of us were accommodated by the kind hospitality of those with whom we had taken refuge, and others

were, with the utmost hospitality, received by their neighbours.*

* These kind friends had an old presbyterian cook, whose expressions of dismay and faith really were very little short of the cant of Oliver Cromwell and his myrmidons; and mixt up, as these were, with the inveteracy of the kirk against the church of Rome, which was a little brought forward by the ostensible cause of this uproar, it was ludicrous even in our distress. Though half dead with terror, she tortured Scripture to find assurances that we needed no exertion of our own to be safe. And this is the language of the canting crew of our day. I was remonstrating some few years ago with a woman who was suffering her little boy to grow up in all wickedness, but I could make no impression. She told me "that she hoped the Lord would turn the head of him." I gave my opinion that the boy would turn hers sooner, if she remained thus neglectful of her duty, but this availed not.

Out of regard to a deceased friend, I took a girl, the daughter of this "Cornelia," as a kitchen-maid under an excellent servant; she was taken from abject poverty but nevertheless soon saucy. Going to the place where her mother lived, I carried a letter from the girl to her, and giving her time to get it read to her, I sent for her and was beginning to say that I thought the girl dissatisfied. She was too vehement to let me proceed: the Almighty was invoked to assure me that her letter expressed her happiness and gratitude; I was offered the sight of the letter; I accepted it, it was a fabrication of lies, and filled up with insolent expressions of indifference whether she pleased or failed of pleasing; I read it aloud. Then the Lord was called on indeed; but not to attest the wickedness of the girl. The Lord was now to stand her friend with me, "the letters," she supposed, "must be wrong made." Enough of this vile hypocrisy.

But even here was a question of safety; the *protestant* spirit had outgone us; every where we saw blue ribbons hung out at the windows, and our appearance amongst the inhabitants of Clapton gave rise to a supposition that we must be Roman Catholics, who had fled our home, in danger from our religion. Alas! little could some who suggested this, and thus put us in danger equal to that from which we had escaped—how little could they suspect the oblivion into which the question of religion had been cast by the spirit of anarchy and confusion, which, like the tail of a boy's kite, avails itself of any ostensible motive to rise or be raised, and which is alike applicable to all things that have more surface than solidity.

This presumption of what we *must be*, founded on what we *were* compelled by the law of self-preservation to *do*, presently changed its form and its tendency, and by ten o'clock the next morning, our hospitable friends were *themselves* converted into Roman Catholics for harbouring us; and the lady of the house having been seen taking care of some pieces of china which decorated a chimney-piece,

it was averred, and *I have not a doubt would have* been sworn *to,* that she *had* been seen to worship "some little Jesuses."

In going to rest the preceding night, a blamable curiosity had induced me to open the window-shutter, and look towards London. I counted seven fires then blazing! it was appalling.

Those who went to town in the morning, returned with news that the military power was constituted the guardian of the peace, and that the public offices were converted into barracks. Vigorous exertions soon brought the rioters under control; and, bad as this tremendous convulsion had been, we stood and still stand indebted to it for a better order of things.*

I have been so fortunate as to have recovered Sir J. H's Charge to the Grand Jury, after these riots, and am happy to present it to the reader.

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* I do not wish to say more of these riots, than of my own participation in the general alarm, but if it be true, as I have lately seen asserted, that a magistrate, being asked why he had not called upon the *posse comitatûs*, replied that he would have done so but knew not his address, it is a circumstance really humorous.

"Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest,

"At the opening of the last session, I was led, by a retrospect on the transactions of the preceding month, to give to the grand inquest, then attending on this court, in a charge which, as having neither leisure nor opportunity to prepare myself for any other, was unpremeditated, some general directions for their conduct in the execution of their office, together with some information touching the nature and extent of their authority adapted particularly to that crisis.

"Whether the like kind of necessity yet subsists, I have neither enquired nor am informed. I trust it does not; and that there remain but few of those who were found active in the late daring outrages, that have not either satisfied the justice of the law, or experienced that clemency which, in all favourable cases, His Majesty is disposed to extend.

"Nevertheless, while there exists a possibility that, in consequence of recent information or some other warrantable ground for prosecution, you may be called to the exercise of that power and authority which the law has entrusted you with, in the bring-

ing to legal trial the disturbers of the public peace, I hold it my duty to give you, that now attend for that purpose, such instruction and advice as I am able, for the faithful and conscientious discharge of your office. And to this I think myself the more obliged, by the consideration that there may be some among you to whom, as never having attended in this capacity before, such instruction and advice may be necessary.

"To all which I add, that this court being possessed of no power of controlling your deliberations, or of rectifying, other than in matters of form, any of the mistakes, errors, or imperfections you might innocently fall into, or which might appear on the face of any of your presentments, it cannot but be of importance to the properties, the liberties, and even the lives of your fellow-subjects, as also for the ease and quiet of your own minds, and greatly for the benefit of the public, that your judgments should be well informed, as to the nature and extent, and the reasons that oblige you to the conscientious exercise of your authority.

" Upon this ground, and before I proceed to enumerate the several heads into which the criminal law of this country is branched out, I must inform you, that your jurisdiction extends to all such offences as the law, no less emphatically than truly, declares to be against the king's, or, which is the same, the public peace.

" The motives to peaceable conduct, or, in other words, of submission to that legal power, the chief end whereof is the preservation of peace and its consequent blessing, liberty, are of various kinds; but with the generality of people there is one that human laws have ever in view, namely, the penalties that follow the violation of public or private rights; but penalties have very little effect on the mind; they operate only on the will; and it is a higher principle than the dread of punishment that must dispose men to be either good subjects or good neighbours. By this higher principle I mean nothing less than that reverence for legal government, which in the opinion of the wise and judicious in all ages, is but its due.

" I shall not need to trouble you with any of those notions, touching the origin of civil govern-

ment, which have employed the thoughts and pens of speculative politicians; as little do I mean to decide upon that controverted question, whether the power of the supreme magistrate be the grant of God, or the gift of the people; and the rather, because there is, in my apprehension, a middle hypothesis that removes all the difficulties that have hitherto embarrassed this subtle question. *

" * Touching the origin of civil government, there are two opinions severally maintained by the writers on that subject; the one termed the *patriarchal*, which supposes the right of dominion to be founded on the express donation of God; the other called the *popular* scheme, which supposes the same right to be the gift, or to arise from the consent, of the people. Of the former, Sir Robert Filmer, Hobbes of Malmesbury, and a few others; of the latter, Mr. Locke, and if I remember right, Bishop Hoadley, are the abettors.

" The middle hypothesis above hinted at, is that the rights, the powers, and privileges of dominion are from God, but the choice of the person who shall exercise them is the right of the people.

" A late very ingenious writer, the Rev. Mr. Henry Grove, of Taunton, was the first, in his own opinion, that discovered this middle scheme, concerning which he speaks as follows: — ' There may possibly be advantages peculiar to each of these [the popular and patriarchal] schemes, and, whether the patrons of them will own it or no, there are difficulties and objections too that embarrass both. Now if there be any third hypothesis, which, having the main advantages of these

It is sufficient here to say, that government was originally instituted of necessity; and being cal-

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two, provides against the ill consequences of each, it ought certainly to have the preference. I am mistaken if the following does not bid fair for it: the hypothesis in short is this,— That all power is directly from God, not by positive appointment, but as he is pleased to signify his sovereign will by the nature of things, leaving it to the choice and discretion of people among whom governments are not yet established, in what form, by what persons, and on what conditions this power shall be exercised. The power itself flows from the will of the Creator, declared with that plainness and evidence that no part of mankind can be ignorant of it.'—See an *Essay on the Origin and Extent of Civil Power*, among the Miscellanies of the Rev. Mr. Henry Grove, octavo, 1739.

" But this author seems to have been little aware that the very same doctrine is the subject of an Essay upon Government, written by Dr. Thomas Burnett, Rector of West Kington, in the County of Wilts, and printed first in duodecimo, in ——, and again in octavo, in 1726, wherein he thus declares his sentiments: ' As the welfare of society is the end and reason of all government, so the different interests of different societies is the reason of the different forms of it: and as it cannot be doubted, but that these different forms were devised by men, so though the authority of government be from God, yet the appointment of the persons to execute that authority is purely and entirely the ordinance of man. And this gives an account of that expression, 1 Pet. ii. 13. of being subject to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; by which is meant, that those who are intrusted with the government of societies in any kind of form, are only the ordinance of men; but yet, though they are so, they are nevertheless to

culated not merely to avert the evils to which a state of nature must have exposed mankind, but

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be submitted to, for the Lord's sake, because they execute that power in behalf of the society which every society has from God.' — Lib. i. page 32. edit. 1726.

"The coincidence of opinion between these two writers is very remarkable, seeing that, without being conscious of so doing, they illustrate the arguments of each other, and it cannot but be matter of surprise to find, as the reader may, the very same doctrine maintained by that very able and judicious writer on government, Hooker, in the following passage, in the eighth book of his Ecclesiastical Polity, page 444. edit. 1682. 'On whom power is bestowed at men's discretion, they do hold it by divine right: if God, in his revealed word, hath appointed such power to be, although himself extraordinarily bestow it not, but leave the appointment of persons to men; yea, albeit God do neither appoint nor assign the person; nevertheless when men have assigned and established both, who doth doubt but that sundry duties and affairs depending thereupon, are prescribed by the word of God, and consequently by that very right to be exacted? For example's sake, the power which Roman emperors had over foreign provinces, was not a thing which the law of God did ever institute: neither was Tiberius Cæsar, by especial commission from Heaven therewith invested, and yet payment of tribute unto Cæsar, being now made emperor, is the plain law of Jesus Christ: unto kings by human right, honour, by very divine right, is due.' The doctrine above advanced is finely illustrated by the same author, in the following apt comparison: 'The law appointeth no man to be a husband, but if a man hath betaken himself unto that condition, it giveth him power and authority over his own wife.'

to promote and ensure all the various blessings ot society, and by directing, controlling, and regulating the social offices in this life, to fit and prepare us for a better; it is, and must ever be, deemed an object of high veneration. Omitting, then, an enquiry into the origin, let us look to the ends of government, which we shall find to be no other than the good of the people, or, in other words, the promoting, by laws and political institutions founded in wisdom, and justice, and corresponding with the revealed will of God, the happiness of those who are the subjects of it, or over whom it is exercised: whatever are the distinctions, the honours, the emoluments with which they are invested, who hold, or which accrue from, the exercise of great offices in the state, these are merely incidental; in a word, not for the sake of the governors, but of the governed, was civil government first instituted.

" These citations seem abundantly to prove against the notion of a grant in the one scheme, or a donation in the other, yet comprehending both; that the authority of the magistrate does, by divine appointment, *result from*, or, arise out of, the relation between him and his people, in like manner as that of a husband does from the relation between him and his wife.

"But as the ends of government cannot be answered without subordination and legal submission, on the part of those who derive benefit from it, there necessarily results an obligation on the people, of obedience to the legislative and executive powers, in what hands soever lodged. And not to obedience only, but to respect and veneration, without which government is, in fact, what all laws do but presume it to be, coercion; and those restraints will be looked on as little better than slavery, which are in truth the greatest possible security of liberty. For if we admit, as we must, that there is a principle in men that disposes them to resist authority, what is government but force? And that there is such a principle, no one can deny who is at all acquainted with human nature. *

" * 'Laws politic, ordained for public order and regimen among men, are never framed as they should be, unless, presuming the will of man to be inwardly obstinate, rebellious, and averse from all obedience unto the sacred laws of his nature; in a word, unless, presuming man, in regard of his depraved mind, little better than a wild beast, they do accordingly provide, notwithstanding, so to frame his outward actions, that they be no hindrance unto the common good for

"That such respect and veneration as is here mentioned, is due from the people to their governors, is not only deducible from the principles of natural reason, and the uniform tenor of the sacred writings, exhorting us to a dutiful subjection and obedience to lawful authority *; but the exercise of these dispositions, so necessary to the existence of order, and the promotion of national happiness, is clearly discernible in the conduct of mankind, and the œconomy of the world, from the earliest ages to the present; and that not only in countries and nations where the arts of civil life, the refinements of human policy, and the precepts of religion have been equally unknown; but in those enlightened regions, where the powers of reason and reflection have been cultivated to the height of philosophy.

"These arguments, drawn from the nature and end of government, the sanction of Holy Scripture, and the general assent and practice of mankind, might be thought sufficient to establish so

which societies were instituted: unless they do this, they are not perfect.' — *Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*, page 85.

"* Vide Rom. xiii. 1. Titus iii. 1. 1 Peter ii. 13.

simple a position, as that the obligations of the government, or, to adapt the term to our own constitution, of the Prince and his People, are reciprocal; so that if the duty of one be to afford protection, that of the other is to yield obedience; yet may they be further enforced by a reflection on the utility of government, as manifested in the blessings it dispenses, as well in the execution as the framing of laws for the benefit and security of the subject. Blessings which can only be estimated by a comparison that places the enjoyment of wealth, the fruits of industry, and the sweets of domestic felicity on the one hand, and terror, rapine, and desolation on the other.

"To the arguments arising from the benefits to society which government ensures, I might add the many others deducible from the miseries that attend the want of it; but these are evident. Nevertheless, I cannot omit to mention a political artifice, a cruel one I confess, which we are told was formerly practised in one of the four great monarchies, pointed out by the prophet Daniel. I mean that of the ancient Persians; among whom it was a custom, immediately on the death of their

kings, to proclaim a suspension of the laws, and impunity to offenders for five days: during which interval the ravages and depredations of robbers, and other lawless men, were usually so great, as to drive the people to an impatience for the restoration of government, and a willing submission to that authority which uninterrupted national felicity frequently induces men to undervalue, if not contemn.

"From these considerations on the nature and end of government, the transition is obvious to those laws that tend to the support of it: and here let me observe, that although in common speech we are frequently led to say that the laws are the King's laws, and in the bills preferred to you, offences are said to be against the king's peace, yet are the laws no less the laws of the people than of the king; these, and all the benefits arising from them,—the freedom of his person, the security of his property, the protection of his dwelling, and of his wife and children,—these, I say, an Englishman regards as the price of his allegiance, and claims and challenges as his birthright.

"I shall now proceed to an explanation of the

nature of your office, and an enumeration of the several offences of which it gives you cognisance. As to the first, you are to understand that in all cases which bring into question the life, the liberty, or the property of the subject, the judgment of the law is founded on the determination of twelve men; which determination, as it is supposed to result from a careful investigation, and enquiry into the truth of the case, is called a verdict. This is the ordinary process in civil cases, which go no farther than to draw into question a man's title to his estate, or subject him to a demand of reparation in damages for mere personal injuries: in these instances the delinquent is immediately called upon to answer the charge of his adversary, even though the subject-matter of it be groundless, frivolous, or vexatious: but in criminal matters, that is to say, in treason, felony, and breaches of the peace, which subject the offender to the loss of life, the restraint of liberty, or the payment of a discretionary fine, the law is abundantly careful, in that it interposes between the complaint and the trial of the offence, an enquiry into the nature and motives of the prosecution;

to the end, that if less than probable evidence shall be produced in support of it, the person accused shall be dismissed by your return of *ignoramus*. In these presentments of a grand jury, consisting generally of twenty-three persons, a majority must concur, from whence it follows, that before a person can be convicted on a criminal charge, two juries must pass upon him, making together twenty-four persons; the one to repel frivolous, vexatious, and malicious complaints; the other to receive such as have received your sanction, admitting, in evidence and argument, every possible circumstance of exculpation.

"I have further to inform you, that an indictment or presentment by a grand inquest, is no part of the trial of the offence, but merely an information or declaration for the king. 'For were the indictment part of the trial, then ought he that is noble, and a lord of parliament, to be indicted by his peers; whereas the indictment of peers of the realm is always by freeholders, and not by their peers.' I cite this as the opinion and express declaration of one of the ablest lawyers that ever filled the seat

of justice in this country *, and draw this inference from thence, as also from the uniform practice of every court of criminal jurisdiction in the kingdom, that an enquiry by a grand inquest is not to be directed by those rules of evidence that are prescribed in the case of a trial by a petit jury, but that probable evidence is in all cases a legal and justifiable ground for your finding an indictment a true bill. †

" The offences cognisable by you, are such as either immediately or remotely tend to the disturbance of the public peace: and these are either capital, and punishable by loss of life and forfeiture of goods; or fineable, subjecting the of-

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" * III Institut. 26. Vide also Co. Litt. sect. 194. Fortesc. de laudib. cap. 26. Staundf. Plees del Coron. lib. ii. fo. 90.

" † Babington's advice to Grand Jurors in Cases of Blood, 16. 63. 125., *et passim*. Sir James Astry's General Charge to Grand Juries, 14. Billa vera is the indorsement of the grand jury, upon any presentment or indictment which they find to *be probably* true.—*Terms de la Ley*. ' Delatio aut in judicium postulatio nihil aliud est quam duodecim virorum prejudicium, quod finem tamen principali negotio nullam affert sed conjecturam aut opinionem verius, quo circa de absentibus etiam, inquiritur et de noncitatis.'—*Tho. Smith de Repub. Anglor*, lib. ii. cap. 26.; *State Trials*, vol. iii. 416., vol. v. 3.

fender to a discretionary fine, and, in atrocious cases, to the imprisonment of his person.

"Under the first head of this division, are comprehended the crime of treason, of which there are two species, that is to say, high-treason and petit-treason; and felonies, of which there are divers, some at the common law and others by statute: of the former it may be observed, that high-treason is an offence against the state, and of the others, that they are each offences of a less public nature, petit-treason being the term appropriated by law to homicide committed on a subject, between whom and the offender a special obedience and subjection is supposed; as from the wife to her husband, from a servant to his master, or from a clerk to his bishop or diocesan; the other, that is to say felony, is of various kinds, the most obvious of which are murder, robbery, burglary, and, in general, every kind of larceny or stealing.

"And here it is my duty to inform you, that in the higher and lower offences, that is to say, high-treason and larceny, the law makes no distinction between the principal and the accessary. So that,

in these offences, not only the actor, but he who shall stand by, and by words or gesticulations abet, instigate, or excite him to, or encourage him in, the commission of the offence, such a one, I say, is, in the judgment of the law, equally culpable with the actor; and for this you may discern a most cogent reason, for in some instances you will, in fact, find the accomplice to be the principal in the offence; as where a boy is employed in the burglarious entry of a house, while another stands by and encourages him to venture in; or where a mob are excited to outrage by the counsel, persuasions, directions, or acclamations of one or more particular persons. In both these cases, and they are such as very frequently happen, the abettors and encouragers are equally responsible in law with the immediate perpetrators of the mischief. *

"From a retrospect to the late instances of tumult, and those insurrections which gave rise to them, it is to be feared that some are involved in the guilt of high-treason. I shall be extremely cautious in my directions to you on this head, and shall

" * 1 Hawk. P. C. 37.

choose rather to deliver the sense of the law in the words of the law itself, and of its ablest expositors, the judges of the land, than risk the misleading you by any mistaken conception of my own.

" In the earlier times, the judges and lawyers held a diversity of opinions respecting the crime of high-treason; many offences being then included under that denomination, which the law has since thought proper to reject. At this day, the several kinds of offences that constitute this crime, stand enumerated in a statute of the 25th of Edw. III., which, as it is the only legal test of treason, has ever been looked upon as the subject's great security. Among other acts of violence, it is thereby expressly declared to be 'high-treason to levy war against our lord the king in his realm, or to be adherent to his enemies in his realm.' Upon the former of which clauses, the uniform determination of the judges has been, 'that those who make an insurrection, in order to redress a public grievance, whether it be a real or pretended one, and of their own authority attempt with force to redress it, are said to levy war against the king,

although they have no direct design against his person, inasmuch as they violently invade his prerogative, by attempting to do that by private authority, which he, by public justice, ought to do, which manifestly tends to a downright rebellion; as where great numbers by force attempt to remove certain persons from the king, or to lay violent hands on a privy-counsellor, or to revenge themselves against a magistrate for executing his office; or to bring down the price of victuals; or to reform the law or religion.' * The same is asserted upon equal authority, of 'those who assemble in great numbers, for the purpose of breaking prisons, and delivering or setting at liberty persons therein confined.' †

" And, although the idea of levying war seems to include the bearing or carrying offensive arms, such as guns, swords, &c., yet the want of these circumstances has been held of no weight, the number of the insurgents supplying the want of military weapons. ‡

" * 1 Hawk. 37.
" † Hale's Hist., Placit. Coron. vol. i. 133.
" ‡ Foster's Crown Law, 208.

"The true test and criterion of an insurrection, is the intent or purpose for which the parties assemble. If it be on account of some private quarrel, or to take revenge on particular persons, it amounts to no more than a riot; but if it be with a more general view, and for any of the purposes above mentioned, especially with a display of flags or colours, the beating of drums, or other incentives to tumult and outrage; and where the insurgents are provided with axes, crows, and other tools of the like nature, proper for the mischief they intend to effect, such an insurrection, such an assembling as this, though not immediately against the person of the king, is, doubtless, a levying war against him, and, by necessary consequence, high-treason within the statute.*

"The capital offences next in degree to treason, are felonies, and these are divers; some being at the common law, and others by statute. In the former class are included murder, larceny, robbery, burglary, and an offence termed in our law *arson*, or the maliciously and voluntarily burning the house of another by night or day.† Felonies

"* Foster, 208, 209. "† 1 Hawk. P.C. 105.

by statute are much more numerous, and the present occasion calls upon me to direct your attention to a statute made in the first year of King George I., by which it is enacted, 'That if any persons, to the number of twelve or more, being unlawfully, riotously, and tumultuously assembled together to the disturbance of the public peace, and being required or commanded by any justice of the peace, sheriff of the county, or under sheriff; or by the mayor, bailiff or bailiffs, or other head-officer, or justice of the peace of any city or town corporate, where such assembly shall be, by proclamation to be made in the king's name, immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably to depart to their own habitations or to their lawful business, under the pains of the said statute, shall afterwards unlawfully, riotously, and tumultuously continue together by the space of one hour after such proclamation made, or after a wilful let or hindrance of a justice of peace, &c., from making the said proclamation, they shall be adjudged felons without benefit of the clergy.'

"And it is further enacted by the said statute, 'that if any person or persons shall with force and

arms, wilfully and knowingly oppose, obstruct, or in any manner wilfully and knowingly let, hinder, or hurt any person, &c., who shall begin to proclaim, or go to proclaim, according to the proclamation appointed by the said statute, whereby such proclamation shall not be made, they shall be adjudged felons without benefit of clergy.'

" And by the same statute, it is further enacted, 'That if any persons unlawfully, riotously, and tumultuously assembled together to the disturbance of the public peace, shall unlawfully, and with force, demolish or pull down, or begin to demolish or pull down, any church or chapel, or any building for religious worship, certified and registered according to 1 Will. and Mary 18., which is commonly called the Toleration Act; or any dwelling-house, barn, stable, or other out-house, they shall be adjudged felons without the benefit of the clergy.' *

" It would take up more of your time than can well be spared, were I to enumerate all the several offences that the law has subjected to the enquiry of a grand inquest. Of those that remain unspoken

" * Vide 1 Hawk. 167.

of, the chief are larcenies, or felonies of the lesser kind, perjury and subornation thereof, nuisances and affrays.

" Under the first head are comprehended the stealing things of small value, without any circumstances of terror to the owner; and it affords a very melancholy proof of the increasing depravity of the times, and of the little regard paid by the common people to the laws of God and the precepts of religion, that the gradual improvements of theft and depredation seem to have outgone those of the law, and to have eluded and set at nought all possible contrivances for the security of property. Not to mention the various methods of privately stealing from persons in the streets, or in public assemblies, our humanity is affected by the consideration, that in the villages adjacent to the metropolis, scarce any one resident therein, be his condition ever so low, can call any thing his own, and that this is truly the case, who needs to be told, who sees posted up in every country retirement, a caution importing no less than the loss of a limb to him who shall attempt the stealing from thence a favourite plant, fruit, perhaps unripe, or

it may be a handful of flowers? This, it is well known, is a recent expedient for the security of rural property, and argues a change of manners among the lower order of people, which is but one way to be accounted for.

"From crimes that affect the persons and properties of men, I pass to such as tend to the obstruction or hindrance of public justice; the most atrocious of which are perjury, and the subornation thereof. The credit of human testimony is of such importance to society that, where it fails, the laws are either rendered of no avail, or are perverted to purposes the most injurious, and resemble wholesome nutriment converted into poison. By means of perjury the innocent are condemned, and the guilty suffered to go free; and upon this offence I cannot omit to point out to you an observation that has frequently occurred to me, in the exercise of my office of a magistrate, namely, that in giving evidence, men frequently practise a sort of casuistry, which they think absolves them from the guilt of perjury, distinguishing in their own minds between swearing to the hurt, or for the benefit of another; and I have known

a witness, for fear of incurring the guilt of perjury,* scruple swearing to the person of an offender, in order to his conviction; who, I have been persuaded, to exculpate him, would not have hesitated falsely to depose that at the time of committing the offence the person charged was sleeping in his bed.*

"Of nuisances there are many and various kinds.

"* Very little short of the case here supposed, was the following one of an offender, a few years ago tried before me at the Middlesex Session.—Some Custom-House officers being in search of smuggled goods, the mob rose, and resisted them with a discharge of fire-arms; and a riot ensued. The prisoner was apprehended as one of the rioters, and being carried before a magistrate, alleged, in proof of his innocence, that at the time of the riot he was ten miles from the place where it arose, viz. at Croydon, in Surrey. Forgetting this his defence before the committing-magistrate, he at his trial produced a friendly witness, who swore that for a certain period, commencing and ending with the riot, the offender was in his own room, having locked himself in; and that he, the witness, through the chinks of an adjoining apartment, saw him remain there till the tumult was over. It happened, however, that the committing-magistrate, being in court, produced the examination taken before him; and the same being properly attested, and the evidence of his being active in the riot appearing full and clear, the jury found the offender guilty, and, if I do not mistake, the court committed the witness for the perjury.

These stand opposed to private injuries, and in judicial proceedings are ever laid as against the king's peace, and to the annoyance of his subjects. Under this head are comprehended obstructions of the public highways, buildings and erections for the carrying on of noxious trades and businesses, gaming-houses, places of lewd resort, and places of public diversion not licensed according to an act of parliament made in the reign of the late king. The mischiefs severally arising from these are obvious: and it is part of your duty, as they shall come to your knowledge, or fall within your observation, from time to time, to present such offences and places, in order to the punishment of those persons who by law are made responsible for their conduct in the other. Affrays and assaults on the persons of individuals, though nominally offences against the king, and therefore fineable at the discretion of his justices, are, nevertheless, nearly similar in their nature to the civil action of trespass; inasmuch as the fine upon conviction is in most instances imposed with a view to the pecuniary satisfaction of the prosecutor. In complaints of this sort, where the injury is but

small, the magistrate to whom the complaint is first made, cannot better exercise his humanity, and I may add, his wisdom, than by persuading the parties to peace and reconciliation: an expedient which I have seldom known to fail: yet if he thinks proper to bind the offender over, your duty is, upon probable evidence, to find a bill.

"I will not at this time trouble you with the particular mention of the many statutes that have from time to time been made for the support and encouragement of religion; nor farther enlarge upon that topic, than to inform you, that of political institutions, the wisest suppose the being of a God, the belief of a Providence that overrules and directs the actions of men, and a future state of rewards and punishments, and as the fullest evidence of these important truths is contained in the sacred writings, the founders of our excellent constitution have recognised the Christian religion, and by an ecclesiastical establishment declared it to be part of the law of the land.

"I am sufficiently aware that a religion protected, as that of this country is, by laws and statutes that make it penal to controvert its fundamental pre-

cepts, notwithstanding that it gives to scrupulous consciences every reasonable indulgence *, is by its enemies termed the religion of the magistrate. In one view it may, perhaps, appear so, yet were the countenance and support of the civil power wanting in this instance, it is much to be questioned whether, among us, we should have any religion at all.

"But be the established religion what it may, it is, at least, your duty to protect it: from infidels and sceptics it has nothing to fear; for such has been the effect of the researches of learned and inquisitive men, of a profession to which we are under the greatest obligation, who, with unremitted care and the most sedulous application, have set themselves to search the Scriptures, that the evidence of its divine authority, its truth and excellency is every day accumulating; so that our own experience

" * This indulgence has been farther extended by a very late act of parliament; and it is but justice thus publicly to declare, and it will afford satisfaction to many to be informed, that the same has been gratefully accepted, many of the most eminent dissenting teachers in this country, having legally qualified themselves for the exercise of their functions, by complying with the terms thereof.

seems to coincide with the assurance of the gospel*, ‘that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.’ I say, from such enemies as these, Christianity has little to fear: nevertheless from insult and contumely it looks to you for defence; and to this end, laws have been enacted, and continue still in force, that subject to your notice and subsequent punishment, all such as by writing, printing, teaching, or advised speaking, deny the existence of God, or assert that there are more than one, or that deny the truth of the Christian religion or the authority of the Scriptures, or that shall revile the sacraments, or speak in derogation of the common prayer.†

To this extensive jurisdiction, which I have attempted to delineate, the law has added the correction of the public manners, and has given you authority to enquire of and present, offences *contra bonos mores*, or, in other words, against the rules of decency: under this head are comprehended bathing in public places adjacent to high-

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“* Matt. xvi. 18.

“† 9 and 10 Will. III. cap. 32. 1 Edw. VI. cap. 4. 1 Eliz. cap. 2. § 9.

ways, and footpaths, and the violation of the rights of sepulture.

"Having taken occasion to mention the subject of religion, it cannot be amiss if I apply it to the circumstances of your present attendance, by reminding you, as I now do, of its obligations, and of them the least that can be asserted is, that they bind you by the hope of the greatest rewards, and the dread of the severest punishments, to the observance of an oath, perhaps the most solemn and awful that the wit or ingenuity of man can devise; for you ought to remember, as I trust you do, that it is meant to restrain you from presenting any thing, for malice or evil will, and obliges you not to leave any thing unpresented, for love, favour, affection, reward, or any hope thereof.

"In these two emphatical sentences are comprised the duty of a Grand Inquest: I refer you to your consciences for the discharge of it, and dismiss you to the despatch of that business which by this time calls for your presence."

I cannot turn from the perusal of this excellent statement and classification of offences, this temperate endeavour to instruct the uninformed in a most serious duty, to the frivolous subjects that make up this volume. My father's spirit encourages me to bring forward the following pages, written December 20, 1823, under a conviction, which every attempt to overcome, has only tended to root more deeply, that we are as a people, subjecting ourselves to a delusive zeal, which too much resembles, in some of its features, that of a period to which it is easy to refer. A circumstance which excited more than mere astonishment, made these feelings more lively; and though I might soon have felt that re-action which makes despair of doing any good, follow hope and confidence, yet, at the distance of some months, I find myself not only uncontradicted by far better judges, but supported by numbers. I do not wish to *lead* in my opinion; but if I can add the weakest voice to the eloquence of those of superior judgment, I shall feel satisfaction in having

performed what, under the sanction of wiser heads, is made almost a duty.

We are now in a time of luxurious peace, a time which, for many years, we have not known, a time unknown to many who are now sporting in the gay sunshine of excessive prosperity.

To those who can enjoy this treacherous repose, it is highly necessary to guard against its mischiefs; to the many who are almost vitally suffering under it, it behoves us to extend our utmost consideration.

It may be asked, how any such blessings as peace and prosperity, blessings for which, almost without hope, we have been publicly offering up our prayers, can be other than benefits to all ranks of society, and all individuals who compose those ranks. A sincere wish to know, will soon bring out the truth, and a sincere wish to relieve munificently, will find out the best means of making use of some part of those immense incomes which really cease to excite envy by being so enormous,

and oppress by the mere idea of the trouble they must occasion.

The very poor, perhaps, are now not the most pitiable class of society, but, alas, our mercantile friends are falling from fair and well-used affluence into destitution, and not simply by the operation of commercial hardships pressing on the western world, but, as all who *would* see, could and did *foresee*, by the influence of intemperate zeal on a state of things of which the zealots were the most incompetent judges. Had their endeavours been limited to the prevention of all cruelty, and the diffusion of comfort, there could have been but one voice in the empire of conscience.

I do not wish to go beyond what cannot be denied. I know facts,—I know motives, which it is superfluous to bring forward or to develop; and, early in life, being put on my guard against popular pretensions, I cannot take *all* things for proved, when they rest only on bold affirmation. It is our highest concern to learn our duties as Christians, and our wisdom to take for our teacher, Him who alone cannot err. Zeal is dangerous, fanaticism never was sober: we know

not whither they may at last lead us: — they are at present doing the work of other factious spirits, not perceiving the many side-doors they open, as they blindly hurry on in a road that has no horizon.

But it is a more immediate evil,—an evil more nearly at our doors, that has excited my astonishment. I am shocked by the details of the recent trial at Chelmsford, in a case of murder; and a murder more atrocious, even in these times of danger to individuals, has rarely been committed. More ignorance, more brutality, more hardened impenitence, a villain could not manifest; and if it be argued against me that this very ignorance, this brutality, this hardened impenitence, allowed of no impression, still I should say, that there was an access through his *cowardice*, which might have been attempted, and that the opportunity should have been employed for the edification of the gaping crowd, to magnify, if it could be magnified, the horror of such a deed, till it became perceptible to the mind's eye of the dullest of our species.

I have no authority for my feelings, but the report of the public papers; if that be incorrect, the

report is in a high degree injurious. But taking it as it stands, we find that, instead of fulminating denunciations that could not be too strong, if they could deter from such transgressions, the Judge, whose humane intentions and religious turn of mind are well-known, so far lost sight of his *legal* situation, as to take on himself that which appertains to the office of the Ordinary, by undertaking to promise the wretch the free pardon of our Blessed Saviour, and his favour towards him, "if he do but repent and apply himself to prayer."

I say too little, when I say this is merely the usurpation of an office. What clergyman would dare to make such a promise to a delinquent in such circumstances, a creature who knew not that which every child of three years old may learn, the Lord's Prayer,—a brute, whom it would have required a long space of time to bring to the knowledge of what is *meant* by repentance, and much longer to a sense of its importance? Where are we told that repentance, when the power of proving its sincerity has been forfeited, will avail us? Will tears, will cries, will sobs, all manifestly produced by cowardice, give any hope that, unhandcuffed, the

culprit alluded to, would not steal, rather than work? that, released from fetters, he would not, in the same deep lane and midnight-darkness, again take a life, if interest tempted him, or affront incensed him. Could I—could the Judge himself expect, under such circumstances, that the "everlasting doors" of Heaven are to open to admit either of us to glory?

And setting aside the usurpation of a sacred office, and the assumption of facts, what has not a prisoner to say at a future day, if ever such oratory from the seat of justice, should prove delusive?* Were we to read our Bibles for *information*, I know not any that might be attained with more certainty, than that the Almighty most signally disapproves any intrusion into the priestly office; and, I am astonished that this does not deter from their daring use of a most mischievous license, the mechanics who bawl out the word of God *ad libitum* in their conventicles.†

* Serious as I am, I could not repress a smile, when a witty friend, ridiculing the Judge's calling the prisoner "brother," observed, that they could be only "brothers-*in-law*."

† A new edition of Hudibras might be very soon, if not *immediately*, very useful. A friend was invited to one of these

But what I have already stated is not the worst. I would ask, by what authority the Ordinary himself feels justified in giving the Sacrament to a wretch who is ignorant not only of the Ten Commandments and the Creed, but of that which it is hardly possible not to know, the Lord's prayer; and this ignorance not imposed by necessity, but voluntary and chosen, and covered with such a coating of obduracy, as to admit no feeling of care for his eternal state, though he felt a dastardly horror of that to which he could not suppose he should be sensible.*

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unhallowed mob-meetings, to hear the low mechanic then about to hold forth, with a promise of a capital hand, a sadler, who was hired for the next *Lord's day*.

* The conditions on which we are admitted to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, seem now nearly lost to the recollection of many. Ignorance is a bar, and a most reasonable bar; in the most common things it is so admitted. But in *this*, we are to satisfy ourselves, that we repent of whatever we have done contrary to the will of God; we are to have formed a resolution, by the grace of God to do so no more; we are to believe in the atonement which will make good our future involuntary failures; and we are not to retain the least ill-will towards any one. Where are these requisites to be found in the conduct of this man?

It is an attested fact, that a bishop declined admitting to the Communion, the Countess of Yarmouth. She remon-

Is not such a misuse of sacerdotal power, in effect "giving the children's bread to dogs," and "casting the inestimable pearls," which our Saviour died to purchase for us, "before swine?"

I talk *now* familiarly to my reader, and, God knows, with a most earnest wish that we could a little get back to first principles. I would not presume to dictate, — I will not cant, — I have tried to stir men to speak and write on this subject, they acknowledge my feeling just, they *bid me* speak. One says, "I see it all as you do, but I think every principle seems giving way to new practice and opinions." I ask a clergyman, a man of worth and learning, his opinion on this important business: he says, "As for the Judge, 'tis misconception; and as to the administering the Sacrament, I hardly know whether the giving or

strated; and, by doing so, drove him to the necessity of positively refusing it. She was confident in her *resource;* and, in the height of her indignant feeling, complained to a power before whom she fancied even bishops must bow: but the reception her complaint met with, did honour to the integrity of him on whom she relied; he shook his head, sighed deeply, and expressed his concern at her mortification; but he justified the firmness of the bishop, and counselled her to submit.

receiving it was the worse." I ask, "Would you, under *any* influence, have done it?" "Not for my life," was the answer given me.

Away then with all the cant of "Christian charity," the fanaticism of self-elected evangelizers, and the feeling of inland-missionaries. Let the language of common sense be the language of a judge.* Let him confess the duty to which he is called most eminently painful, too painful, far too painful to be requited by profit or honour. Let him say, "I, sitting here to pronounce the sentence of an earthly court, must not dare to predict what may be that of 'Him who alone is mighty to save.' Nor must I presume to tread within the precinct of the church. Your spiritual monitor alone must decide how far you are deserving of comfort, when his lessons have entered your ears. *Comfort* I dare not speak. — *Hope* I have none to give, and such is the dreadful nature of your crime, that it does not permit me to allow you time before you are in the presence of an avenging judge. I can only

* Compare Lord Stowell's brief address to a sailor found guilty of stabbing his captain. *Morning Post, December* 23.

say, 'May God have mercy on you, and bring you to a due sense of your state.'"

Sanguinary crimes have, of late, increased, not only in frequency, but in atrocity. The long duration of warfare has made the idea of bloodshed familiar; and the diffusive contagion of evil reasoning has taught how to attempt and perpetrate that, on which, heretofore, the mind could not dwell long enough to mould and shape it; and this ought to be recollected in administering justice.

I do not mean to join the common premature censure of our new modes of treating the intellects of the poor. Like inoculation and vaccination, a century must pass ere the efficacy be ascertained; and if the observation still hold good, that no capital crime has yet been committed by the scholars of the national schools, the national schools cannot but be salutary. But I am sure of support from those who wish to see all things done in decency and order, if I protest against the interference of one set of persons with the duties of another, when those duties are admitted by the consent of society to be sacred; and I deprecate, as productive of a tremendous re-action, the resumption of

that spirit, which is stigmatised in Ben Jonson's low comedy, by his naming one of his characters, "Zeal-of-the-land Busy."

Could any of those well-intentioned philanthropists who wear themselves out in expounding the Scriptures, and take upon themselves the clerical office of visiting persons about to appear before their Maker, be once made sensible of the extent of what they are doing, they would, like the bold practitioner on the eyes of the blind, desist from their occupation, terrified at their former daring, and retreat as from a precipice. Is study nothing? Is the attainment of the languages of Holy writ nugatory? Is the laying on of hands, as practised in ordination, a mere form? Should we admit this intrusion in worldly affairs? Do we not insist on the regular process of tuition in the law, in physic, nay even in handicraft works? Do we not value artificers according to the reputation of those from whom they have learned even the low art of pleasing our fancies? And is the word of God, in the state in which it is revealed to us, so *very* easy of comprehension, that all persons, have they but zeal, must agree in the exposition of every text? Did

Saint Paul, whom some of the most zealous of our new schools extol above his master, find *his* an easy task? Could *he*, even with all his knowledge and learning, make every thing plain to those who were willing to believe? Saint Peter does him injustice if he could.

If females were deputed, in the first ages of Christianity, to assist in spreading the knowledge of the Gospel; if Priscilla was joined with Aquila, by the command of the Apostles, to instruct Apollos in the faith, it must be recollected that the language of the New Testament was the vernacular tongue of these unlearned expositors; and that, even had it not been so, they had received their lesson from the lips of those who were divinely protected from error. But of what use now is the professing of a parish-priest, that he is ready to satisfy the scruples or solve the doubts of any, to whose judgment any points connected with their duties, are not clear?* Or of what value is learning or any autho-

* I know it for fact, that at Sandgate, on the Kentish coast (1815), the sick poor were rendered dissatisfied with the visitations of the clergyman, by ladies, who taught them to object that, in the form of prayer for the purpose, the Gospel was not

ity whatever, if gentlemen and ladies of all descriptions and all ages—nay, the younger the better—may indulge, without restriction, the kindness of their hearts, or follow the dictates of an excited conscience, to decide on such texts as, "In my Father's house are many mansions," or to make level to common capacities, the reply of our Blessed Lord to his mother, when she suggested to him what he seems to have understood as a request for an exertion of his miraculous power. These things might have made the great commentators pause; but all difficulties melt away before the fire of modern zeal; and the condescension of the great, the fair, and young, diffuses light everywhere: I only beg them to consider that a time may come, when they may wonder how they could venture so far.

I hope I shall be thought very severe, otherwise I shall be told that we mean one and the same thing. I trust I shall be told that the Scriptures are open to all of us. True, for our own use; and

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preached to them. No one could have censured them had they made reading aloud from the Gospels their office, but what they did was *subversive* of an authority.

Sir William Jones's equivocal compliment to the Bible, will be quoted against me however irrelevant; but this cannot alter my opinion that to visit the sick, in the sense in which our liturgy provides for it, is the office of an ordained clergy, as much as the prescription and compounding of medicines is that of a regularly trained profession. Whatever a cool judgment and an humble desire to show our obedience to God, can prompt us to do, as subservient to the great purpose of restoring health, or improving morals on a basis of Christianity, we may indulge in; and I am sure this will always be felt as indulgence; but in questions of life and death, and of life and death beyond *this* world, it behoves us to be cautious. In other points of charity, in feeding and clothing, though we may do, and certainly often do, more harm than good, our intention stands pure; it has no connection with presumption.

Uncontrolled by a sense of the paramount right of those who have devoted themselves to the service of their Maker, we may in time baptise, marry, and bury, amongst ourselves, and thus bring back all the confusion of past times; times that make us shudder in recollecting them.

Much has been published to show what the *zealots of the death-bed* have done; I will therefore confine myself to what is within my own knowledge, of the mistaken industry of expounders, only stopping to ask whether this business can be safely undertaken by persons who have neither acquired languages nor have learned works to refer to.

Few persons of either sex are endowed as was that pride of our age and country, Elizabeth Smith; but her astonishing powers of mind did not consist merely in discovering the sense of a passage; — they enabled her, with almost inspired facility, to attain the *knowledge* necessary to it. Her persevering acuteness was a remarkable feature of her mind, and her humility equalled it. What she did, was for her own satisfaction, she had neither vanity nor presumption.*

* This charming as well as wonderful young woman, who was at once capable of whatever is deep and whatever is elegant, is recognised amongst scholars with the most candid acknowledgement of her powers. Frequently, when my youngest brother has sought for me all the information that the great Hebraists can afford me, he will make Elizabeth Smith's translation of Job his last reference, and admit her opinion to turn the scale. On his advice, I forbore learning Hebrew, as being a language so liable to mistakes.

Of the temerarious goodness of females when under the influence of religious zeal, many instances may be adduced. But, I think, without proceeding to extreme cases, I can make use of an error which, as attaching to a female writer, in respectful feelings to whom all are agreed, may be of weight. I think it is in her work on the character of St. Paul, that she rests much on his energetic expression of abhorrence, "God forbid." She repeats it, if I recollect right, more than once, and with equal energy. Now, what are the words in the Greek, or even the Syriac, from which we obtain those of "God forbid?" They say nothing of God, and almost as little of *forbid*. They stand, in the one, simply Μη γενοιτο,—Μη, a negative, and γενοιτο, part of a verb, and to be best rendered by *might be* or *may be*; and, in the other, are tantamount to the prohibition *absit*. This short sentence, therefore, bears no other sense than a wish that a thing deprecated may not come to pass; and as, in such cases, *we* often say "God forbid," the translator took it by this *paraphrasis*, never imagining that it would be analysed and descanted

on, with a peculiar emphasis on the non-existent words.

It is no bar to the zealous endeavours of some persons in impressing the Scriptures on the minds of the ignorant, that they themselves need information. It has not occurred to them *all* to enquire, in time to prevent mistakes, whether words printed in the Italic character carry the same meaning as in novels and anecdotes; consequently, after some years' practice, it is new to them to learn that, under this misapprehension, the sons of the prophet, whose, perhaps well meant, presumption had betrayed his guest into a still worse error, saddled *their father*, and not the *ass*; and the *highways and hedges* are invited to the typical marriage-supper of the parable, instead of those who might be found there. Nay, let a listener only ask the instructor how, in *his* station of life, David could go down to visit his brothers in the camp in a *carriage*, and with the attendance of a *keeper of his carriage;* and unless some previous trouble has been taken, it will be a stumbling-block. I shall do no good by removing it: the search may whet industry; or the

failure in it, may teach circumspection. I think, if I mistake not, our grand national Bible will not assist, if consulted merely on the text.

Another great objection which I make to intemperate zeal, is, that no one given up to it can tell to what excess it may lead; it condemns, without mercy, things not merely unexceptionable, but productive of good; it unblushingly arrogates to itself the right to be at variance whenever inconsistency is convenient, and is not shocked at any departure from integrity that will serve its purpose. Domestic affections and the ties of friendship are regarded, as they seem to have been by the Jews, and were by our puritans, as worldly delinquencies; and ingratitude, which used to be a charge not to be endured, is now boasted of as a virtue.

Let us return to the plain path of genuine Christianity, and recollect, that to observe the limits of our duties, is part of the performance of them. St. Paul has the good order of the primitive church much at heart, and is particularly anxious to keep every rank to its post. Let our judges consider, that, in every case, they have two objects to aim at, the punishment of crimes already

committed, and the prevention of them in future; and let those to whom the last moments of those whose lives are forfeit to the law, are entrusted, read over carefully the conditions which they must require, before they bestow on those wretched persons the *viaticum* of our religion.

I find accidentally under my eye, an anecdote which I owe to the late Dr. Henley, and which I obtained in those pleasant days I have mentioned, when he was our frequent guest.—Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester, being asked by a man of rank, when the methodists first made their appearance with pretensions to more than human powers, what he thought of inspiration, replied, "that he thought the Almighty gave inspiration when he took away common sense."

That I am justified in saying we know not how far zeal indulged to excess will carry us, I think I can give an instance. My mother made acquaintance at Bath, with a lady, the wife of a very worthy gentlemanly man of good family, and continued this acquaintance till it grew into a friendship which ended but with their lives. My mother's character was the same through life but her friend,

a common in their way, and then letting down the from being very lively and showy, and making Sunday her *receiving* evening when a weekly-party was the fashion, became what it is now called serious, and was *then* termed enthusiastic. When a widow, she married again, and chose for her second husband, a very worthy but very low man, who had very honestly, but very sordidly, made himself extremely rich; he was very quiet in his religious profession, but it was rank methodism, suited to the lowest capacity; he looked on it as equal to sacrilege, to sit at church in a pew; therefore he herded with the charity-children, the almsmen, or the singers in the lowest gallery. All occupations, except, we must suppose, getting money, were so much of *this* world, that his children could scarcely find employment for their hands. He died, and his widow seemed to have added his spirit to her own: equality was a part of the common cause of enthusiasm; and fervency of devotion, if devotion it could be called, was transferred into the bosoms of the household, till it was impossible to find out who governed. And to such excess did this folly run, that, in passing from her town-house to a villa a few miles from it, she waited impatiently till they arrived on

glasses of the carriage, she called to the children and servants, "Now begin and praise the Lord." This order was obeyed by shouting with all their might some of the tabernacle-hymns, which held out as long as the common did; the interposition of a frequented road and populous village, stopped their mouths; but, arrived at home, and every evening during their summer-residence, the windows were opened and they went to work again. That the witnesses of such extravagant folly had *any* religion, when left to their own choice, was more than could be expected, but their unassisted common sense happily taught them how to use the prime comfort of human life without abusing it.

One of the greatest pleasures which I hoped to find in putting together these volumes, was, that they might afford me opportunity of preserving the memory of persons, not of sufficient importance to find a place in history, and not addicted to pursuits which could place them in any class of biography, but still claiming remembrance for private worth; dear to me from the sense of obligation; or exhibiting singularities of character which it is

amusing to contemplate, and which serve excellently to moderate that expectation of perfection which frequently leads the young mind into fretful disappointment, when the world is better understood, or the condition of human nature seriously contemplated.*

On various considerations, I have peculiar gratification in resuming the mention of the Count de Jarnac, who, about the year 1806, with a small pension from our government in requital of his services at the siege of Valenciennes, settled near us, and was our neighbour till a short time before his death, and our frequent visitor, spending winter-evenings with us, in the communication of wha twas valuable as information, authentic as passing under his own eye, and interesting as often connected

* I always call to mind the calmness of that excellent woman, Mrs. Welch, when others were seeking reasons for occurrences. A family in which she was very intimate, and who had lived, till no one of them was very young, in perfect harmony, on a sudden after the death of their mother, became disunited. It was the cause of wonder as well as of regret. "It arises merely," said she, "from want of knowledge of the world; they do not know what others endure; they have formed ideas which cannot be realised."

with himself. Sometimes he would be engaged in elegant works; sometimes what he found us doing would occupy his attention; but however these evenings were employed, the hour of parting came too soon. He loved society, but not of that *gênant* description which makes knowledge useless, and conversation an interruption; he took up with kindness any addition to our family-party, afforded by the visit of a friend; and possessing that ease which sets every one at ease, blended with that dignity which gratified the pride of those on whom he bestowed his attention, he was indeed, to us of quiet habits, invaluable.

His rank, all who are acquainted with that of the house of Rohan, must know to have been of the highest description of subjects, and his family most illustrious: they and their house are never mentioned in historical or biographical works, without the epithets, "*noble*" and "*illustre.*" A failure of issue in the line of Henry IV. of France, would have given them the crown of Navarre. Our Count was of the branch of Rohan-Chabot, and always set more value on the ancientry of Chabot, than the ducal rank of Rohan.

He possessed the brevet which was to have given the dignity of "*Duc et Pair*" to Chabot, conferred by Louis XVIII., but we knew him at a time when the recollection of honour could produce nothing but sighs. *

The possessions of the family were equivalent with their high rank. The map of France tells where the territory of Jarnac lies, and Davila's History of the Civil Wars gives an account of the battle of Jarnac, where Henry III., then Duke of Anjou, commanded in person, rendering it, by his valour and conduct, almost incredible that he could sink into the imbecility that characterised him as a king.

It is well known that, on this memorable day, the Prince de Condé lost his life, and not in the ordinary course of warfare. His leg was broken

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* Writing these last words recalls to mind four lines, received from an unknown hand by a Lecturer on Mnemonics, at Liverpool, 1812, when the commercial world was suffering by the general disturbance of almost the whole globe.

"Your Mnemonics, dear C—, pray somewhere else teach,
Nor add to our troubles and crosses,
Here to recollect better were folly, where each
Has nought to remember but losses."

by a kick from the Count de la Rochefoucault's horse, and he gave a proof of the cool intrepidity of his spirit, by saying, at the moment of the accident, to some of those assisting him, "Remember from this time forward that mettlesome horses are not fit for such service." Count Jarnac's statement of the catastrophe of this unfortunate accident was, that the Prince was placed against a tree, and that while his friends and attendants were busy in releasing his broken limb, the Baron de Montesquieu, who fought on the Catholic side, came suddenly upon him, and shot him with a pistol. *

* Davila is not accurate in his account of this event, so severely felt by the Hugonot party. His words are these: — "Solo il Principe di Condè, che nel principio della giornata, s' era incontrato nel proprio squadrone del Duca d' Angiò, e rotto, e trapassato più volte, s' era sempre rimesso, e riordinato, sostenava con integro animo lo sforzo della battaglia; ma dopo la fuga della vanguardia, e conseguentemente del retroguardo, caricato per ogni parte da' vincitori, ed attorniato da innumerabile quantità di nemici, combattè nondimeno con tutti i suoi, disperatamente sino alla morte, perchè essendo stato, nell' ordinare gli squadroni, ferito da un corsiero del Conte della Roccafocaut d' un calcio in una gamba, uccisoli poi nel combattere sotto il proprio cavallo, e ferito malamente

This event, which occurred in 1569, Count Jarnac commemorated, by erecting on the spot, which was still marked by the short stump of a tree, a very well designed sarcophagus and obelisk, sketched by himself. An urn terminated the obelisk, which bore on its side an oval, containing the name and date, with the words "*Obiit gloriosè.*" On the side of the sarcophagus, he inscribed the line from the Henriade, —

"O plaines de Jarnac! O coup trop inhumain."

Regard for the family of Montesquieu induced him to forbear adding the concluding line of the couplet, —

"Barbare Montesquieu, moins guerrier qu'assassin."

He left, in bidding adieu for ever to the château de Jarnac, the red and white marble table on which the Prince de Condé's body was laid out! If there are things that render this world's possessions too attaching to those who wish to hold

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in più luoghi, non restò mai con un ginocchio in terra, di valorosamente resistere, fin tanto, che dal Signore di Montesquiù, Capitano della guardia del Duca, che gli sparò la pistola nella testa, non fù fieramente riversato morto per terra." — Lib. iv. p. 244.

them as they ought, they can be found only amongst such inheritances.

But here Count Jarnac set a noble example: he had, indeed, lost every thing, and had been one of those who had the most to lose; but I have heard him say, that he should abhor himself, if he ever uttered a murmur, when his sovereign and his sovereign's family had with such fortitude endured their severe lot. He could describe his grand territory, compared with which the estates of our nobility are villas, where he had seigniorial rights unknown to us, not only parks, villages, markets, but bishoprics, and the right of appointing judges; he could show the drawings which he had made, descriptive of all this goodly land, and not merely with the acquiescence in necessity which often makes us admire in the French as meritorious that which is instinctive, and attribute to mind what is owing to animal spirits, but with that steady calm philosophy which a long foresight had prepared him to make his resource. In the disasters of one period which affected him deeply, his consolation was his age: "I thank God," said he, "that I am sixty-eight."

I will now proceed to give to the reader what I committed to paper at the time. I only wish I had retained more.

One of the fiefs of Jarnac was held by the annual service of a man's appearing completely armed and on horseback, at a certain hour of a day fixed, before the castle-gate; he there knocked with his truncheon. If he had knocked three times, he would have been exonerated from this service; but the gate was always duly opened at the second stroke. He was then conducted to a tower, where he was to abide eight days, and three times every day to show himself on the top of the tower; he was served on plate, which he was permitted to carry away. "We took care," said the Count, writhing his nose as no Englishman can do,— "We took care not to make it *too* thick." In later times, china had been substituted, with knife, fork, spoon, &c. of silver.

One of the first anecdotes I heard from him was this:—

The celebrated highwayman, Cartouche, once, when in great danger of being apprehended, saved

himself by taking the dress of a woman; his pretty face and carnation-complexion suited the character, and he offered himself to the *tourière* *, or portress, of the abbey of "Notre Dame de bon secours," in Paris, as a servant to the house. The Abbess, who was of the house of Rohan-Chabot, happening to want a servant, and prepossessed by the decency of the pretended damsel, was duped, and a month passed without any discovery, when her new servant, who had done the business of her place remarkably well, desiring an interview with the Abbess, told her she must quit her, thanked her for her kind treatment of her, and expressing herself desirous of making some return, added, "that however strange it might appear, she took a particular interest in the fate of Cartouche, the famous highwayman, who had lately been in jeopardy, but was now safe." Saying this, she laid on the table a letter, which she desired the Abbess not to open till she was gone. She went away, and the Abbess, regarding lightly

* So called from the turnstile, placed at the entrance of a convent.

what she had heard, and suddenly called away, thought not of the letter till the evening, when seeing it, she opened it, and found it a safe conduct, signed by Cartouche, for all the house of Rohan-Chabot.

Before Count Jarnac was seventeen, he was drawn by a discontented faction, amongst which were princes of the blood-royal, into a very serious conspiracy against the then Chancellor Maupeou, who had given great disgust to the nobility, by annihilating the parliaments, and substituting for them provincial assemblies. The measure was in itself, the Count said, very wise, but not acceptable to those who regarded only their own interest.

This atrocious plot, shocking to say! went the length of drowning him in his carriage as he crossed a river, over which was a bridge. The bridge-rails, resembling those of Fulham, were to be sawn; a coachman in the plot was engaged to drive a carriage over the bridge at the same time with the Chancellor's, and meeting it, to compel his coachman, by going too near him, to keep close to the rail, where it would give way:

his coachman was also in the secret, and was to be prepared to save himself by swimming, while his master was to be left to sink. The plot was ripening, when the principal was struck with remorse; he declared it to be "too much like murder," and put a stop to it.

The government had got intelligence of the conspiracy, which was carried on, like those of Cardinal de Retz, almost publicly. The conspirators were soon sensible that they had been watched; for after the plot was abandoned, Louis XV. for many days wore in his pocket, papers concerning it, and the warrant for the apprehension of the parties sticking out, with its title visible.

Count Jarnac was at that time much about him; it was his post to present his coffee; and the very young men in attendance, who had been drawn into the scheme, contrived to whisper audibly to each other, "*Non non; le Roi est trop bon,*" — "*notre jeunesse,*" — "*notre foiblesse.*" The King catching these words, asked what they were saying; but they dared not speak again.

Count Jarnac thought very highly of the character of Fenelon, and spoke with great regret of his delusion under the schism of Madame de Guyon. "He was by nature," said the Count, "formed for the ties of society, and because he might not love as others might, he loved the sky, he loved God, he loved piety with enthusiasm; and becoming visionary, he was the more easily led into the doctrine of quietism."

It is very painful to recollect any evidence of weakness in such a man as this exemplary Archbishop of Cambray. Of the firmness which he *could* manifest, there are proofs in his government of that fiery genius, his pupil.

Fenelon's memory has been cherished in his province, as that of the Man of Ross is in the place where his virtues were exercised. If such remembrance could be obliterated, the infamy of Fenelon's successor, Cardinal du Bois, would have accomplished it. Can it be believed that the church of Rome could ever so prostitute its power, as to raise such a wretch to any ecclesiastical dignity, much less to such as this?

It is difficult to form an idea of any human being superior in religious and moral virtue to Fenelon, and impossible to conceive any one lower in the scale of worth than his successor. So hard was it found to place any proper person in the archbishopric of Cambray, after this grievous loss, that Louis XIV. left it, at his death, vacant. The Regent, without hesitation, elevated to it the least fit of all unworthy mortals. Of all the disgraceful deeds of this ill-famed Duke of Orleans, none probably would have risen up to his recollection in more terrific colours than this, had he been permitted to know that his last moment was approaching; but the dreadful precipitancy of his death, precluded all consciousness. I asked Count Jarnac what was the just opinion of the Regent's character. He said, the popular judgment of him was correct; the greatest talents for business, the most intense application, the vilest taste in licentiousness, and the most scandalous waste of time. His conduct to Du Bois was such as showed that he knew the man, and despised him as he merited; he never called him by any but the most opprobrious names, and not unfre-

quently kicked him out of his presence: but Du Bois understood his patron, as well as his patron knew *him*, and by impudent perseverance he obtained by degrees, and those not slow, all he asked for. When he first designed to be made a cardinal, he was not even in priest's orders, and when the vacancy in the archbishopric of Cambray became the proximate allurement of his greediness, and he boldly asked it of the Regent, the answer he received was, "Why, scoundrel, there is not a bishop in the kingdom who would ordain you." This he engaged to prove false, and after two days' silence, exultingly presented himself to the Duke, telling him, that there was now no obstacle to his having the vacant dignity, as he had a promise of ordination. "From whom?" "From one of your own chaplains." "Then," said the Duke, "I have two rogues about me, when I thought I had but one." Thus could the guardian of a kingdom, and of the minority of a king, treat a subject of the highest importance. He was ordained, and was sent to Cambray, the successor of Fenelon. With equal ease he procured, through the Cardinal-Protector at Rome,

an engagement from the Pope to give him a cardinal's hat, " whenever the Regent should express a wish to that effect." This he could easily induce his patron to do, and he did it. To the indignant, — to those who cannot endure to hear of such things, the Psalms of David lie open; the King of Israel was an observer of events, and however he might sometimes chafe at the prosperity of the wicked, he was always satisfied at the last.

Count Jarnac was one of four noblemen who used to be invited, in the childhood of Louis XVI. and his brothers, to spend their evenings with the royal children, but he never would accept any post in the household. The Duke of Burgundy, who died early, was by far the most promising of the princes. He died at about ten years of age by an accident. He had a wooden horse on wheels, on which one of his attendants drew him about; the prince was fiery and impetuous, and urged his conductor to excessive speed; in turning a corner in the apartments he went against a door which stood open, and the prince was so hurt in the hip-joint, that it was supposed luxation had been produced. The

surgeons were sent for; they disagreed violently; the Dauphin heard their opinions, but they were so contradictory that he said, "Gentlemen, I shall understand you better, if you speak one at a time, and divide yourselves; you who say the joint is dislocated, pass on this side: you who think the contrary, take the other." When the limb was examined, those who held one opinion raised it towards the joint, and the prince felt no pain; but their opponents, in their turn, stretched the leg, and the sufferer cried out. But these disagreements were in the end fatal, and though he might have recovered the accident, he could not survive the ignorance and obstinacy of his surgeons. To these may be attributed much of what we have witnessed.

Count Jarnac began his military career in the corps of *mousquetaires* or household-troops: this was the school of the young men of high birth, and each served a year; they were all of the *haute noblesse:* their pay was only twenty *sous* a day, which no one took. Every one furnished his horse and accoutrements and the uniform, except the *sobraveste*, which the king gave. The horse was

to be left on quitting the service, as a perquisite of the *Etat-Major*, who sold and re-sold these horses to the new comers. Their estimation, it is well known, stood very high; and in the battle of Fontenoy they so distinguished themselves as to claim the honour of giving the victory to France.*

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* I believe I may have mentioned, that asking my father when I was very young, why I heard so much of other battles and so little of that of Fontenoy, he answered dryly, "Because we were beat, child." I went to my mother, whom I supposed acquainted with all such events, to learn how it was possible; her answer was, "Because our allies the Dutch behaved as they generally do,—deserted us." Father and mother agreed perfectly in their hatred of allies; my mother would often speak of the perfidy of a Prince of Hesse, who in furnishing a stipulated *quota* of troops, sent in such as were under treaty not to draw their swords against the French. But, alas! my father lived to deplore, in the American war, the situation of this country, when, as he said, England was left without an ally, to fight all Europe single-handed. But how has she *not* fought them, and by fighting them almost rejuvenised her own strength!

Speaking of *stipulations*, I cannot forbear to mention an instance of the ready wit and cheerful spirit of Mr. Pitt; it was given indeed in the Morning Post very recently: I do not often sin in this way, therefore I hope I may be forgiven. "At the establishment of the volunteer-corps, a certain corporation agreed to form a body, on condition that 'they should not be obliged to quit the country.' The proposal was submitted to Mr. Pitt, who said he had no objection to the terms, if they would permit him to add, 'except in case of invasion.'"

On occasion of a review, Count Jarnac and another were ordered to stand sentinels at a barrier and to

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Return we to Fontenoy.

It is a deed of hardihood to attempt reviving a reputation which has "had its day," and certainly a much brighter than it deserved; for sure more sickening nonsense was never poured forth, than from the pen of him to whom I allude, and that of his fair correspondent. Their poetry often appeared as if written under the absolute necessity of furnishing such a quantity, before they took their night's repose, and the consciousness that the day had contributed nothing to their ideas. But there is one thing of Mr. Merry's, for I will not call him by his fantastical name, which I am sorry to see buried under this heap of stuff; for certainly our language has, in modern times, produced few things superior to it. This is his elegy written on the plains of Fontenoy, dated 1787. May I venture to recall it to remembrance?—

" Chill blows the blast, and Twilight's dewy hand
Draws in the West her dusky veil away;
A deeper shadow steals along the land,
And Nature muses at the death of day!

" Near this bleak waste no friendly mansion rears
Its walls, where mirth and social joys resound,
But each sad object melts the soul to tears,
While Horror treads the scatter'd bones around.

" As thus, alone and comfortless I roam,
Wet with the drizzling rain; I sigh sincere,
I cast a fond look tow'rds my native home,
And think what valiant Britons perish'd here.

let no one pass. Mons. de Chauban insisted on passing; the Count and his comrade laid their bayonetted muskets across. Mons. de Chauban

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"Yes, the time was, nor very far the date,
When Carnage here her crimson toil began;
When nations' standards waved in haughty state,
And man the murd'rer met the murd'rer man.

"For War is Murder, tho' the voice of kings
Has styled it Justice, styled it Glory too!
Yet from worst motives, fierce ambition springs,
And there, fix'd prejudice is all we view!

"But sure, 'tis Heaven's immutable decree,
For thousands ev'ry age in fight to fall;
Some nat'ral cause prevails, we cannot see,
And that is Fate, which we Ambition call.

"O let th' aspiring warrior think with grief,
That as produced by chymic art refined;—
So glitt'ring Conquest, from the laurel-leaf
Extracts a gen'ral poison for mankind.

"Here let him wander at the midnight hour,
These falling rains, these gelid gales to meet;
And mourn like me, the ravages of pow'r!
And feel like me, that vict'ry is defeat!

"Nor deem ye vain! that e'er I mean to swell
My feeble verse with many a sounding name;
Of such, the mercenary bard may tell,
And call such dreary desolation, Fame.

struck the musket, the Count knocked him down with it: he was only stunned, but the queen being unfairly induced to take up the matter against the

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" The genuine Muse removes the thin disguise
That cheats the world, whene'er she deigns to sing;
And full as meritorious to her eyes
Seems the poor soldier, as the mighty king.

" Alike I shun in labour'd strain to show
How Britain more than triumph'd, tho' she fled,
Where Louis stood, where stalk'd the column slow;
I turn from these, and dwell upon the dead.

" Yet much my beating breast respects the brave;
Too well I love them, not to mourn their fate,
Why should they seek for greatness in the grave?
Their hearts are noble—and in life they're great.

" Nor think 'tis but in war the brave excel,—
To valour ev'ry virtue is allied!
Here faithful Friendship 'mid the battle fell,
And Love, true Love, in bitter anguish died.

" Alas! the solemn slaughter I retrace,
That checks life's current circling thro' my veins,
Bath'd in moist sorrow many a beauteous face,
And gave a grief, perhaps, that still remains.

" I can no more—an agony too keen
Absorbs my senses, and my mind subdues,
Hard were that heart which here could beat serene,
Or the just tribute of a pang refuse.

Count, who was in the first instance doing no more than his duty, had influence enough to turn all the disgrace on the party least to blame.

The Count's mother was an Englishwoman of high family: he had, therefore, British blood in his veins, which, mingled with that of Navarre, and enriched by that of *loyal* France, mantled readily on aggression. As if his fault had been that of cowardice, rather than that of impetuosity, he was made to march into Paris, at the head of the corps of which he had had the command, without his sword, bare-headed, without his *sobraveste*, and

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"But lo! thro' yonder op'ning clouds afar
Shoots the bright planet's sanguinary ray
That bears thy name, fictitious Lord of War!
And with red lustre guides my lonely way.

"Then FONTENOY farewell! Yet much I fear,
Wherever chance my course compels, to find
Discord and blood—the thrilling sounds I hear,
'The noise of battle hurtles in the wind.'

"From barb'rous Turkey to Britannia's shore,
Opposing int'rests into rage increase;
Destruction rears her sceptre, tumults roar,
Ah! where shall hapless man repose in peace?"

with other marks of degradation. Imprisonment was his punishment; and instead of a military prison, he was committed to the chapel of a convent.

Not being much in a humour, just then, to say his prayers or sing hymns, on fire with indignation, but powerless in giving vent to it, he looked around for the means of retaliating his injuries on his abode, and amused his rage by employing a pair of scissors which he had about him, in cutting into fringes, the hangings of the chapel, and into ludicrous shapes, all the vestments left in it. I suppose the hour of chapel-service discovered this, for he was next removed into a vacant stable.

This change did not mend his temper: if he had begun to cool, he now heated again: there was broken glass at hand, and there were oats in the manger.

I can bear witness to the natural humanity of his disposition, to his benevolent interest in hospitals and works of charity; therefore he must not excite a scream in favour of "the poor dumb creatures," if I say that his ingenuity prompted him to pulverise the glass and mix it with the oats: the

mischief was intended only against the purses of those to whom he owed his restraint; the horses were overlooked in his wrath.

But from this excess of wanton resentment, he was, as he said, "happily preserved," by the entrance of some one to look what had been his employment. Being detected, and his jailors being at a loss how to dispose of their visitor, he was carried up to a room over one which was inhabited. This Gothamite experiment was only involving themselves in the question; for he found means to make a hole in the floor, and with this nuisance they were compelled to be content, to the end of a week, when he was set at liberty, and having his sword returned, was restored to his situation.

I have heard him say, that at seventeen he was his own master, though he was a younger brother, and his father was living. He described himself as having abundant means of being extravagant, and as having used a large portion of his income in the establishment of his stables, which were filled with the finest English horses, bought of Spencer, the then famous horse-dealer in Smithfield. Such was his love for these fine creatures,

that he had with him portraits which he had drawn of a set of greys. He built a very noble hotel, in the then best part of Paris, after a design of Mansard: he married, and had a daughter, who, marrying a man of revolutionary principles, was utterly discarded by him. To complete this slight biographical sketch, I will here state, that losing his first wife, he married again, and had a son, the present Vicomte de Chabot.

This son seemed his only tie to the world, and though he increased his anxieties, he repaid all that he deducted from his peace of mind, by filial attentions, accompanied with a grace which I have heretofore endeavoured to describe, in taking the father and son for models of two imaginary personages.

Possessing, as I did, the Count's confidence when he was our neighbour, I know nothing that ever excited in my mind more interest than the circumstances previous to the Vicomte's marriage into the ducal family of Ireland. I am not at liberty to tell how nobly all the parties behaved; every voice on both sides was in favour of the match; but there were difficulties to be overcome,

and sad were the subsequent hardships to which the young couple were exposed. Here I unwillingly drop them.

I must now continue the Count's anecdotes.

When the Duc de Bourbon found it expected that he should think of marrying Louis XV., his mistress, Madame de Prie, who governed him, interfered in the choice of a match for the young monarch; and being determined that no queen whom she could not manage, should come into France, she listened anxiously whenever a princess was named. When one of the house of Bavaria was proposed, she made the Duke confide to her the management of the business. Under the character of a lady of the court, sent to converse with her on her disposition with regard to the match, and taking a designation entirely different from her own, she volunteered the journey, and made a visit to the court of Munich. She was introduced to the young Princess, and held a confidential *tête-à-tête* with her. It might have lasted longer, had not the Princess, while she expressed her sense of the honour designed her, started, as a matter that made her hesitate, the influence which she understood a tyran-

nical woman, Madame de Prie, the mistress of the Duc de Bourbon, had over him and consequently might expect to have over *her*. She said, "to this she never would submit; and if what she heard was true, it would be an insurmountable objection on her part." The ambassadress could not presume to judge on this point; and therefore the matter remained undecided: of course, the Princess of Bavaria was reported accordingly, and the match went off.

It was, however, Madame de Prie, who made choice of the daughter of the exiled Stanislaus of Poland, then a pensioner of France, bearing the title of Duke of Lorraine and Bar, living in philosophic retirement, and indulging in the luxury of doing good to all around him.

All Europe was astonished at this choice, and none more than those on whom it fell; but all Europe could not furnish a wife for Louis apparently so well suited to the views of her patroness, who could not doubt the gratitude and submission of a good, quiet, plain young woman, who depended for every thing which remained to her, on the life of her father, and the benevolence of the French court.

But though, as Count Jarnac said, she, through her life, seemed astonished at finding herself Queen of France, Madame de Prie was entirely mistaken in her views of enslaving her. She was of a disposition too far removed from intrigue, to be made a tool; and her conduct toward the King, who entertained the highest respect for her, was of too perfect rectitude, to leave any opening for stratagem against her. Louis was *decent* while she lived, but it was the interest of all about him to corrupt him: he was beset by mistresses, who were themselves the tools of others; and he was thought not sufficiently subdued till he was reduced to the lowest excess of depravity.

Even in council, he lost all idea of his absolute monarchical power: he would suffer himself to be in a minority, and would say to those who had outvoted him; "*Eh bien, Messieurs, soit il ainsi; mais ce n'est pas mon avis.*" Even in a question of finance, he would yield thus weakly; and would content himself with protesting against a measure, by saying that he would not risk his *own* money on the plans proposed: and, as if foreseeing what would be the consequence of his supineness

at that moment, he has been known to say, "*I must* have something secure against the time when I may be only Louis Bourbon."

This prophetical expression was not the only one he uttered. His grandson, the Dauphin (Louis XVI.), expressing himself one day as "a zealous advocate for philanthropy," the King hit him a box on the ear, and calling him "*Petit sot*," said, "You will lose your crown one day or other, if you talk at this rate."

The relative situation of the Queen of Louis XV., and her son's second wife, was not only singular but embarrassing; and had they not both been women of well-tempered minds, the court must have been a scene of as much hostility as that in which the puppets were their fathers, and the wires were played by the Czar Peter and Charles XII.

How much of the Dauphin's inclination was concerned in the choice of the daughter of Augustus, the reigning King of Poland, for Dauphiness, while the daughter of the deposed King remained Queen of France, I know not; and in this and numberless instances, I regret that I did not obtain the information which was within my reach, but

it was a matter of some delicacy to question, too importunately, one to whom recollection must have been painful. He used to say, "What I know, I will tell you; what I cannot *tell*, I will look in my books; and what I cannot describe, I will draw for you:" and so he did, and, did time admit, these elucidations should be given.

To return to the Dauphin, whose character stood very high in the Count's estimation, and in whom, as very much prejudiced in his favour, I reluctantly point out blemishes, I must, however, confess that the Abbé Proyart's eulogium on his conduct as a *son*, does not quite agree with Count Jarnac's statements. His natural temper was not an easy one; he was very refractory; and certainly, as a *man*, disliked his father, who, the Count said decidedly, had no character of any sort. The Dauphin, under the impression of his *duty*, would have made any one feel his resentment, who had been wanting in respect for the King; but he himself made no scruple of thwarting him. Of this disposition he gave proof: there was an appointed uniform for the different royal residences; but the Dauphin, when he visited the King, always dis-

tinguished himself and his suite by a dress unlike that allotted to the place where he found the court.

The Dauphins of France had no separate provision of any kind: they might occupy any of the King's vacant *chateaux*, and wherever they were, a detachment from the royal household, and the King's guards attended on them. The *apanage*, that is to say, the estate on which they were to reside and subsist, was granted to the younger branches only.

The Dauphin, of whom I am speaking, always travelled so fast, as to make the attendance on him a service of danger * to his guards, particularly on the roads within thirty miles of Paris, which, being paved, rendered a fall sometimes fatal. As he got

* Query, whether faster than George III.? I have known sisters anxious for brothers, whose duty it was to escort His Majesty. The horses so frequently fell, that the King asking once why he was stopt, and hearing that a horse was down, replied very coolly, "That is what we are used to." Nor did *Her* Majesty "come much behind," in speed, even when she did not follow. In Windsor, we often shuddered; but every one was elated at the sight of them, and all cried "God bless them." The Sovereign of Great Britain has only to show himself to be adored.

into his carriage his *écuyer de carrosse*, asked, "*Ou va Monsieur le Dauphin?*" Being told; he asked, "*Quel train?*" When the answer was, "*Par le plus court,*" it was the signal for full speed, and the leader of the escort darted off like an arrow.

Count Jarnac having the duty once, when "*Son Altesse Royale,*" was going to Compiegne, they had arrived without accident, within a league of their destination; but at about that distance, as is the *wise* custom of our lads of the road in going through the towns where they find the most obstacles and the worst pavement, they made it a point of honour to "put on." It was nearly dark; those who had the *care* of the road, had, in repairing it, left a large pit, neither filled in nor fenced off. Count Jarnac and two other young noblemen, therefore, in the common course of events, as may be guessed, went, horses and men, heels over head into it. The postilions had only light enough to see that the horses had disappeared; they were not twenty feet behind, they had just time and presence of mind to swerve from the direction in which they were proceeding, or the whole equipage and eight horses must have

been upon the sufferers. At the first moment after the alarm was given, the Dauphin stopped the carriage. Every thing distressing and dreadful was to be apprehended, but providentially no one of those even in the greatest of this peril, was materially hurt. *

Count Jarnac had an audience of the Dauphin a few days before the melancholy event of his death;

* Of the escapes under circumstances precluding hope, and the sufferings where no danger is to be apprehended, innumerable are the instances that might be given. I remember when I was very young, the extraordinary occurrence of a child of about two years old, who fell from a window two stories high in London, and was caught, after breaking its fall on the lamp, in a butcher's tray upon the shoulder of a boy; it was not then hurt, but afterwards, playing on its mother's bed, slipt off, and dislocated its neck! And at our own house, a man-servant only setting his foot on the broad side of a step-ladder in a frosty night to keep the water running, slipped, and incurred a most dreadful compound-fracture, such as to furnish one of those great cases which call forth the attention of the medical pupils of the metropolis. While a great lubberly lamp-lighter, near the same spot, falling from the top of his ladder, over the iron rails down into a deep area, got up, blubbering out "Oh! I will go to my mother, that I will," and received no injury but what was presently cured by a leg of mutton and turnips and half a crown!

it was to take leave on joining the army, and he was admitted to his bed-side. Even at this moment, there was the most perfect preservation of *étiquette*. There was a track appointed for the King and Queen in their visits, which was made at the side of the bed on the invalid's right hand. Visitors of ceremony came on to the left hand, and stopped at about six feet below the bed.* The Count came to the foot of it, and was desired to come near to receive the Prince's hand, which he gave him to kiss, bidding him the farewell of a friend, and desiring to be remembered to his sister, Madame de Beauvau, (wife to the Maréchal de Beauvau,) a lady for whom he had the highest esteem; he added, "*Dites-lui que je meurs son ami.*" The Count respectfully declined being the bearer of a message so condescending from a prince to a subject, but the Dauphin repeated it, "*Je meurs son ami. Adieu.*"

I asked the Count what he thought the Dauphin would have proved, had he lived to be king. He

* The afflicted Dauphiness sat in the ante-room from which the visitors entered.

said he might have made a good king, but never a great one. His mind had imbibed some of the fallacies of the modern philosophy; it was however thought he saw his error. I have found him described as a priest-ridden bigot, but in this and many other assertions of biographers, it is sometimes necessary to know the principles of the writers. Every religious man is a bigot in the judgment of a sceptical writer; and, *vice versâ*, every man's religious principles are too lax to the prejudiced eye of an enthusiast; but Count Jarnac was neither the one nor the other, and, as he knew the Dauphin intimately, and was a man of excellent discernment, I give him credit. On his authority, I say, that the Abbé Proyart's Memoir of the Dauphin is in general faithful, and that the circumstances of his death are very accurately detailed. One in particular the Count corroborated, by making for me, in a very few minutes, a very neat plan of the apartment in which he died.*

* Count Jarnac possessed a very elegant and useful faculty of preserving the memory of places in which he himself, or his friends resided. In very neat lines he would draw on card-paper the sides of a room, with the furniture in perspective, the hangings, mirrors, doors, windows, chimney-pieces, &c.

The reader may not recollect it, or have the book at hand; I will therefore relate it.

The Dauphin expired at Fontainbleau, Dec. 8. 1765, in an apartment which overlooked the court-yard, in which the equipages were preparing to convey away the royal family the moment after he had breathed his last. Not at first recollecting this point of *étiquette*, he asked what occasioned all that trampling of horses. He was answered, as the most ready evasion, that it was soldiers changing quarters. He then only smiled, without speaking; but some broth being brought to him, in that quantity which was then the mode of preparation in France, he said, on seeing the size of the bowl that contained it, "If those gentlemen are to wait till I have drank all this, I fear they will be tired. *

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coloured as they stood. I saw a beautiful specimen of this delicate art, in a drawing which he had made of a state-apartment at Carton, a seat of the Duke of Leinster, in Ireland; it was *tout-à-fait joli.*

* I have heard our invaluable apothecary, Welsh, say, that when the Duke of Richmond (the Master of the Ordnance) was in Paris, and had occasion for a decoction of *dandelion*, his medical attendant could not compress the virtues of the vegetable, into a vehicle less than two quarts in quantity.

The Dauphiness was, the Count said, at the time when he knew her, very plain: her face was much disfigured by a scorbutic eruption. But her conduct in her delicate situation was very prudent. It was the *étiquette* of the court, on the marriage of the Dauphin, that on the first day of *gala*, the bride should wear in a bracelet the miniature of her husband's father, and on the next that of her own father: her husband's came in its turn. She had conformed to this rule on the first day; and on the second appearing rather to conceal her bracelet, the Queen said, as if to set her at ease, " I suppose you wear the portrait of your father to day." Without saying yes or no, she showed her bracelet, saying most affectionately, " See, Madame, every body says it is an excellent likeness." The Queen looked, it was Her Majesty's own portrait. I need not say how agreeable was the surprise.* As both were plain women,

* When great actions are told of the great, we are very apt to suppose that like those of supernatural agents, the power is exclusively their own, and that though, in similar situations, we should be very well pleased to be able to do as much good, yet, circumstanced as we are, we stand excused.

and of no intrigue, there could be little fear of disagreement after such a proof of duty, good temper, and discretion.

It must be granted that royal portraits and gala-days afford opportunities of being obliging, from which we are precluded; but if we only embrace the opportunities which we really possess, we may often find the means of imitating them at due distance. I am not at liberty to do the honour I would to the lady to whom the following story attaches; nor dare I ask leave to record it, because I know it would be refused; but the delicacy of no one can be offended if I am cautious: even if the *arts* are to be improved, distinguished beauties must sit for portraits. Of how much more importance is it then to stand a model for good manners!

The young lady to whom I allude, wants no one requisite of what is called, sometimes sneeringly I grant, "a pattern." By this term, as used now, I understand a well-principled English lady, who, though educated with the highest advantages, and with talents on which every indulgence is well bestowed, has the good sense to cultivate with her accomplishments, whatever can contribute to ensure the favour of her Maker, and the love of all with whom she is connected. Such a young lady I know. She married very early into a family with which she was not much acquainted: she found in it a worthy old lady, her husband's mother, who was of what is called "the old school;" and who having lived in the days of notability, and having seen, alas! too much of the perverted effects of "the new school," did not expect to see the perfect union of the *utile et dulce*, in any thing so pretty and so young. She therefore received her under the supposition that some allowance was requisite for deficiencies

Stanislaus, the dethroned King of Poland, resided at Luneville in Lorraine, where he left many proofs of his noble and munificent spirit in public buildings, erected for the wisest and most humane purposes. In passing to the army, Count Jarnac made him a visit, and found him sitting at a little table alone, and very busily occupied in some light undertaking, which he left with the utmost alacrity to accompany him over some of the apartments of the castle. His behaviour was described to me as most agreeably easy and polite; his conversation was fascinating; and the whole visit was so pleasant, that the Count was, without much intreaty,

of a subordinate class, and said, "Well, my dear, and with all this music, and languages, and poetry, I suppose there can have been no time for needlework." "You are mistaken, my dear madam," said the bride: "my mother has made a point of my acquiring the power to be useful. I can make my own clothes; and to convince you of what I can do, if you will give me leave, I will make you a gown." This, of course, was put by, with due acknowledgments; but the young lady very prudently challenged the right to prove the words; and her mother-in-law received the visits made on the marriage, in a very handsome dress, made by the hands of this invaluable acquisition to every member of the family.

prevailed on to repeat it, and remain a week with a man whose character afforded so much opportunity for observation.

The regularity and plan of his œconomy were admirable: his arrangement kept him in affluence and enabled him to do more generous acts than many with ten times his income. His end is well known; but I never saw the circumstances of it so accurately stated as they were by Count Jarnac. As he grew old, infirm, and, by his corpulency, unwieldy, the Queen, his daughter, was very uneasy at his constant refusal to have any one in the room with him. To prevent any accident, she contrived to have a panel in the adjoining apartment made to open behind a picture: she then had the picture removed from the frame and put upor hinges: the attendants in the room could therefore watch him, without his knowing that he was seen. But even this care was insufficient. To protect him from the cold, she had made him a present of a wadded pelisse, or gown, embroidered by her own hands; and in winding up a timepiece over his chimney, as he did daily, this garment caught fire; he tried himself to extinguish it;

but in doing this, his *camisole*, which was wadded also with eider-down, had caught fire; and he was burnt beyond recovery. The Queen never forgave herself, and the melancholy event hastened her death.

On the death of Augustus, King of Poland, Stanislaus sent, on a complimentary embassy to his daughter the Princess Christina, the Chevalier de Boufflers, who was of his household, and whose situation about his person I suppose *made* him the proper person; for one less fitted for it by other qualifications, I should have thought could hardly have been found.

The Princess resided at Remiremont in Lorraine, where Louis XV. had given her the beautiful and rich Abbey for Noble Canonesses. Thither the Count de Boufflers went on this special commission, and on his return, was required to report what had been his reception, and what the occurrences of his journey. He requested permission to commit it to writing; and having obtained it, and being a man whom no consideration ever restrained from writing or saying what he thought, he ren-

dered his account in a song which soon became popular.

To understand this song it should be known, that the Princess was very plain, and had very full cheeks, that the Chevalier had one side of his face much swelled at the time, and that he was allowed for his trouble only the expense of his post-horses.

RECIT DU VOYAGE.

Enyvré du brillant poste,
Que j'occupe maintenant,
Dans une chaise de poste,
Je me campe fièrement;
Et je vais, en Ambassade,
Au nom de mon Souverain,
Dire, que je suis malade,
Et que Luy se porte bien.

Avec une joue enflée,
Je débarque tout honteux;
La Princesse boursoufflée,
Au lieu d'une, en avait deux.
Et son Altesse Sauvage
Sans doute a trouvé mauvais,
Que j'eusse sur mon visage
La moitié de ses attraits.

COMPLIMENT DE L'AMBASSADEUR.

"Princesse, le Roi mon maitre
Pour Ambassadeur m'a pris;
Je viens vous faire connaître
Les feux dont il est épris;

Quand vous seriez sous le chaume,
Il donnerait (m'a-t-il dit)
La moitié de son royaume
Pour celle de votre lit."

RECIT.

La Princesse à son pupitre
Compose un remercîment,
Puis, me remet une epître,
Que j'emporte lestement.
Et je m'en vais dans la vue,
Fort satisfait d'ajouter
A l'honneur de l'avoir vue,
Le plaisir de la quitter.
Dans ces beaux lieux en revenant,
Je quitte l'Excellence;
Et je reçois, pour traitement,
Cent-vingt livres de France.

Some time after writing these saucy verses, and when the laugh had subsided, the Princess coming to Paris, where occurred the *démêlé* on the question of her precedence of the Dauphin's sisters, the Chevalier took it into his whimsical head, to make her a visit; and lest he should meet the reception he had merited, he requested Count Jarnac who was distantly connected with him by marriage, to introduce him. The Count objected, but the Chevalier pressed it, promising that he would not say any thing rude, and that he would not speak

till "Son Altesse Sauvage" addressed him. The very recognition of this title in giving the promise, was almost enough to render the compliance with it difficult. The Count however gave way, and introduced him: the interview was, to the last degree, embarrassing and awkward, but M. de Boufflers kept his word: he sat in a constrained silence waiting for the permission to speak, which the Princess would have given him by a word addressed to him. But "Son Altesse Sauvage" seemed very little disposed to release him, and when she *did* speak, he found little relief; for she said only and in no conciliating manner, "*Eh bien! Monsieur, vous autres François, vous avez une mode extraordinaire de traiter les Princesses.*" But as this might apply to her having been foiled in the question of precedence, it admitted of two constructions; and the Chevalier had the prudence to be silent.

His connection with Count Jarnac, arose from his being nephew to the Prince de Beauvau, grand-master of the court of Stanislaus, whom I have before mentioned as *Duc* and Maréchal de Beauvau, and who had married Count Jarnac's sister. The Duc de Beauvau was uncommonly handsome;

and there was, at the same time, in the household, a Monsieur de Vaux, as remarkably plain. This contrast suggested to M. de Boufflers the following *impromptu.*

Si Monsieur de Vaux
Etait un peu plus beau,
Que Monsieur de Beauvau
Fût un peu moins beau;
Ce Monsieur de Vaux
Serait un beau veau,
Et Monsieur de Beauvau
Ne serait plus qu'un veau.
Mes parentes
Et mes tantes
Seraient un troupeau
De Nymphes IO.
Si Monsieur, &c.

Puis on les bouillirait,
Puis on les rôtirait;
En blanquettes,
En croquettes,
On les servirait,
On les mangerait.
Si Monsieur, &c.

I wish I had more of this merriment, to compensate to my readers for my own deficiencies; but Count Jarnac was highly decorous, and always intimated that M. de Boufflers was a genius whose

wit was oftener to be kept in the back ground, than to be brought forward.*

I must have recourse again to the Count's prose-recitals.

In the early period of the Dauphiness's mar-

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* What would he have said, or not have said, to the recent publication of the correspondence of our neighbour, the once celebrated Countess of Suffolk? It must be confessed; and with gratitude, in the name of my sex, I confess it, that whoever took the laborious task of preparing the papers for the eye of the public, deserves our best thanks. Religious and moral education, an acquaintance with the best authors and the languages in which they have written, have done, I trust, much for us English ladies, but if we can be supposed such odiously debased creatures, as the greater part of the correspondents of the Countess of Suffolk, it is vain to strive "to keep a conscience void of offence." Nay, could it be supposed of us, that we could have pleasure in using such license of the pen, that we should not abhor it, and would not rather give up the use of it, we are unjustly judged.—Surely the perusal of these volumes, for which I was more impatient than I usually am for novelty, must obtain mercy for us, from the lords of the creation. Surely they *must* confess that it is not so injurious to them, that we should play with Latin declensions, and strive to gather the wind-falls from Greek trees, as that we should deal in low humour and indecent wit. How the possessor could be prevailed on to give them up, I know not. Nothing should have prevailed on *me*. They could not have been previously perused.

riage, she had been sent by her physicians to take the mineral waters at Forges, which though only sixty miles from Paris, was a place much more barren of amusement, than of scandal, and from thence the Dauphin was annoyed with reports of some indiscreet levity in her conduct. She had in her train, a remarkably handsome man, who professed himself her *preux chevalier*, and affected to wear her colours. If she wore rose-colour, he was covered with roses; if purple, he was all corn-flowers. It amused her; but it drew on her aspersions. The *preux chevalier* was Monsieur le Comte de Saint Megrin, afterwards Duc de Vauguyon.

Immediately on the excitation of this uneasiness, the Dauphin commissioned a confidential person to go from Paris to Forges, to investigate the matter. Le Comte de Saint Megrin got intelligence of the purpose of this mission, and met the enquiry in the most honourable way. He went to Paris, showed himself openly, refused to take to himself any credit from the favour of the Princess, defied every shadow of accusation, and acquitted her and himself to the approbation of every one.

Nobody could do more justice to his conduct on this occasion, than did Count Jarnac, but I well remember the seriousness, and more than seriousness, with which he related the circumstance. It was brought forward by his seeing some one of our party, wearing corn-flowers: he said, "I never can see any body wear those pretty flowers, but I think of my own country and its unhappiness: it owes it, I often say, to those pretty flowers." To explain this, I must proceed with my narrative.

The Dauphiness was soon apprised of what had occurred in Paris, and of the manly and explicit defence which she owed to the candour of the Count de Saint Megrin; she thought herself highly obliged to him, and, in the warmth of her feeling, promised him at all times her protection, and her utmost interest. This promise Count Jarnac considered as, in a great degree, the source of the miseries of France; for the Dauphiness performed it by making him, when Duc de Vauguyon, governor to her sons; and from him, and under the base flattery with which he treated Louis XVI., in his childhood, the Prince imbibed notions to which he owed the loss of his people's confidence.

After the death of the Duke of Burgundy, the Duc de Vauguyon was surprised one morning, by a servant who went to put wood on the fire of the apartment, kneeling before the young Prince, holding his hands, and uttering words to this effect: "O do I now hold the hands of my gracious amiable Prince who will one day be my master!" *

As the young prince advanced in years, it was evident that his capacity was of a limited extent; and the Duke easily made him believe, that by identifying himself with his kingdom, consulting his own advantage, and referring to his own will, he ultimately sought the benefit of France; "just," said Count Jarnac, "as if the kingdom had been a thing which he carried in his pocket, and that, consequently, when he was safe, that must be so."

* A very bad custom at that time prevailed in the palaces. The servants in menial offices were also servants of the nobility, who had the privilege of procuring for them such situations, which were lucrative, and required a quarterly attendance only. These persons, as Count Jarnac very properly observed, became silent spies on the royal family: they did not interrupt conversation, and they heard it imperfectly; what they heard or observed, they gave or sold in their own way, or that of their regular employers.

Louis XVI. could see a subject only on one side, and, though better informed than most men, such was his prejudice, and that concomitant of prejudice, obstinacy, that his information was rendered nearly useless.

Maurepas, on coming into power, soon saw this, and managed him by confirming his faults, and by giving him the worst advice that can be given to any responsible agent whatever, that of preferring his own inclinations, to his duties and his best interests. On this I could say much, but it must not be *here*. I must not run away yet, from *my oracle*.

In the card-parties of Louis XV., His Majesty's eagerness to win, was conspicuous and ill-bred. Each person carried into the apartment a white leather long narrow bag, containing from six hundred to a thousand louis d'ors, and the King was often to be seen bearing away, over and above what he could stow, his hat filled with gold.

Dutens, who is in general very correct, is not sufficiently circumstantial in describing the death of of M. Chauvelin. "It happened," said Count

Jarnac, "at one of the King's card-parties. His Majesty was playing; Chauvelin and I had just cut out; I left the room; Chauvelin remained to answer a question which the King put to him about his cards; and to do this, he bent towards the table, to look at those which had been last played, when in a moment he reeled, and fell with his head on the King's shoulder; he was taken up, a mattress was sent for, and he was laid on it, and carried out of the apartment. The King followed, as if merely to gaze; Chauvelin was not then quite dead; and the King, seeing him gasping and struggling, continued to look on, without expressing any concern: at last he said, with a shrug, '*Cela n'est pas bon,*' and at that moment the poor sufferer expired: the party broke up.

"Madame de Chauvelin had been sent for; but her husband was dead, before she arrived. She was admitted to the King, of whom she requested the continuance of her son, then eleven years old, in his father's office of master of the wardrobe. It was granted; and this son was afterwards ambassador to the court of London. Dutens' anecdote of the horse is perfectly correct."

I must give two or three unconnected anecdotes, before I enter on any other of Count Jarnac's little narratives.

Two gentlemen were walking together in Paris: "I will engage," said the one to the other, "to give the man before us a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry." He did as he had undertaken to do; the man turned round, and looked astonished. "I beg your pardon," said the *kicker*, "I took you for the Duc de la Tremouille." The Duke was very handsome; the kicked man very plain; he was gratified by the *mistake* under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed, and went on his way.

Of M. de Calonne's attachment to the memory of his father, Count Jarnac always spoke in the highest terms; but he indulged it to excess, by carrying about with him, wherever he went, the fine long hair which had been cut off his father's head after his decease. It was kept in a tin-case, and always accompanied him in his carriage. This superfluous care could hurt no one; it was

innocent, if not rational: but neither of these terms can be applied to the cruel whim of Madame Necker, who forbade her affectionate husband to bury her, and imposed on him the painful charge of keeping her corpse in a glass-case. In December, 1807, she had been newly removed to a fitter abode. Before her death she wrote, it was said, above *four hundred* letters, which she distributed amongst her friends, with an injunction to send one every month to her husband, as if coming immediately from herself in the other world. Her daughter, of whom it is unnecessary to give any account here, tried all her powers on Count Jarnac, to induce him to join the revolutionary system: but he had not his principles to learn, and she must have known him very ill, if she thought such rhetoric as hers could succeed with him.

Talking with Count Jarnac on the sometimes fatal effects of a petulant word uttered by a sovereign to a favourite, he mentioned the fortunate promptitude of the daughter of Louvois the minister, when, to dispel the chagrin of her father on such an occurrence, she hit on the *trifling*

diversion of the Dutch war. It is, perhaps, too well known to require repeating, that Louis XIV. had been offended, not only by seeing that in his buildings at Marli, an angle was carrying up that was not exactly true, but by the pertinacity of Louvois, who had the post of *intendant des bâtimens*, and was confident that it was right. The King had an accurate eye; and a measurement proved that it had not failed him in this instance. But the evil consequent on such a mistake, was only deferred; on another occasion his master frowned, and Louvois took it to heart fatally.

An effect of this royal power occurred in the Count's own knowledge, while the court of Louis XVI. was in its natural state of existence; and when the nobility lived in that easy access to the King, which made them his companions, as well as his ministers and servants.

M. de Voyer, son to the Marquis d'Argenson, held many lucrative and honourable posts under government, and lived in great magnificence at his seat, on the high road from Paris to Bourdeaux. He kept a very large hunting-establishment, and made it a practice when any of his threescore or

fourscore horses were disabled for the chase, to dispose of them for post-horses on his road. The consequence was, an understanding between him and the persons providing travellers with horses, which was extremely injurious to the interest of the public: the business was done as ill as possible; and complaints were disregarded by persons so backed. The drivers would stop where and when, and for what length of time suited their humour; and none but such travellers as were De Voyer's friends, or of a rank that made offending them dangerous, met with any consideration.

All this might easily have been redressed; but Louis XVI. knew of the existence of many such abuses, without manifesting any wish to remove them; and this was one among that number.

It happened that in one of the large card-parties at Marli, some one of the nobility who had lost considerably, complained in the King's hearing of his ill luck. His Majesty was, at the moment, changing his dress, according to *étiquette*, before supper, to which a select party, including Count Jarnac and De Voyer, had been invited. On hearing the complaint of the person who had been

unfortunate, the King replied very rudely, as he often would do, accusing him of the love of money. Receiving an answer which a little checked his humorsome petulance against its first object, he seemed looking for another, on which he might vent it, and turning to De Voyer, he said, tauntingly, " And you, too, are greedy of money." M. De Voyer, who was not deficient in promptitude, excused himself by saying, he valued money, it was true, " *mais seulement comme moyen.*" This the King did not take in the sense in which it was meant; but as if M. de Voyer had alluded to the *means* by which he gratified his love of money, he unhandsomely and unsparingly retorted, " Means, indeed! you who are postmaster and all sorts of things!" Every body well knew to what this alluded, and a species of silent consternation ensued, which, though not one of those present had, individually, the least respect for the King's opinion, bore heavily on M. de Voyer.

During this time, Count Jarnac was playing billiards in another room, with the Comte d'Artois: the wondrous intelligence of a courtier's disgrace and mortification soon reached them, and became

the subject of grave discussion. Supper was announced; but when the list of guests was called over, it appeared that M. de Voyer had quitted the scene of his degradation instantly. He retired to his estate, where Count Jarnac, who was in the habit of spending some time with him in his journeys to and from Jarnac, visited him not more than three months after this occurrence, and found him dying, literally of what is termed *chagrin*. The Count represented to him that he should instantly have thrown up all his employments, which would have brought the King to a recollection of his rudeness: but of this strong measure De Voyer was not capable; he sunk without effort: and either obsequiousness to the monarch's humour, or disdain of the want of manly spirit with which the affront had been endured, induced the *Maréchals* of France, when there was a probability of De Voyer's promotion to that rank, to petition against his nomination.

As a military officer, he had great merit, and had been particularly useful to young campaigners; and Count Jarnac, regarding him with kind feel-

ings for these qualifications, tried to console him. But it was not to be done; he replied, that he never could dismiss from his thoughts the King's expression, and that it would be his death; as it proved within four months after the mortifying occurrence.

I must now quit the *petites tracasseries de la cour*, to come down to a period, the details of which it required a regard to times and seasons to obtain. Instead of the ceremonies of the *lever* and the *coucher* of Louis XVI. when the hours for admission were announced on the door of the royal apartments, by the exposure of a card of the suit of diamonds; when some persons were admitted to one scene of the King's dressing or undressing, and some to another; when some went as far as a certain spot, and some farther; when the page brought the slippers, and it was part of the *étiquette* for His Majesty to kneel down to his devotions; when, in visiting the Queen, noblemen were witnesses to the arranging her hair, and

adorning her lovely person; the time came when all ceremony was out of place, and when the royal family feared the frown of those whom a word or look had shrunk into nothing.

It is little I can give, but that little I will offer, as I took it down at the first opportunity after I had heard it.

When it was known that La Fayette, at the head of 6000 rabble-troops, designed to march to Versailles, to bring the King and royal family to Paris, Count Jarnac sent an express to the Maréchal de Beauvau with a billet, saying, "Be on your guard: we are coming to visit you." He hoped they would have taken the hint, and have quitted Versailles; but the infatuation of the King was visible in the answer returned by the Maréchal, "You are mistaken; we shall come and visit *you*." They arrived. In Hue's Memoirs, the accuracy of which is perfect, may be seen a description of the horrid cavalcade. Count Jarnac had been traversing the city of Paris all day, and the preceding night, to see what could be done: Madame Jarnac, who was in her lying-in, had

removed with her next-door neighbour, Mademoiselle de Condé, to the Tuilleries; and towards evening, on the 6th of October, the royal family came in. The Count was on the stairs of the Tuilleries as they ascended; he was in boots, and, the weather being wet, very dirty. His brother, the Duke de Rohan-Chabot, was there, but in full dress. The Count, being in *deshabille*, would have kept back; but the Queen said, "O Count! are you there? come with us, we have need of all our friends." He went with them through the guard-room; and, when they stopt in the apartment called "*L'œil de Bœuf*," it was with difficulty the rabble was kept off. The Count speaking to Madame Elizabeth, she said to him, pointing to a little man who was winding up a clock in the room, "Take care what you say, for I know that man would murder us this night, if he could."

Count Jarnac was with the army at the time of the Duke of Brunswick's unaccountable retreat from Paris. They were within sight of Chalons, and so near the enemy, that the cannon of both armies reached a windmill between them.

The Duke of Brunswick was on horseback, and, seeing Count Jarnac near him, rode up to speak to him: being a man profuse in ceremonious expressions, he began by apologising for not having paid him a visit some time before. Soon after this little conversation, he gave the orders for retreat, which astonished every one. General Kalkreuth immediately began to represent to him the advantageous situation of the army, as a reason for not issuing the order, on which the Duke sharply asked, " *Qu est-ce qui commande ici?*"

On this day, Count Jarnac had dined at the castle of Dampierre, with a party, thus arranged and seated.

King of Prussia.

Duke of Brunswick Wolfen-buttel.	Duke of Brunswick Oels.
Prince of Nassau Siegen.	Prince of Furstenburg, natural son of the D. of B. W

Count Jarnac.

The King of Prussia, naturally a great eater, made his dinner, this day, only on a little soup and some spinach: he affected to be cheerful, and to talk more than usual; but as soon as the cloth was removed, he retired. He had, before dinner, received a letter from Dumourier, to which the

retreat was attributed; but Dumourier himself has since solemnly declared to Count Jarnac, that it was in no degree the cause. The Duke himself said, "Why I retreated, will never be known till my death." Sickness and want of provisions were given as reasons; but they were not satisfactory. The bread, indeed, was very unpalatable: the Count d'Artois set an example by eating it, *in sight of the troops;* but Count Jarnac often procured rolls for him from Chalons.

When Louis XVI. was stopped at Varennes, an officer of his army came up to him, and said, "Your Majesty is stopped only by a rabble. With your permission I will cut your way through them. Give me orders, and in a moment it shall be done;" but the King, still infatuated with the idea that the kingdom and himself were one and the same thing, cried out, "O no, no, not for *me;* I would not for the world have a drop of blood shed for *me*." Was this humanity? It was dotage in him, and murder to thousands.

In gleaning my note-books, the sharp eye of a female friend detects these omissions: —

The peculiar vivacity of the people of the South of France was singularly instanced in the case of a deserter, a native of Languedoc, whose execution Count Jarnac was obliged to attend. In setting off for the place where he was to meet his death, he made a motion to halt. The serjeant going towards him to learn the cause of this, he called out, pointing to one of the men before him, "That fellow is marching with the wrong foot before." The deserter himself had a smart pair of shoe-buckles, and one of them not being well put on at setting out, he detained the procession to adjust it: he then went on with a *chanson* he had begun.

The French government considered the sentence on Admiral Byng so severe, that, as M. de Richelieu told Count Jarnac, they wrote officially to our ministry, bearing the most honourable testimony to his bravery and integrity.

Here I end my transcript of that with which Count Jarnac's excellent memory enriched me. Of his conversation, I retain much, but it would produce nothing very characteristic.

He held in abhorrence M. de la Fayette. After his conduct on the 5th and 6th of October, when the persons of his Sovereign and the royal family were confided to his care, and he excused himself for his treachery during that night of horror, by saying he had been asleep, no good man could look on him but as a cowardly assassin. Yet it is well known, that in passing through Hamburgh, in his way from Olmutz, in 1797, he received great honours. It happened that this effusion of ill-placed respect, occurred on the anniversary of his disgraceful conduct. The night between the 5th and 6th of October, the same on which he had deserted his master and sacrificed the royal family, he slept in Hamburgh, and deputations and individuals were expected to do homage to him on his rising in the morning: but none came; for the witty head of the Prince de —— had contrived, and he had affixed to the door of his ante-chamber, a piece of paper on which was

written, "*M. de la Fayette ne peut recevoir aucunes visites aujourd'hui, parçe que toujours il dort du 5 au 6 d'Octobre.*"

On this, which in other circumstances would have been a humorous occurrence, Count Jarnac founded the fiction of a dream suited to the occasion.

I possess it, with the explanatory notes belonging to it; and I should feel gratification in giving it to the reader as a specimen of talents which I highly respect, and of a style not inferior to any with which I am acquainted in the language. But there are regards beyond the *quod placebit:* — it ought to be but *one* consideration with a writer of trifles; I do not wish to keep alive, unnecessarily, "*des forfaits mieux oubliés.*" It is a sacrifice, I confess.

Reading this composition with its author, I said to him, "What a charming French style you write!" — He replied, "*Oui; mais je suis oisif. C'est dommage; car je n'écris pas de sottises.*" This was not personal vanity; it was the genius of his nation.

I must now collect occurrences in which he bore a part.

He quitted France, with the King's permission, to take care of some concerns in Ireland; but not till he had tried all in his power to be of use to Louis XVI. He said that he found whatever he could say or suggest rendered nugatory by the counsels of others, or by the King's "*préventions:*" the false notion prevailed in him, that while *he* was safe, France was safe; and persuaded that nothing would be attempted against his own person, he seemed to think that the law of self-preservation would answer every purpose. There was no way in which he would suffer himself to be served.

The Count, however, did not remain in Ireland in inactivity, or come hither to shelter himself from danger; he was still a Frenchman and a soldier, and, precluded from one track of usefulness, he took that which was open to him. He was with our army in Flanders, which gives me the following anecdote.

At the siege of Valenciennes it was impossible to make the Duke of York cautious. He had once come round to look at the works carrying on, so

far as to be within reach of a gun of the enemy. Count Jarnac perceiving this, went up to him and said, "Your Royal Highness's coat has attracted attention: let me advise you not to continue your walk this way:" he then pointed out a path by which he might retreat in safety. The Duke took the warning very good-humouredly, but said, "I came with an intention to go this way round, and I cannot go back for fear of a cannon ball." He had passed the point of danger but a moment, when the ball reached a sentinel within a few yards of him; Count Jarnac brought home the ball with him.

What remains for me to say, is only what I could collect, or what came under my own observation, respecting the illustrious personages, the Duc d'Orleans and his brothers, who were our neighbours at the same time with Count Jarnac, and, by their respectful regard for him, contributed much to his comfort. He was always expected at their table, and, with the family of Prince Stahremberg, who were still nearer to him, and with whom he lived in perfect intimacy, made a very agreeable society.

It was the occasion of sincere regret when we were informed that the rupture of a blood-vessel had endangered the life of the Duc de Montpensier, next brother to the Duc d'Orleans. For the detail I resort to my own notes made at the time. He died May 18, 1807, in his thirty-second year.

His constitution from infancy had been delicate and unhealthy, but the severities he underwent, during Robespierre's tyranny in France, contributed to shorten his life. He had been confined at Bourdeaux in a tower close to the sea; his apartment was seventy feet from the ground; but he conceived the design of letting himself down on the rocks by a rope. In the meantime his brother, the Count de Beaujolois, who was likewise confined, but in a separate apartment, had bribed his keeper; and they were to have met. The rope by which the Duc de M. wàs to have descended, broke, and he fell on the rocks with a broken leg. Many vessels passed, and he tried to induce them to assist him, but no one dared venture; he was then forced to make his situation known by his cries, and was consequently put in closer confine-

ment, in a dungeon eight feet under ground, where he remained ten months, till the destruction of Robespierre set him at liberty. When his younger brother Count Beaujolois, then quite a lad, heard that he was retaken, he refused to escape; "The world," he said, "was nothing to him without his brother."

After escaping to America with their elder brother, the Duc d'Orleans, they came to England, and after a time settled themselves in a very moderate house at Twickenham, in the road leading from the Crown, in the Richmond road, to Isleworth, living, in a great degree if not wholly, on the bounty of our government, and conducting themselves in a way that could give offence to no one. Instead of the splendid tri-coloured livery of the house of Orleans, they gave a plain dark blue frock coat, with a scarlet collar and silver-laced hat; a handsome carriage or two, and six fine grey horses, were their only distinction *, and

* A workman fitting up a print-room in our house, at that time, complimented my taste, by saying, that what he was doing pleased him much better than a room he had decorated at the Duke of *Arline*'s; and asked me if I had seen, "the Duke's new *brouge* with them there two beautiful painted

the decorous conduct of their family was remarkable; their housekeeper and steward were wife and husband, and two housemaids completed their female establishment. The affection between the brothers, particularly the Duc d'Orleans and the Duc de Montpensier, who were within two years of an age, and of similar quiet habits and elegant pursuits, was most amiable. The Duc de M. drew very well, and their house was full of his paintings; the Count de B. was more a man of London.

In March 1807, serious apprehension arose respecting the Duc de M.'s health; he concealed the state of it as much as he could, but at last owned alarming symptoms. Mr. (now Sir David) Dundas, of Richmond, and Dr. Pitcairn were called in. He fluctuated for some weeks, but with little hope, and, early in May, it was proposed to try the air of the Devonshire coast; the 14th was named for his setting out; he was much too ill that

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ladies in it." On unravelling this query I found it was a barouche with two female figures for supporters.

Part of Count Jarnac's amusement was blazoning the coats of arms in the nine folio volumes of the order of *Le Saint Esprit*, lest, in that time of confusion, the colours should be forgotten.

day and the next; but on the following, which was Saturday, he was better, and set out, attended by his brothers, his servants, and a medical man. He got no farther than the Windmill Inn at Salthill, when it was found requisite to blister him, and he stopped for the purpose. The Queen had sent over a physician from Windsor, and also a garden-chair, that he might have air without fatigue; the Marchioness of Thomond likewise sent her chair, and on Monday morning he was well enough to go out. Some little mistake had been made about the chair, and it brought on that petulance which had been one of the concomitants of his disorder; he was hasty in his expression, and the irritation did not immediately subside; he was drawn but a few paces from the house, when, looking towards the Duc d'Orleans, who, with the medical attendant, walked by his chair, he said, "*Donne moi ta main, mon frère; je meurs, mon ami,*" and almost instantly expired! He had that morning desired to be shaved and made neat, and had expressed to the German valet who had done these little offices, a peculiar degree of refreshment and comfort in being dressed,

The Count de Beaujolois was not present at the event, having returned for a few hours to Twickenham, to fetch something the invalid wished for. He was instantly sent for. The Duc d'Orleans was so stunned by the shock, that when M. de Brouval, who had had some part in the education of the princes, and who resided with them at Twickenham, came to him for orders, he could give none, but that *Monsieur* (the Comte d'Artois) should be informed of the event, and that Count de Jarnac should be referred to for every thing. To the Count, therefore, M. de Brouval immediately came, and proposed the removing the body home. But the acute and prompt judgment to which they referred, did not admit of this measure; he recommended the taking every direction from *Monsieur*, as the head of the family then resident in England; if *he* would give no orders, the Orleans family must decide for themselves how the body should be buried; it must be done either in a way suited to the rank of the deceased, or very privately.

The former was far too expensive for their means; what had already been done for them by

our government, they considered as too munificent to allow of their asking more; a private burying, therefore, was all in their power. This, to hide their poverty and avoid giving offence, it was agreed should be in the night; and Count Jarnac advised the making a brick-vault, twelve feet square, in St. Patrick's Chapel, Soho Square, in which the body might be interred, and from whence it might be removed, in case of the restoration of good order, in France.

The orders M. de Brouval obtained from *Monsieur*, were only that the body should be embalmed, but not removed till further consideration. It was therefore embalmed by Mr. Dundas. *

On opening the body, two large and five small abscesses were found on the lungs; the rest was entire.

After the embalmment, the body was clothed in green oiled silk, made precisely to fit, and

* On this occasion, I learned that one hundred pounds was the expense of the embalming. Has this any reference to the hundred pounds' weight of aromatics brought by the women to the Holy Sepulchre, in expectation of finding the body of our Blessed Saviour there?

varnished twice over; it had a decent appearance, not unlike that of an ancient knight in armour.

In the meantime, the Duke of Kent, who, of all our princes, had lived in the greatest intimacy with the Orleans family, suggested to the King the doubt that must arise how to dispose of the first of the house of Bourbon, who had died in this country. The King spontaneously answered, "Why can he not be buried with *my* family?" It was arranged, and the body conveyed to London accordingly.

The funeral was ordered for Sunday, May 26th, and high mass having been performed at eleven that day, at the Romish chapel in King Street, Manchester Square, the procession, consisting of two hearses, one carrying the internal part of the corpse (excepting the heart, which, by accident, had been left in) in a small coffin, and about eighty carriages, five of which were the Prince of Wales's and those of the royal Dukes, York, Clarence, Kent, and Sussex, reached the Abbey after four o'clock, the Duc de Bourbon acting as chief mourner, and attended by all those of the French nobility, clergy, army, and navy, who could be

present, Count de Jarnac immediately following the royal family as a peer of France, and representing the whole body of peers. The service was read by the prebendary in residence, and the corpse was deposited in a vault in the north aisle, leading to Henry VIIth's Chapel, at the foot of the monument of Esther de la Tour de Gouvernet; from whence it was removed, as soon as the new vault for the royal family in Henry VIIth's chapel was finished, and thence, when peace was restored, it was removed with the body of the Queen, who died in England, to the due place of interment in France.

The gratification expressed by Count Jarnac after the temporary interment in Westminster Abbey, at the sympathising conduct of the populace, was a high compliment to the good order and good feeling of our country. Never, never may we disgrace it by the contrary!

I pretend to no more than filling up, by small recitals, the great outlines of history and biography. The very elegant Latin inscription to the memory of the Duc de Montpensier, which was placed over the spot where the body was interred, has ap-

peared lately in the translation of his Memoirs, therefore I omit it.

The death of the Duc de Montpensier was a considerable abatement of the interest and pleasure of our neighbourhood. Attached as the Duke of Orleans was to Twickenham, he could not remain in it: I doubt whether he ever returned to it.

The family had lived in particular intimacy, or rather, I may say, in intimate friendship, with the Duke of Kent, who then resided in Kensington Palace *, and our Royal Duke did honour to his country, as well as to his own feelings, by his prompt attentions. For a short time after his sad privation, the Duke of Orleans had accepted the polite humanity of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, who vacated one of their residences, that it might receive him, and promised he should be allowed to indulge his grief unmolested even by their solicitude. From thence the Duke of Kent

* "It is a curious circumstance," said Count Jarnac once, on returning from a dinner-visit to the Duke of Kent to meet his friends, "I, a good Frenchman, have been drinking the wine of your King William; for our royal host treated us with it." It had kept well.

removed him to the Pavilion at Hampton Court, sending his waggons and servants to convey his furniture and baggage.

In some months the Duke began to take an interest in his new residence; he fitted up a part of it with great taste and elegance, and hung one room entirely with the productions of his deceased brother's pencil, which had entitled him to be considered as one of the first of the rank of *amateur*-painters in oil; an amusement, perhaps, that served the bad purpose of shortening his life. Pity that any thing so very delightful and so morally innocent, should in any way be noxious!

But another cloud gathered over this then unfortunate house. The Duke had just failed in an attempt to bring the Duchess, his mother, over from Spain, when his remaining brother, the Count de Beaujolois, was attacked by the fatal symptoms of consumption, and it was decided that nothing but a foreign climate could save him. That it was in every point most inconvenient to make this experiment; that Europe hardly afforded a spot on which they could rest their invalid with any hope of advantage; that the sea was

the abhorrence of the Duke of Orleans, who yet could not permit his brother to go alone; that it was deserting a home which they had just begun to relish, and quitting a place, the resort of *other* invalids; that funds were wanting; and that, in leaving the coast of Britain, they exposed themselves to be captured by him who thirsted for nothing so much as for their blood; all this availed not. The Duke sat up two nights himself, new varnishing his deceased brother's pictures, to preserve them from damp in his absence, and sailed for Malta. I need scarcely add that the Count died at Gibraltar.

The death of the Queen of France was a severe blow to the comfort of the royal party; but of public events of a subsequent period I must reserve any detail for a future volume: I shall here say only, that Count Jarnac visited the royal family at Gosfield; and, after a short absence, returned to us with an additional weight on his spirits, but spoke with pleasure of the reception he had met with, His Majesty having attended him himself to his chamber-door. The King had asked him whether he did not think him

increased in bulk; but said, that he was still firm on his legs. "But," said the Count, "I observed that he always, when standing, took the precaution of putting his hands behind him." He replied in the affirmative, to a question of the Count, whether he retained his uncommon memory; adding, "I still can, I believe, repeat half an octavo volume; but it is a faculty of which I feel almost ashamed to speak."

I had the pleasure of seeing the replies in the hand-writing of their Majesties, to the Count's notification of his son's intended marriage. For these he expected to have waited some weeks; but they were returned in the handsomest manner without delay: and as that of the King was necessary as a ratification, under the impossibility of observing forms, its arrival was an important event. I remember one expression in the Queen's; that, "since it had been her misfortune *courir le monde*, she had seen no young man of greater recommendations than the Vicomte Chabot."

Of the Count's letters to myself I have but one that would interest a reader. In general, he wrote notes, answering queries, arranging

visits, excusing disappointments, or introducing what he called his "black petitions;" that is to say, requests for some of our family-ink, which, being particularly good, pleased him, and of which he used such quantities, that it seemed as if he must have drank it. If events in public affairs disturbed him, he generally *talked* of them; and never can I forget his dismay after the battle of Austerlitz, when his confidence in our allies was dreadfully shaken.* He never was sanguine in the event of a campaign. I remember his saying once, "I have no more hope: I know that two waggon-loads of gold go before the French army." At another time he was very much occupied with the situation of Prince Stahremberg, when some want of prudence had produced great perplexity. Our windows overlooked the Count's garden; and I have seen the Prince pacing backward and forward there with him in deep consultation; the little I heard of this *démêlé* I cannot correctly detail.

* At the time when Sir Arthur Wellesley was in the East Indies, Count Jarnac told me that Sir Arthur was the man to whom this country must look. "You may live to see it," said he, "*I* probably shall not; but recollect what I say, *he* is the man who will save Europe."

I give the reader the letter to which I have alluded.

"*Cheltenham, July* 25. 1812.

"Though after a long silence, yet I hope you will still acknowledge the hand-writing of a friend, whose health has been these eight months past so miserable, that he preserved only very little strength for any necessary care of himself. After a violent illness in November last, while in London, I was a little better, and thought that establishing my residence here for some time should be of advantage; being here a physician, in which I repose much confidence; but I have been successively attacked by various disorders, particularly in the stomach, that I have really led the most miserable life, and you may judge of its extent when you will know, that the few resources which I possess in myself, I was not able almost to make use of. However, God's will be done. Man must never lose out of sight, one verse of the 90th Psalm of the 18th day, which says that our days are generally counted at threescore and ten, and that if a few are strong enough as to pass over that epoch, *there's nothing for them than labour*

and sorrow, and soon gone. To that general rule of our beneficent Creator we must patiently subscribe, but you will easily conceive that for one who's life has been spent in the agitations of war, and world, and courts, such actual state as mine is doubly painful. Having so often seen the death in a glorious shape in seven great battles, and more than eleven or twelve other smaller engagements full as hot, I can't but regret that my fate has not been to end then: the only thing which may console me of it is, that I have lived long enough as to see my dear and excellent son prosper in the world, though the state of his health, which he lost first in Walcheren's shocking expedition, and since in Portugal, is very bad.

"But I must apologise for occupying you so long with what only concerns me, as I want to know much about you. H. C. *the self-created Irishman*, is here, and told me you was well when he last saw you; he also told me of a production of yours, which your modesty prevented you ever to mention to me: what is it? as the good man never could explain it in a clear way.

"I hope your *residing* brother is well, and beg

you will remind me to him. Have you got any fresh education for the benefit of your young friends?

"Receive the most sincere assurance of the attachment of your old sick very sick friend, but the heart is sound.

"JARNAC."

"How is your friend the Chamberlain, Monsieur Clarke? Pray remind me to him, when you'll see or write."

I have omitted to say that Count Jarnac's ink-stand was that from which Cardinal Richelieu filled a pen that poured not *ink* but *blood* over Europe. It was the Count's property, and he had preserved it. The form was fantastical.

I WILL resort next to the thefts I have made from the conversation of the friend mentioned in Count Jarnac's postscript. I wish I had lighted on the following in time to have connected it with former details.

The Speaker Onslow hearing a gentleman who lived in habits of intimacy with Garrick, describe his powers on the stage, replied to him, by expressing his regret that the gravity of the situation he held, did not permit him to enjoy the pleasure of seeing him act. "But surely," continued he, "when you are with him at Hampton, you might prevail on him to come over to Ember Court, and dine with me, and then, perhaps, as you say he is a good-natured man, he would oblige me with a specimen of one of his characters." The friend undertook the negotiation, and Garrick readily acceded. Onslow was profuse in his acknowledgments; and after dinner, Garrick giving him his choice of what he should recite, the dagger-scene in Macbeth was fixed on; and Onslow might have been thought gratified, had he not in the middle of

it, turned round to his friend, and in a low voice said, "Were you at the last turnpike-meeting?"

The Duke of Newcastle, it is well known, when prime minister, furnished many stories against himself by the paltry bustle of his deportment. When by virtue of his office he became a governor of the Charterhouse, and had a power of presenting a man to fill a vacancy among the pensioners, Mr. Colepepper, the receiver, called on him to inform him of it. After waiting a whole morning in his antechamber, Mr. Colepepper said to one of the attendants, that as His Grace appeared busy, he would come again. "O no, no, His Grace was particularly desirous to see him." Out came His Grace, as if delighted to see Mr. Colepepper. C. began, but he had got no farther than the word "pensioners," when the Duke, too hasty to listen, replied, "O, yes, yes, I am just going to the King, and I will speak about it."

When Sir Richard Lloyd was made a judge, it was the business of the junior barrister, Mr. Cud-

den, afterwards a master in chancery, to invite the minister to the dinner given on the occasion to the serjeants. He had scarcely begun to speak to the Duke when he replied, "O yes, dine with Sir Richard; dine with you; dine with you all." He knew not what he was saying, and his performances were of a piece with his promises.

When the question of the Irish union was before the House of Commons there was a great deal of coquettish affectation on the part of Mr. Grattan, who strongly opposed it. He was ill; he was out of town; and members were obliged to continue speaking to give messengers time to get to him, and to bring his replies. At last about midnight he made his appearance, brought in, and in all the grimace of an imitator of Lord Chatham: he was allowed to speak from his seat; and he began by pointing out his extreme unfitness for any exertion. "Here I am," said he; "but my time will now be very short; I am, probably, for the last time on this floor."

An Irish member on the other side of him mut-

tered, "It is well for you that it is not the floor that would slip from under your feet."

The literary Lord Lyttelton had a great desire to be acquainted with Mr. Harris of Salisbury, and was therefore extremely gratified when, by finding the visiting-ticket of Mr. Harris on his return home one morning, he was convinced his wish had reached him. He returned his visit the next day by calling at the place named on the card; but missing him, he sent an invitation to dine on a future day. This was accepted, and a very select party, all strangers to Mr. Harris, were assembled to enjoy his conversation; he came, and was welcomed with great respect. He said but little before dinner, and Lord Lyttelton tried to lead the conversation to such topics as would draw his guest out, but in vain. At last when the cloth was removing, looking out at the opposite window, he observed, "Very fine weather, my Lord, for the pilchard-fishery." It then soon came out, that this Mr. H. was an inhabitant of the coast of Devonshire, and had waited on Lord Lyttelton on some business which he felt

himself restrained from entering on by the presence of those invited to meet a very different sort of man.

Chief Justice W. was a man of so little personal decorum, that he was perpetually offending against the respect due to his office. He would play cards in the public rooms at watering places; and one night when so engaged, he was extremely annoyed by a young barrister, who, feigning himself intoxicated, stood by the table, looked over his cards, and was so troublesome, that at length W—— spoke sharply to him.—"Sir," said he, pretending to stagger; "I—beg pardon—but I wanted to improve in playing whist; so—so—I came to look over—you; for if—if I, I, I am not mistaken, Sir,—you are a *judge*."

Charles Yorke told this fact. His father, Lord Hardwicke, was in the Court of Chancery when Lord Cowper was hearing a cause in which Richard Cromwell had some concern. The counsel made very free and unhandsome use of his name, which

offending the good feeling of the Chancellor, who knew that Cromwell must be in court and at that time a very old man, he looked round, and said, "Is Mr. Cromwell in court?" On his being pointed out to him in the crowd, he very benignly said, "Mr. Cromwell, I fear you are very incommodiously placed where you are, pray come and take a seat on the bench by me." Of course, no more hard speeches were uttered against him. Bulstrode Whitelocke, then at the bar, said to Mr. Yorke, "This day so many years ago, I saw my father carry the great seal before that man through Westminster Hall."

Our invaluable friend to whom I owe these reminiscences, remembers perfectly the rehearsal of part of the ceremonial of the coronation of George III., on the day previous to it.

Westminster Hall was illuminated for the purpose, and none but the parties concerned and their friends were admitted. He was with two or three gentlemen at one of the coffee-houses contiguous to the hall, and from thence got up to a window looking into it, which they opened, and passed

through; it brought them into a gallery, from whence they descended, and were lost to observation amongst the privileged persons. The ceremony consisted in Dymoke the champion's riding up the hall, mounted on that horse of George II., which had run away with him at the battle of Dettingen. It carried His Majesty *toward* the enemy; but the King would never ride it again. He said, "The horse that carried me *that* way, may, another time, carry me the contrary; he is not a fit horse for a soldier." Dymoke rode between the Duke of Bedford, who was constituted Lord High Constable for the occasion, and Lord Talbot, who, being Chancellor at the time, was appointed Lord High Steward. There were ladies present, and the Duke of York was very busy explaining to Lady Caroline Russell, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, and then the reigning beauty, what was doing and to be done. He made her understand, that on the morrow the horses would be caparisoned; "They will have things like petticoats," said His Royal Highness.

Ladies would not now want for information on such subjects. Mrs. Vincent, the wife of the Dean

of Westminster, was right, on a question in an installation of the knights of the Bath, where the professors of ceremony were mistaken. She persisted, and prevented an error.

It is a fact, that in one of the King of Prussia's wars, when our heavy cavalry were sent out with docked tails, the horses died in great numbers by the stinging of insects, while the German horses, who had their full tails, and could lash the insects off, were uninjured. It is on this principle that more is demanded for a horse sent to grass with a short tail than with a longer one, because it is found that his irritation makes him do more harm to the pasture.

It was one of the weaknesses of Madame de Stael's mind to wish for the distinction of beauty. She had the worse than folly to say, "she would give half her intellectual capacity for the power of *interesting*." In quest of a compliment, she once tried, when in company with Talleyrand and a lady of great beauty, to make him show a preference.

But in vain she put such questions as she thought inevitable; he parried all. At last she said, "Now, if both of us were drowning, which would you try to save?" "O Madame!" he replied, bowing to her, "*you* swim so well."

Perhaps the relating this was one of the best proofs of candour that the lady could have given.

Mr. B —— of E —— Street, a most remarkably large, corpulent, powerful man, being at Bath, and wanting to get to town, tried for a place in the mail, a short time before it set off. Being told that it was full, he still determined to get admission, and opening the door, which no one near him ventured to oppose, he got in. When the other passengers came, the ostler reported that a gentleman was in the coach; he was requested to come out, but having drawn up the blind, he remained quiet. Hearing, however, a consultation on the means of making him alight, and a proposal to "pull him out," he let down the blind, and laying his enormous hand on the edge of the door, he asked, "Who would dare to pull *him* out?" drew up the blind again, and, waiting some time,

fell asleep. About one in the morning he awoke, and going to call out to know whereabouts he was in his journey, he perceived what was the fact, that to end the altercation with him, the horses had been put to another coach, and that he had spent the night at the inn-door in Bath, where he had taken possession of the carriage.

Andrew Millar himself told this anecdote. He had supped in a tavern in the Strand, with a party; about three in the morning it was reduced to Mr. Quin and Thomson; the sun was up when they were going out. Quin, in passing the larder, saw a loin of pork, which tempted him; he vowed he would have it for dinner, and prevailed on his two companions to return with him, to take breakfast, and wait for the dinner.

A clergyman in Lincolnshire was requested by the master of a charity-school to lecture a stupid lad, whom he could not make learn the letters of the alphabet. After remonstrating with him for some time, and blaming him with proper severity, the lad replied, " I does know 'em, measter, by

their *feaces*, but I doesn't know 'em by their *neams*."

When Humphrey Parsons, the great porter-brewer, was Lord Mayor, he drove in his state-coach six of his finest dray-horses. In the procession, a man acquainted with their training was disposed to make the mob laugh, by showing what they would do at a word. In drawing butts out of a cellar, it is the draymen's custom to make the horses clear their heels from the butt as it rises by *separating*; and for this purpose he calls out "sides all." The man, therefore, called in this manner to the horses in the procession; they obeyed, and were every where but where they ought to have been.

The eccentric Mrs. T——, having settled herself in a sort of paramount situation in a bathing-place on the Kentish coast, where she had built a house, sent an invitation to a Mr. Bogg to dine, and dated it "T—— House." Mr. Bogg, a very plain old-fashioned man, who saw the folly of this flourish, wrote an answer, and, perhaps for the first

time in his life rejoicing in his name, dated his reply in the same form.

A butcher brought his apprentice before the Chamberlain of the city for the third time, complaining of his neglect of business, and being out all night. When Mr. C. remonstrated with the lad, and asked him what made him neglect his master's business; "We've none to do," said the apprentice; "we ha'n't killed a sheep this twelvemonth."

The following is, perhaps, now too well known. Fox and Mr. Hare, his friend, both much incommoded by duns, were together in a house, when seeing some very shabby men about the door, they were afraid they were bailiffs in search of one of them. Not knowing which was in danger, and wishing to ascertain it, Fox opened the window, and calling to them, said, "Pray, gentlemen, are you *fox* hunting, or *hare* hunting?"

A strolling company performing Cato at Camberwell, were sadly at a loss for a gown for Cato

to die in. Mr. Crespigny, (afterwards Sir Claude,) who was present, said, " Send to my house for my plaid night-gown." This was done, and Cato died thus equipped.

To settle what toll would be necessary for the projected bridge at Vauxhall, Mr. Dodd, the engineer, set men to count the passengers on that of Blackfriars. He made them put peas in one pocket, and drop one for every hundred into the other pocket. One day produced upwards of 70,000, but on the average of several days, 40,000.

On the ninth of November, 1813, at the Lord Mayor's show, a great number of drest-up chimney-sweepers being in the crowd, a gentleman said, " I have often heard of the 'majesty of the people,' but I never before saw any of the 'princes of the blood.' "

A clergyman, (I know not who,) hearing a remark made on the humility of the Merchant Tailor's motto, " Concordiâ parvæ res crescunt," replied, " Yes, yes, that is to say, 'Nine tailors make a man.' "

When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the court of Aldermen of the event. He wrote to this effect,—"I am desired to inform the court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night, by order of Mrs. Gill."

Mr. C—— going in his carriage along the Wandsworth Road, met, on one of the descents, a horse which had thrown his rider, and was dragging him in the stirrup. All attempts to stop him were vain, but Mr. C—— being before him, alighted from his carriage, and succeeded in stopping him. The man was in great danger; his foot was so entangled that it could not be extricated, and he was calling out at every attempt. "O my leg! my leg! you'll break my leg!" Mr. C——, seeing no other means of freeing him so ready as disengaging the saddle, took out a knife, when the man's fears took another turn, and then he began to scream out alternately, "My leg! my leg! — don't cut the girths! O my leg will be broke! — don't cut my girth! O don't cut the girth!" The horse, saddle, girth, and every part of the accoutre-

ments, were of the lowest description; but the man was a well known miser.

Perhaps this affords me the best niche I can find for the sentiment of a man of *commendable* thrift, that "the selvedge of a guinea once cut, it will soon ravel out."

It is, I well know, highly objectionable thus to present a reader with incidents that have no connection, and which distract by the rapid succession of variety till it satiates. I have tried to do something towards method by a little classification; but it is to no purpose: for our good friend, knowing the use I make of his communications, has, while I am writing, called up to his recollection two anecdotes, totally defying all my arrangement.

The one respects a circumstance which he had from the gentleman sent to Paris, to congratulate the King of France on the marriage of the present King and Monsieur with two princesses of Sardinia. The envoy of course saw the royal family dine in public; he was in the antechamber through which the King passed, where he was very much surprised to see ranged on

shelves a very great number of small loaves of bread, such as are called "manchets." On entering this apartment, His Majesty looked round on the loaves, and taking one down, he put it into his pocket: the reason of this caution is obvious. When seated at table, he took from a long side-pocket, his knife and fork, which were mounted in gold; he wiped them on his napkin; and when he ate of a second and third dish, he only wiped them; they were not changed.

The other anecdote refers to a very different scene, and must remove the reader's ideas to the City of London, and to the period when it was the choice of the Earl of L———, to enroll himself of the worshipful company of Needlemakers! The common crier of the time was a goodly personage with a fine sonorous bass voice. He gave notice, in a form not unlike the publication of banns in our churches, of the honour designed the noble Earl; but when, in challenging any one to gainsay the election, he came to the proclamation of the title instead of a name, the crowd could refrain no longer. "The Earl of L———, citizen and Needlemaker," produced a shout of laughter.

Whatever objections may exist against the taste of those who pitch their tent in what is called "London out of town," there is this advantage in it, if in the right quarter, that it affords the pleasures of society without the slavery of dissipation; and that it tempts persons who are not out of humour with the world, but who do not choose to *sacrifice* themselves to it, to congregate. To this attraction, we owed the consolation we found for the loss of our Count in the arrival amongst us of ———. I dare not *flatter* him, I cannot *advertise* him, he is well known in the world of every thing intellectual, — the friend who does me the honour to permit the dedication of this volume to him.

It is requisite to say that he had filled one of the highest civil offices in Ceylon; or the following would not be understood.

Early in the administration of the Honourable Frederick North, now Earl of Guilford, as Governor of Ceylon, a plan of his was carried into effect for teaching the natives the English language

and the principles of the Protestant faith. A school had been established two or three years before Mr. Tolfrey arrived, and from it a young gentleman of a very high rank in Ceylon was selected to reside with Mr. Tolfrey, as interpreter. Mr. Tolfrey became much attached to him, and bestowed great part of his scarce leisure in instructing him more perfectly in English, and in various accomplishments. On Mr. Tolfrey's leaving the settlement, he received from him the following letter.

"To Samuel Tolfrey, Esq. &c.

"Most honoured Sir,

"If ever the breast of an individual was filled with gratitude, most certainly mine overflows with it, for the many favours I have received from you, and the kind protection you have ever shown me.

"Having received the first rudiments of the English language, in the seminary established by His Excellency the late Governor North, for the instruction of the natives of this island, I was, when you held the office of President of the Pro-

vincial Court, placed under you as Cingalese Interpreter; it was then that under your auspices I may say that I commenced my career.

"For, during the time that I was so fortunate as to serve under you, I found in you not only an indulgent president and patron, but also a kind friend and instructor, who after the daily labours of an irksome office, deigned to allot some time for my farther instructions. It was then that through your unremitting goodness, I had the good fortune to acquire that little knowledge which I now possess. And even after that you quitted your said situation, your doors were always open and your paternal instructions were continued to me.

"Should I not then be grateful for so many goodnesses and favours bestowed on me? yes, most honoured Sir, as long as life animates me, so long also shall be ingrafted in my heart a grateful remembrance of those favours. Allow me, therefore, to offer you my most respectful and sincere thanks, not only for the many favours and benefactions you have been pleased to bestow on me, but also for the wise lessons and instructions I have received

from you, without which I could not have arrived to the state I am now in.

"Please, also, to be assured of my unfeigned sorrow and grief at your intended departure to Europe, for in you Cornelius de Saram, will lose his sole friend, protector, and support. The only consolation left me on your departure to your native country is, that after having filled so many irksome situations with so much honour and credit to yourself, and to such great satisfaction of the public in general, that I hope, that on your arrival in England our most gracious Sovereign will know to appreciate your merits, and will in a most unbounded manner remunerate your manifold services to his crown, during your stay in this island.

"That Almighty God will in his mercy grant you and your amiable lady and family, a speedy and happy voyage, will, day and night, be my constant and fervent prayer; and that he will also bestow on you and your family the choicest of his blessings, that your days may be prolonged for a length of time, and that happiness and prosperity may always attend you wherever you go. And deign also some time to remember him who with sentiments

of the greatest respect, affection, and gratitude, assumes the honour to call himself,

"Most honoured Sir,
"Your most faithful, obliged,
"and obedient humble Servant,
"C. De Saram.

"Columbo, March 7. 1809."

In 1811, Mr. Tolfrey, who, as may be supposed, had become much interested for a family, one member of which had been so sensible to his benevolent endeavours, consented to give up part of the "*otium cum dignitate*," which he had earned by an active life, and consequently made arrangements when settled in Twickenham, for receiving into his house, under an especial commission from our government, two young Singalese, one the brother of Cornelius de Saram, the other distantly related, but both of the same name and rank. Masters were to instruct them under the supervision of Mr. T., and could he have been supine, he might have executed this office with little trouble; but this was not in his nature. Under an infinity of other business, — under the

arrear of communication with friends, and with his favourite pursuits, the consequence of long residence in the Eastern hemisphere, — under severe fits of the gout, still these lads were the objects of his closest attention, and their improvement in religious and moral duties, and their attainments in science, were never suspended. I never yet saw a father do so much for sons.

The elder of the two was pure Singalese, with features and figure utterly unlike those of a European, but very intelligent and well-mannered. * The younger was copper-coloured, very

* "What! can *you* do this?" is sometimes a question asked, and sometimes a question forborne; but in either case I have detected it in myself as frequently as in others, and when I have looked it in the face, and asked it whence it came, the answer has been, "From self-conceit." Were we some degrees nearer what we ought to be, we should admit the possibility that others might have the power of doing more than the short measure of our expectations from them. I supposed these young men to come hither in a state of incivilisation which would make every thing wonderful; but I soon found my mistake. Wanting some decorations to an awkward room, for a little dance, I had told a workman what to do, and left him to arrange a quantity of Christmas evergreens. On my return, the room strongly reminded me of

handsome, and of so elegant a form that he might have been a model for a bronze Mercury. He adopted the style of dress used by our young gentlemen of the best taste, was beautifully neat, and extremely prepossessing; the elder had more attachment to the mode of wearing his hair in their own country.

Their acquirements had been not more than equivalent to what the lowest country-school would afford; they spoke English, and the younger acquired it with great facility. Their thirst for knowledge was extreme; they could scarcely be persuaded to leave their books for exercise, and instructing them, proved entertainment of the highest kind.

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a physic herb-shop in Covent Garden market. I was endeavouring to undo what was so done, when our good neighbour and the elder of his Singalcses came in. Of course I named my vexation. Mr. T. said, "Never mind, we will set it right." "Do," said he to Mr. De Saram, "as we do in Ceylon." Some twine was asked for, and in a quarter of an hour we were wreathed, festooned, and garlanded in the prettiest manner possible; and it was done so handily, so unhesitatingly, and with such confidence of effect, that I never any more doubted the powers of the Singalese.

Mr. T. put a bit of ice on the tongue of one of them, and it was long before he would suffer his tongue to return to its natural situation. On seeing frost, one of them said, "it was no wonder that English people were white, if that white stuff came down and lay on the ground."

When Mr. T. had been explaining forms by those into which they cut their bread at breakfast, he said, "Now do you understand what I mean? Have you any idea what an angle is?" "This is an angle," replied one, setting one foot before the other in a way that perfectly described the form required. "You see," said Mr. T., "that my sugar is dissolved in my tea; what must I do if I wanted to get the sugar back again?" "Make it smoke like the tea-urn," he replied. "Pray Sir," said the younger, "am I raw when my clothes are off?" "Not unless you have rubbed your skin off; — tell me, why do you ask?" He fetched a dictionary, and pointed to "*raw*, undrest."

The elder had brought with him a dress of the country, consisting of a sort of cassock of chintz, and a blue cloth coat, with very massy solid silver buttons, as large as chesnuts, and made in the

fashion of King William's time; he had a sword, the blade of which was brass, without an edge, and the scabbard and hilt of silver, embossed and set with diamonds and rubies; the hilt was in the form of the head of a snake, or dragon with a tongue of cornelian, and the whole was superb. It was worth about 50*l.* sterling at Ceylon.

When Mr. T. was explaining to the elder, our titles of rank, he answered, "I do not like your calling your high-caste men, and God, by the same name; you say 'Lord,' of both."

When Mr. T. was trying to make him comprehend the mechanic principle of the screw, he said, "I understand: just as the serpent creeping up the tree."

The younger had been very much puzzled to understand a paragraph in the papers, stating the conviction of a baker who had substituted plaster of Paris for flour; he asked, how the man could put *these Paris plasters* on the bread without their being immediately discovered.

I owe to Mr. Tolfrey's liberal communication from his treasures, the ability to offer to the reader a transcript, most curious in its kind, as it not only is a faithful translation from a language affording us few specimens, but as the original must have been the production of a mind well prepared by nature, to receive ideas, but as free from prepossessions as any could be.

Description of a ship of war, by a native of Ceylon, who went to Bombay in the St. Fiorenzo, in March, 1808.

(Translated from his own Journal.)

"It is like Heaven. A man who has never been on board a ship, must be alarmed on his first entrance into one. All the men in the ship are white: there is not one black man among them. The ship in which we go, has forty-two guns pointed on both sides, and three masts, each of which is so large, that three men with their hands joined together, cannot clasp it round. To these are attached innumerable ropes in all directions. There is an anchor, so large, that two men cannot lift it up, and a smaller one besides. There are

an immense number of swords and firelocks. The crew consists of about three or four hundred persons. There is a forge in the ship, and a place to pump the water out, and another to take in the sea water. In this ship artificers work. They make boats, they do smith's work. The tailors mend and make sails; some men twist ropes; vast numbers of cartridges are suspended from the beams of the ship. The ship is washed every morning. The soldiers keep watch day and night. A few sailors remain continually at the top of the mast. These people look all round them with a spying-glass, and give notice of any thing they see, to the persons below, who then put themselves in a state of preparation. They speak with a trumpet. The two men at the helm, hold it, looking at the compass. They turn the sails to the side from which the wind comes. The quickness of the sailors is like lightning, they go up ropes in order to get to the top of the ship. They treat with great disrespect the French ship [the Piedmontaise], which they have in tow, for they will neither let her go before nor stay behind, she is fastened to the English ship by means

of a cable, and is dragged along in this manner. In the engagement with that ship, the English ship [the St. Fiorenzo] had her mast broke, a shot went into the deck of the ship, and broke the arm of one man, and both the arms of another. The loss sustained by the French ship was very great; she had three masts broke, the rudder and many of the timbers were likewise shattered, and many people killed. The French ship had a very numerous crew, the English ship had not so many men. The French are not skilful people, the English are very clever, and very quick; and owing to this, they conquered.

"A few Frenchmen have been put on board this ship: their condition is like that of a jackall, pent up by a flood, in a small island. Every evening the drums are beat, and at the same time the crew are ranged in a line. The inferior officers then take an account of them. Every day at three o'clock the drum beats. The employments of the sailors are eating, drinking, dancing, and taking pleasure. In this ship there is a bell.

"Whoever has been at Bombay, would never wish to go to another country, because it is like Heaven.

It is impossible ever to finish a description of the beauty of the houses. There are houses, three, four, and five stories high. There are no lower-roomed houses, they have all upper rooms. These houses are ornamented on all sides, in such a manner, that one can hardly open his eyes to look at them. It is impossible to count the ships in the harbour of Bombay. There may be about five hundred. In that harbour they build ships, by means of a canal, which runs from the sea. In the night the canal fills, and in the morning the water leaves it. The ships are built in the canal, and along the sides of it. I think there is not in Ceylon any dock that can be compared with this. No enemy can enter into this dock, because there is a gate to it, and it is not possible to enter the dock without going through the gate."

The writer of this was a youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age, of the highest caste of Singalese. He accompanied Mr. Tolfrey to Bombay, in 1808, in the St. Fiorenzo, with her prize, the Piedmontaise, in tow. He had never before been on board a vessel.

The following legal proceedings will probably be still more amusing to those acquainted with the customs and the nomenclature of the country where the matter was in litigation, than they can be to Europeans, ignorant of the jurisprudence of the East.

The magistrate, to whom the petition is addressed, was a very near relation to Mr. Tolfrey.

" *To Edward Tolfrey, Esq. Sitting Magistrate, Manar.*

" The Humble Petition of Sangeren Swaan, Moeroegusin (Plaintiff);

vers.

" Mayler Swaan Sinnetambie, and his wife, Tuywaise (Defendants):

" SHEWETH,

" That the defendants agreed to marry their daughter to the plaintiff, and desired him to change his faith, to which purpose they gave him several lessons and Roman Catholic prayers in writing, and desired him to study in it, and when he is able to satisfy the padry, and to answer his

questions, they will get him christened, and afterwards married to their said daughter.

"That the plaintiff trusting upon their agreements, which, however verbally, were with the knowledge of several persons, did employ himself in learning the lessons and prayers, and paid a constant attention to it, by setting aside every other occupation from which his subsistence could be derived.

"That afterwards, or when the plaintiff was learning his lessons, the defendants without mentioning any thing either to him or his parents, promised their daughter to another person to marry, and have already passed an agreement to that purpose, with the parents of the said person.

"In consequence of which, the plaintiff prays that the defendants may be decreed to marry their daughter to the plaintiff, or to return to him the value of such goods, &c. given to the defendants and their daughter, by the plaintiff, as per annexed account, and to desire them further to pay the costs of suit.

"Shall ever pray."

Account of advances made to Mayler Swaan Sinnetambie, viz.

		RD^rs.	F.	P^s.
1807.	For plantains, brinjals, chillies, and limes, given when his youngest daughter died	1	6	0
May 4.	For fifteen cocoa nuts - - -	0	3	3
18.	A handkerchief to his son - -	2	6	0
Sept. 17.	A piece cloth Karocpanie - -	6	6	0
	A piece Willepoe Topotie - - -	7	7	0
20.	For pumpkins, plantains, &c. - -	0	6	0
26.	For chillies - - - -	0	3	0
28.	For limes, brinjals, &c. - - -	0	8	0
Nov. 4.	Planks for a door - - -	2	6	0
10.	For limes - - - -	0	6	0
14.	For chillies - - - -	0	3	0
19.	For limes - - - -	0	4	0
24.	Brinjals, chillies, &c. - - -	0	7	0
Dec. 2.	Chillies, &c. - - - -	0	4	0
5.	Brinjals, chillies, &c. - - -	0	5	0
18.	Stones for earrings - - -	1	6	0
23.	Chillies, &c. - - - -	0	3	2
25.	Brinjals, &c. - - - -	0	6	0
1808.				
Jan. 20.	Brinjals, chillies, &c. - -	0	5	2
		27	5	3

Deduct received.

		RD^rs.	F.	P^s.			
1807. Sept. 20.	- - -	0	6	0			
26.	- - -	0	3	0			
28.	- - -	0	8	0			
					1	5	0
Balance due to me	-				26	0	3"

" *To the Worshipful the Provincial Court of Galle.*

" The humble Petition of Mahamed Mirra Lebbe Octhmalebbe Marrechar, late Head Moore-man of Galle, Plaintiff;

V. S.

" Meerah Lebbe Auhamadoolebbe and his brother Caussee Lebbe, Defendants:

" SHEWETH,

" Your worshipful's petitioner begs leave to state his case before your worshipful court. That a few months ago, when the above defendant Caussee Lebbe, intended to marry in a respectable manner, by using an umbrella on the day of his marriage, which is contrary to his caste, and he does not deserve such a respectable marriage, being of a low caste; on hearing the news, we the respectable Moore-men complained against the said defendant Caussee Lebbe, to the present magistrate, Mr. Gay, when all the Moore-men nominated your petitioner to defend this cause; accordingly, your petitioner acted as such at the time of his defence. Both the defendants abused

your petitioner, and expressed a word calling him a *rogue* and a *slave*: your petitioner immediately laid the case before the magistrate, for defamation of character, to prove his *roguery*, but they could not prove it. At last, the magistrate found that the defendants were in the wrong, ordered them to take care for the future, that he has this time forgiven them, but if they hereafter speak to the prejudice of your petitioner, they will be punished. Your petitioner found that the sentence of Mr. Gay was only this caution; your petitioner could not contend against the orders of the magistrate, but was obliged to obey with the sentence passed on the defendants. Your petitioner found, that if he would complain against the defendants about the other expression-word which they made use of, that your petitioner is a *slave*, that also might have been decided in the like manner as the case was done; therefore your petitioner thought proper to wait until the provincial court may be appointed, and then to bring forward this case.

"Therefore your worshipful's petitioner most humbly begs leave to state, that the above defendants ill-treated your petitioner in a public place,

where a number of people of different nations were collected, who were of low caste, and who were under your petitioner's command some time ago. To make use of the expressions they did, is very much against the religion of the Moorish caste, and the respectable nations of Moores. Wherefore your petitioner prays for a summon against the said defendants, and compel them either to prove your petitioner's being a *slave*, or otherwise your petitioner entirely leaves it to the judgment of your worshipfull court to render him justice, and give him redress for defamation of character, and to order them to re-establish your petitioner's character again, for which act of justice your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

"Point de Galle, 21st August, 1810."

I had hoped to have procured from Mr. Tolfrey some anecdotes and details, which would have been highly interesting to the readers of these volumes; but occupied as he is at the moment when they are needed, I cannot press for them; he, however, kindly promises to collect them in time for a future volume, should these prove

acceptable. But at the moment when he excuses himself, he furnishes me with a little occurrence in his busy day, too pretty to be omitted. Teaching a little grand-daughter to write, and seeing her doing beyond his expectation, he said, "Why, my dear, you will write copper-plate;" she answered, I need not say with what a look, "Grandpapa, I will write silver plate or gold plate to please you."

One anecdote I can subjoin, from what I possess of his communications, and one he has given me in our recent conversation. The former is this.

Generals Bailey and Macdonald being on horseback, in company with Mr. Tolfrey, at Columbo, they came to a place in the road, where the river had overflowed. Mr. Tolfrey was first, and his horse, frightened at the rippling of the water, stopped, turned round, and backing into the river, fell, and sunk with his rider, whose foot caught in the stirrup. He disengaging it, the horse was carried down the stream alone, and his master had to struggle with a deep and rapid water. General Macdonald saw it all, but was so affected by it, that

he remained still on his horse, without the power to assist. General Bailey looking round for help, saw, lying near a bridge before them, some bamboos, which he stretched out for Mr. Tolfrey to catch hold on, and two Blacks, of whose swimming he was certain: he went up to them, and threw first the one and then the other into the water. Mr. Tolfrey rising for the third, and probably the last time, saw them approaching. He remembers considering what he had to do, and thinking, "I must not cling to these men, I may drown them if I do; I must suffer them to do what they will." He did so; they took him under each arm, and brought him out safe. Both the generals were afterwards drowned in their passage home, when four Indiamen were lost!

The recent communication to which I have alluded, was accompanied by a very earnest expression of regret, that in any thing he gave me, he should himself be mentioned, without the association of his name with that of Mr. Hastings. It is too late now to remove this feeling, therefore I can only say, that on his testimony, and that of Mr. Platel, long a resident in India, who, though

perhaps not so intimately acquainted, yet was in a situation that gave him very good opportunities of observation, Mr. Hastings appears to have been "a man of very superior worth."

Sanctioned by Mr. Tolfrey's expression of regret, I have sought for some minutes of a conversation on the real character of Mr. Hastings; I copy them as I took them down. The occasion of his giving his sentiments was, that a lady then staying with me, had been mis-led by popular prejudice, into an unfounded opinion on his conduct while in India.

He told me, that having himself filled an office of great confidence under Mr. Hastings, he was, of necessity, very well informed in his private affairs, and very conversant with his natural temper and disposition, and that in no man had he ever seen such an assemblage of great qualities and noble virtues. The bane of his life had been his openness to fascinations, which gave those who took advantage of his weakness in this point, and his indulgent disposition, the command of his purse, and the power to draw odium on his character. He was unexpensive in his manners

and habits, drinking no wine, and eating very moderately, and that of the plainest food. Had he lived for himself alone, he must have been rich; that he did not do so, this fact will prove. He had one, and only one, relation near him in India, and this was a young man in the army, who being one of the officers engaged in the desperate attack of the fortress of Gwalior, previous to setting out, wrote on a drum-head his will, which was, on his falling in this severe duty, brought to Mr. Hastings.

At Mr. Tolfrey's next interview, Mr. Hastings said to him, "I have got here a Grecian will." Mr. Tolfrey perused it; it ran nearly in this form.

"Whereas I am appointed on the forlorn hope sent to storm the fort of Gwalior, from which service I may never return; And whereas I have left Calcutta greatly in debt, and have left two children, and a third in expectancy, with their mother, utterly unprovided for: I hereby appoint Warren Hastings, Esquire, Governor-general of India, my executor, desiring him to pay my debts, and provide for my children and their mother."

"And what do you mean to do?" said Mr. Tolfrey. "Do?" rejoined the Governor; "All that I am desired to do." It is unnecessary to say, when speaking of such a man, that *all was done.*

Untoward circumstances, connected with the choice of his associates in power, made it impossible for Mr. Hastings to perform what his station required, without giving umbrage to some, and doing what was unpleasant to others; and much of his money was bestowed in making up disputes, and promoting peace amongst those under him. In one instance he lent ten thousand pounds to a man whose conduct proved him utterly unworthy: after receiving this obligation, he put himself in a situation the most hostile to his kind friend. Mr. Hastings took no notice of the debt, even under this provocation. At length, Mr. Tolfrey advised the Governor to sue him, as the only means of recovering his money. "I cannot do it," Mr. Hastings replied: "he is my enemy; I cannot do it."

So little recollection did he retain of his noble deeds, that when Mr. Tolfrey, in defending him at

the India House, answered the question, " Why is Mr. Hastings not rich?" by relating two instances of his public munificence, he wrote to Mr. Tolfrey, thanking him, and saying, that the one he could call to mind, but the other had so entirely escaped his memory, that he should be glad to have a few more particulars, to enable him to recover it.

It is well known that Mr. Hastings, in the latter part of his life, was reduced to his one-horse-chaise, and that had not a sense of justice in the India Company interposed, he must have sold his estate at Daylesford in Gloucestershire. *

> " The evil that men do, lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

I can add to what I obtain from Mr. Tolfrey only a few of the effusions of his ready pen.

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* The following lines were written by Mr. H. Hawkins, in very early youth, when the trial of Mr. Hastings occupied the public mind. We were educated in that plain path of common sense which, fond as he was of the high energies of the

Happy would those be, whose health has been ruined by various climates, could they, as he can, render themselves insensible to pain and confinement, by the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge, and the use of the pen and the pencil.

He wrote impromptu, on my talking to him very angrily of West's picture of the Raising of Lazarus, in Winchester Cathedral, being placed over the Decalogue so as to hide it: —

"To hide the Decalogue was shrewdly thought,
Which not to covet others' goods includes;
For who West's picture, exquisitely wrought,
Can view, and not desire his neighbour's goods?"

---

mind, prevented his ever confounding the question of Mr. Hastings's conduct with the inflammatory eloquence of his accusers.

"Burkius ecce! venit spirans minitantia verba,
Te, O Hastinge! petens, exitiumque tuum;
Nec sua sola valet facundia, dum sibi verum
Nec justum, ponit, nec bona jura modum:
Addunt invidiam sævam, mendacia, fraudes,
Degener et Vulpes *, Sherridanusque ferox.
Tantis totque malis si fas evadere, certe
Non modo non reus, at dignus honore quidem."

* Poeticâ licentiâ το ρ reduplicatur.

INSCRIPTION

WRITTEN FOR A TEMPLE IN THE GROUNDS OF SIR FREDERIC ROGERS, AT BLACHFORD, NEAR IVY BRIDGE, DEVON.

By Mr. Tolfrey.

If aught of rural scene thy taste approve,
The vale's rich verdure, or the sloping grove —
Yon simple village spire, whose distant bell
Fills, with a soften'd sound, the woodland dell
Where Echo dwells, and fondly wakes to mark
The early carol of the tuneful lark,
Or, in the blush of Autumn's scented dawn,
Repeats the summons of the cheerful horn —
The infant Yam, whose limpid waters glide
From the pure spring, on yon rude mountain's side,
Winding its eddying wave o'er many a stone,
In shapeless mass irregularly thrown —
The rustic bridge, whose creviced arch displays,
Mix'd with green moss, the gadding ivy's sprays:
If Nature's various views delight, know these
With innocence enjoy'd, more purely please.
To every sense 'tis Virtue gives the zest,
And those enjoy the most who live the best.

ELEGY
ON
THE DEATH OF MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.

By Mr. Tolfrey.

Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavere, bonique Divi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum. Hor. Od. ii. l. 4. v. 37.

Why starts the tear-drop from the patriot eye?
What bids the soldier's manly bosom sigh?
Why sits dismay aghast on every look,
As though a tempest whirl'd, or earthquake shook?
The voice of anguish from the Ganges' shore
Resounds appall'd, "Cornwallis is no more!"
The spirit of his country's hope has fled;
The great, good man is number'd with the dead.
Genius of Asia! could no guardian power
Suspend, a little space, the direful hour;
Crown his pure wish to save a nation's fate,
And bless, with halcyon days, a war-worn state?
What led the veteran to tempt again,
Bending with years and toil, a distant main?
To quit repose and dignities well won,
And brave a torrid clime's destructive sun?
'Twas not ambition.— Oft his temples round
Had Victory unfading laurels bound;

Oft had he justified a monarch's choice,
Hail'd by the suffrage of the public voice.
In honour high, pre-eminent in fame,
No thirst of riches — no inglorious aim
Impell'd th' illustrious statesman to resume
The anxious charge of Asia's doubtful doom.
'Twas public virtue — 'twas the general weal,
That fired the venerable patriot's zeal:
His sovereign call'd, — by duty wing'd, he steer'd
To save an empire that his wisdom rear'd;
Alas! to press his native soil no more;
To sink, far sever'd, on an alien shore!
No wife, no child, to catch the last farewell,
On which affliction fondly loves to dwell;
No kindred near — but not unwept his end,
For every good man was his virtues' friend.
Accursed disease! that he should fall in vain!
With stalk gigantic, War shall strive again,
And Death, thy aid disdaining, strew th' embattled plain.
When dim the vital flame, with fervent tongue,
While concord poised on his existence hung,
" Grant me," he pray'd, " ere this frail being cease,
To fix these tributary realms in peace:
Then, king of terrors, come; stingless thy grasp,
My country's welfare balming life's last gasp!"
Mysterious Heaven, whose comprehensive scope
Baffles the narrow schemes of human hope,

Th' expiring patriot's pious prayer denies,
And lifts the suffering suppliant to the skies.—
Long shall his memorable actions live,
And late posterity its plaudits give
To valour chasten'd by a spirit just,
To moderation curbing conquest's lust;
The page of history admiring own
Alike in war and peaceful arts he shone;
The tented field amidst—an army's pride,
And in the council-seat—a people's guide.
The sons of Brahma, pacing to the shore
Laved by the sacred river they adore,
Shall pause awhile, to venerate the spot
Where closed their best Protector's mortal lot;
Breathe to the stream's divinity a prayer
For him who made their happiness his care;
With no light sorrow invocate the pile
That tombs this hallow'd chief of Albion's isle.
" Here rests a warrior, temperate as brave,
Whose worth unsullied, blazon'd to the grave."

Poetry, like painting, must in almost all cases, to be beautiful, vary from the truth. The Poet here enquires why this great man would risk himself in hostile climates, and the field of battle.

His beautiful lines would have lost part of their foundation had he known *facts*. In *this* point, and this alone, I have the advantage.

The late exemplary Lady Waldegrave (Elizabeth Laura who died 1816), in the hours which I spent with her while she resided at Strawberry Hill, used often to find pleasure in speaking of Marquis Cornwallis. Few military men had less to sacrifice in quitting their country, and even the outset of his life, as a family man, was marked by the most untoward circumstances. Under the affectionate apprehension that he would be sent abroad in the American War, his Lady made application to the persons in power to prevent it. This coming to his knowledge, he felt it necessary to request that he might be employed.* He went, and pitiable to tell! she died of grief.

* Were this a feeling uniformly operating on mankind, we should have lost one of the best epigrams that ever was written, and, strange to say! on two Hibernians, a nation seldom famed for thinking twice on the business of a challenge. But in this instance, one individual, of two pair of duellists, spoke openly of wife and family as to be considered, and another was equally concerned for the delicate

He had an only daughter, whom he called, at all ages, his "little girl." It was great distress to Lady Waldegrave, who, from the Earl's having been his aide-de-camp, kept up habits of friendship with him, to receive a billet from him in these terms: —

"I cannot enter on the business on which I ought to write, at present; for my little girl is gone off with a man with whom I did not know she was acquainted. I cannot tell how I shall bear it; but at present I feel as if I could not."

This I would not bring forward, could I not say, on the testimony of Lady Waldegrave, that he soon saw reason not only to forgive the precipitancy of youth, but to approve the choice his "little girl" had made. He always expressed his high sense of the merits of his son-in-law; and made it a condition of his favour, that his "little girl" should make a good wife.

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state of a daughter's health. The then Solicitor-General of Ireland honoured them with these lines: —

"The heroes of Erin, unconscious of slaughter,
Improve on the Jewish command;
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days may be long in the land."

But domestic comforts he had none: his little evening habits were renounced. Visiting Lady Waldegrave at Knavestock he saw a card-table set out in the drawing-room. He asked why it was done for him. Lady Waldegrave, into whose amusements cards did not enter, said, "I know you like a rubber at whist." He replied, "No no: I am cured of that, *on a changé tout cela*."

In parting from a friend when going to India, and being complimented on his *patriotism*, he replied, "If *you* were to do so, it would be great patriotism, because *you* would leave wife and children and every thing dear to a man; but for *me* it matters not: I have no domestic ties now: and England or India is all one to me."

The chat of a kind medical friend.

When our good King George III. was first in ill health, and Dr. Baillie attended him, His Majesty recollecting him, told him he would give him some Scotch music, and accordingly played to him on the piano-forte provided for his amusement, the air of the Jacobite song, "Over the water to Charley."

His confidential pages at Windsor have behaved with the most honourable fidelity, never revealing to any one the circumstances of the time while he was secluded from society.

Dr. F———, when on duty at Cantérbury, having a horse sick, sent for a man who had lately been a farrier, but who now called himself a veterinary surgeon. Dr. F——— was at that time at the head of the medical department of the troops in that district, and was looked upon as of some importance. On asking the man what his demand was, he answered, clapping him on the shoulder, "O, my dear fellow, dog must not eat dog; do not *let us* prey upon one another."

A Scottish laird extremely intoxicated, had fallen into a ditch, where he was found the next morning, not only drunk, but paralytic, his face very much distorted. Medical advice being called in, he recovered from his insensibility, and was warned that it would be at the hazard of his life if he ever again took animal food or spirituous liquors, in any quantity. In a rage at this doctrine, he swore that instead of observing such rules, he would that instant send for some whiskey-punch, and drink his face right again; he kept his word in the one, and made it good in the other.

A stranger travelling in Scotland was invited to the table of the family of Blair of Blair, and not at all acquainted with the usages of Scotland, he asked a young lady of the name and family, "Have you been long here?" The anger of Blair of Blair, in being thus, to *his* feelings, insulted on his own ground, was original. He wrote to the West Indies, "The fellow had the impudence to ask if we had been long here!"

A family in Edinburgh, not keeping a footman,

engaged a highlander to serve them during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time one day for the guest, Duncan was sent to his room to inform him that it was on the table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again: still they waited, and the Lady at last said to the man, "What can the gentleman be doing?" "Please ye, Madam," said Duncan, "the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth."

In proof of the wretched weakness of Lord Nelson, by which, with the best disposition possible, he was led to his ruin, Dr. F——— said, that he had seen him almost writhing with disquiet, when surrounded on board his own ship, by foreign attendants; he hated them all, and stuck firmly to his Yorkshire valet, who was called Aaron. But even this fellow had the mastery. One day, after dinner, Lord Nelson chafed very much at having a common glass rummer put before him, instead of his own silver cup; and said petulantly to Aaron, "I *will* have my silver cup; I will *not* have this glass." At the same time he pushed the glass from him. Aaron made no reply

at the moment, but taking up the glass, he set it down, with an air fit only for giving check-mate, on the spot from which Lord Nelson had driven it; saying, "Take *that* to-day; the silver cup to-morrow." Lord Nelson submitted.

Of these which follow, I can say only that I owe them to the communication of a friend whom I have lost. I give, subsequently, in a little translation from a *bijou* of French poetry, a specimen of her power of making that which seems inimitable appear to greater advantage.

Living much in the northern counties, she obtained for me this curious fact. The "Miss Jenny" of the "Journey to London" was Miss Lowe, of Locks, in Derbyshire. The journey was real, as was the adventure with the person described as "Count Basset." In the latter part of her life, the lady used to speak very frankly on the subject of her imprudence and her escape from the consequences of it; and doing so, long after her marriage, when Cibber was at her table, she soon after saw herself represented on the stage,—a

breach of hospitality and good faith never forgiven by her family.

When I had written this, I was very much at a loss to make it consistent with what I knew to be fact, that it was Vanburgh who wrote the "Journey to London;" but a little trouble of search and enquiry set the matter right. Vanburgh had not completed the play when he died. Cibber took it up, and united with it that perfectly irrelative part, "The Provoked Husband." And whoever examines the Dramatis Personæ of both, will find the difference so great, as to allow the credit of this perfidious deed to rest with Cibber. Foote was guilty of the same sort of offence against society, in his farce of "The Author," in which he caricatures a gentleman who had received him as his guest.

The "Lady Grace" of "The Provoked Husband" was Lady Betty Cecil, afterwards Lady Elizabeth Chaplin. She was of the Exeter family, and had been a beauty; but the small-pox had rendered her plain, a misfortune which she bore with such meritorious submission, as to procure her universal love and esteem.

To the accurate observers of the rise of fortunes, it is very pleasant to discover any part of the process by which industry has been made lucrative. It is generally acknowledged, that the greatest wealth has been acquired rather by preventing the efflux, than courting the influx, of money; but this is seldom very lovely. It is the exercise of vigilance, and the exertion of the human intellect, that gives satisfaction to the bystander; and this whether successful or not, if confined within the bounds of honourable dealing, must interest every person of just feeling. One of the wealthy proprietors of the London Tavern, had risen from the post of candle-snuffer to a whist club who met there. As he was very young, it was more than could be expected that he should be very punctual in the discharge of his office; but it was observed that he came exactly when wanted. Being asked how he reckoned the time, he said, he saw that whenever he went to snuff the gentlemen's candles, his own wanted snuffing, and that this was his direction. [*N. B.* The present

abominable deterioration of wax candles will prevent any question about *snuffing.*]

I remember in Suffolk a similar and much prettier exercise of juvenile sagacity. A gentleman, who had a little boy about seven years old, who went to school in the neighbourhood, left orders, on going into his fields one summer evening, that the child should be brought to him. The distance was considerable, and we were very much surprised to see the little gentleman make his appearance amongst us unattended. Every one cried out, "How did you find your way?" He answered, "Why, I asked the servants what my papa was carting, and they told me barley; so I looked all the way on the hedges, to see where the barley hung, and I saw it stopped at this gate; so I came in here."

Not without humour is a circumstance of recent occurrence. A very sensible mother was endeavouring to impress on the minds and memories of two children, one six, the other four, a well known story, in which the sage maxim, "Pause before you act," was inculcated. The elder quickly comprehended the relation between the tale and the moral, but the younger, who laboured under the

disadvantage of having been born abroad, though very attentive, gave no proof of comprehending what had been said. The next morning, however, removed all doubt, when her little auditor was heard repeating the precepts; but looking round to discover what had brought it into recollection, my friend saw the child playing with the cat, and whetting one of its feet against the other, as the action appropriate to the injunction, "Paws before you act."

How, in such a language as ours, we make ourselves understood, except by convention and gesticulation, I am sometimes puzzled to know; but I do not mean to offer this in excuse for a mistake of a servant, who, on my sending home for a music-book, containing Handel's divine song, "Shall I on Mamre's fertile plain?" carried my written message to a lady who had remained at home, saying, that "her mistress had sent for her shawl."

I shudder in attempting to write the following. Among the many interesting and distressing scenes to which the war with Bonaparte had given cause, that situation in which a surgeon to a battalion of

foot-guards was placed, at the siege of Bayonne, is one of the most painful to reflect on. The perfidy and cruelty of the French prevented the British forces from hearing for several days that Bonaparte had surrendered; but the business was thought nearly at an end, and our soldiers were gone to rest, when a *sortie* was made from the garrison, and the British were called from their quarters. Among them was this gentleman's only son: his father had to rouse him. He was fast asleep; but, on being waked, instantly rose, and was at his post in ten minutes. The conflict was tremendous; and his father, as surgeon, was in waiting to receive the wounded: the first brought to him, the next, or any one, might be his invaluable son. Men whom he knew to have been close to him, were brought in; it was the first action in which he had been engaged, and he knew his spirit to be high, and his natural temper very ardent; but, by the goodness of God, the father was spared from suffering. Severe and hazardous as was the duty he was on, in all the confusion of a dark night, the young man came off unhurt. But the father had found it so difficult to do his duty under such anxiety, that had his service not

ceased, he must have separated himself from the battalion to which his son was attached. *He* would not have said on any exertion of his skill, as did a medical practitioner to a poor woman, piously thanking God for her cure, "Rather thank *me*; for if I had left you to him, I don't know what would have become of you."

Utterly extraneous from all the preceding, is the mention of the first caricature-print ever published in England, as representing James I. and two of his ministers attempting in vain to pull a sword out of its scabbard. To this may be added, that one of the earliest coffee-houses in London, the Rainbow, in Fleet Street, was prosecuted as vending a pernicious liquor. This is mentioned in Hatton's New View of London, 1708, at which time there were 3000 coffee-houses in London, a fact as curious to *us*, as the former to *him*.

A soldier showing the gun near Dover Castle, called Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol, said, "that a gun-maker had told him, that at a certain angle, which he described, it would carry to a distance which he specified." An Irish soldier on duty, denied this, and very fluently quoted Sir Isaac Newton,

and "the principles of natural philosophy," saying, "Sir Isaac with one stroke of his pen could do more than all the gun-makers in the world." The Englishman petulantly reproached the Irishman with his country. "My country?" replied he, "you ought to wipe your mouth when you name my country." Some persons having gathered round, one man said, "What *is* your country?" With an expression of countenance that showed indignant feeling, mixed with a sense of mortification, and in a lowered tone, he replied, "Why, I'm a West Briton; that is to say, an Irishman."

I cannot write even a jest in disparagement of a people who, in my opinion, are often thought absurd, because we do not understand them. They fire over our heads, and we look to the ground to see the direction of their fire. I know two gentlemen, who, travelling in Ireland, were told that they had still twenty-eight miles to go before they reached a town for which they enquired: and again, they heard that the distance was much less. "What sort of measurement is yours?" said the first informant to the other; "it must be measured by a mad dog, with a worsted yarn." This is very good sense; a mad dog runs straight forward, and

worsted being elastic, when it ceases to be stretched gives a shorter measure.

Of the politeness of a common servant-girl at a little inn, in a very obscure part of Ireland, this is a proof. They asked how it happened that the house was so full, it not being assize-time. She replied, "I suppose I must not say it is the goodness of the house, therefore it must be the goodness of the gentlemen."

Yet this, for native elegance, is inferior to the reply of an English girl of the same class, who, having a deportment above her situation, was asked how she acquired it. She answered, "I does'nt hardly know how I learnt it. I believe I got it a mocking the corn."

But I must give one more Hibernian instance. My friends, these gentlemen travellers, wanting a postilion to drive twenty miles before breakfast, and bantering him on the ease with which it might be done, he replied, "That neither his horses nor he could do it." He concluded with "An empty sack will never stand."

From this excursion of memory, I return to give the translation which I have mentioned.

La Feuille Morte.

De ta tige déséchée
Pauvre feuille détachée
Où vas-tu? —Je n'en sais rien.
L'orage a brisé le chène
Qui seul étoit mon soutien,
De son inconstante haleine.
Le Zéphyr ou l'Aquilon,
Depuis ce jour me promene
De la forêt à la plaine,
De la montagne au vallon;
Cédant au vent qui m'entraîne,
Hélas! sans m'effrayer,
Je vais où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de laurier.

Poor wither'd leaf, where dost thou go?
Alas! I do not know.
The stately oak on which I grew,
The tempest overthrew:
And now before the varying gale,
A wanderer pale,
Whether the north wind rudely blow
Or zephyrs gentle flow,
From hill to dale, from wood to plain,
I drive amain;
And only know my course I bend
Where all things end,
Where lies the rose that sweetest blew,
And where the laurel too.

The three following anecdotes I owe to a deceased barrister: —

When Serjeant P ——, who had a remarkable long nose, was once thrown from his horse on the road, a countryman coming up, and seeing he had fallen on his face, looked earnestly at him as he helped him to rise, and enquired if he was not hurt. On the Serjeant's replying in the negative, the fellow grinned, and said, "Then your *plough-share* saved you, Sir."

When Lord Thurlow was Chancellor, he was, at the commencement of the long vacation, quitting the court without taking the usual leave of the bar. A young counsel perceiving this, when they were all standing up in expectation, said, "He might at least have said (what a female pen revolts from repeating) D— ye." Thurlow certainly heard it, and returned to make his bow.

A very little man with no business at the bar, having taken the utmost pains to make the judge attend to a motion which he had to make, and failing in several attempts, Jekyll, looking up at the bench, said, "*De minimis non curat lex.*"

While I am closing this volume, our neighbourhood has lost One, who, till a fatal seizure of paralysis, was a luminary to a far more extensive orbit, whether considered for his various acquisitions as an elegant scholar, his talents for conversation, his extensive general knowledge, his moral integrity, or his wide and unassuming benevolence. Every one will know that I speak of Mr. Richard Twining, the head of the house known by name, as well as any banker's in the metropolis. He gave me this very singular statement of the successive situations of a worthy and laborious clergyman, in which the frequent recurrence of the names *Nicholas* and *Olave*, would almost lead to a supposition, that he had chosen them for his tutelar saints.

He set out in his clerical life, curate of St. *Nicholas*, Warwick: he was then thirteen years curate of St. *Olave's* Silver Street; then two years lecturer of St. *Olave's* Old Jewry; then second master of St. *Olave's* free grammar-school, in the

borough of Southwark, which he held twenty-seven years; and lastly, curate of St. *Nicholas* Coleabbey, and St. *Nicholas Olave*, London. These, I understand, form only a part of the labours of this exemplary man; but *I* concern myself only with his friends, Nicholas and Olave. I wish they could find him some more profitable, for I fear their powers of remuneration are but small.

I remember, in walking by the side of Mr. Twining when he was on horseback, his recollecting a humorous circumstance respecting a school-fellow, who was very much disposed to brag of his father's very many fine horses; and as the common effect of such boasting is to excite an ardent desire to know how it is founded, his school-fellows were all on tiptoe when a horse was sent to fetch him home. If they had before been envious, they were now gratified; for a more wretched steed than that sent for the young braggart, could hardly be found; and the boys had their revenge in decrying him. A most

unfortunate great R had been burnt-in on his hide, and on this all eyes fastened. He was severely called on to explain this degrading signature; but not yet discomfited, he preserved his firm countenance, and satisfied all queries, by crying, "O! that R? Why that R stands for 'Rabian."

Let no one call my labour, "a mighty maze" and *quite* "without a plan." It has been my wish to make this volume, which, whatever my booksellers choose to call it, is certainly the last of three, close with the recollection of those by every tie most dear to me; I therefore conclude, with only the reservation of an appendix, with such anecdotes of my father's as I can accommodate, leaving untouched a mass into which I dare not look at this season of the year.

Sir J. H. had a great veneration for the character and memory of Lord Hardwicke, and was very lenient to the failings of humanity which he, in common with his fellow-creatures, shared. These, however, he considered as more than counterpoised by his great abilities; he used to say of him, that "wisdom sate enthroned in his countenance." He was acquainted with his sons, Sir Joseph Yorke afterwards Lord Dover, and the honourable John Yorke, and had great pleasure in their conversation. I remember his bringing home from a dinner-party where he had met the former, an anecdote of the cool intrepidity of a girl, a servant to the person who had the care of the wild beasts in the Tower,

at the time Sir J. Yorke was, as he himself confessed, in all senses, "a very young soldier."

A tyger of a most formidable character had escaped, and had taken possession of the ridge of a tiled building, near his own place of abode, from whence he was viewed at a distance not merely as a truant who must be brought home again, but as an outlaw, who must be taken or destroyed, by any means that ensured safety to those who should venture to attack him. Sir Joseph described with humour the perplexity this occasioned, and a council of war the military juniors convened to decide on the best method of reclaiming the deserter. "I *opined*," said Sir J., "young man like, to shoot him; but the girl, who had the office of his feeder, could not support the idea of such a measure: she begged an audience, and undertook to restore him to good order, might she be permitted. Leave was granted; she ascended the roof that he had encamped on, and only presenting his food and leading the way, she coaxed him, as others have been coaxed, to act in contradiction of his own sagacity."

When Mr. John Yorke was preparing for the settlement of his only child, an accomplished, elegant young woman, by her marriage with Mr. Pole *Carew*, he accounted for calling the family-name *Carey*, by referring to a time when there were in the House of Commons two members of the names of Walter Carew. Much embarrassment having arisen from this, another member proposed calling one Carew and the other Carey; "And then," said he, "we shall have no more confusion between What care-*I?* and What care-*you?*"

The Lady Chancellor Hardwicke has been almost as much brought forward as her lord. Aaron Franks, the Jew diamond-merchant, told Sir J. Hawkins, that he was once sent for by Her Ladyship, and received in a manner very confidential. "Mr. Franks," said Her Ladyship, "I want to make my daughter Anson* a present of

* I need hardly say that she was the wife of the Admiral. It is now well known that the voyage which goes under his name, was written by a man utterly unconnected with it. Mr. Cracherode's father, a colonel of marines, accompanied the expedition. Mr. Cracherode told Sir J. H. that, excepting in the urbanity ascribed to Lord A———, his father considered the narrative as very faithful, but that Lord Anson was a man

jewels, something about 200*l*." This was soon arranged:—the *real* business came after it. "And can you," said she, "tell me of any good match for one of my sons? But," concluded Her Ladyship, "she must be rich, Mr. Franks,—she *must* be rich, Mr. Franks, or it won't do."

Lord Hardwicke was stigmatised as rapacious. George the Second said to him what, if covetousness has blood that ever mounts, was enough to make it blush,—"My Lord, I observe that there never is a place vacant but you have some friend on whom you wish it bestowed."*

In vain, indeed, should we look among these great characters for freedom from great faults. It is not pleasant to hear them commented on by those who cannot judge what a great character is. Such criticism is childish. Perhaps the sense of infirmity is

without good sense or good manners, but an excellent seaman. I think if he had not had good temper, the trials of patience he had to endure in the outset, were lost on him.

* Not long since, a death occurred in the world of place and pension, which, unless rightly understood, seemed to make a vacancy in the office of *legal* Solicitor General. "To lose nothing for want of asking," was supposed a resolution with this personage.

of use to keep down vain glory, and to circumscribe tumid ambition. But deplorable is it, as was observable in the case of Lord Hardwicke, when the narrow spirit of a wife, instead of moderating, increases this evil. I have no patience with Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, for making one of the greatest and most perfect men that ever existed, enter into all her petty squabbles and paltry plans. I cannot say much for the honourable treatment either of them received at the hands of those whom they had served *, but the Lady made matters worse than they would have been, both for herself and her husband; and when in talking of the house she was building for her friends, after her disgrace with her royal mistress, she was checked by Lord ——, with the witty observation, that "a band-box would suffice," we may very fairly ask, what friends, not

* Blenheim, as a landed estate, was a princely remuneration, but the manner in which the grant was carried into effect, with regard to the house, was such as rendered it, like the present of an elephant, almost a ruinous gift. It cost the Duke, I believe, more than any house he would have built for his retirement; and the torment it was to get it proceeded with, was such as in any other case would have annihilated the obligation.

connected with her situation, could such a woman have?

How astonishing is the vanity of human character! Who, unacquainted with it, could suppose that a miser and a spendthrift were creatures of the same genus? or that such a woman as Lady Chancellor Hardwicke *, to whom a few pence were valuable, was in every thing, excepting ideas, the same sort of being as the famous spendthrift, Mrs. Bellamy the actress, who, being asked by a man of some curiosity whether she was not the lady who had spent two hundred thousand

* I have heard it said of Lady Chief-Justice Mansfield, that "she brought all His Lordship's subalterns to the till." But if she levied, she does not seem to have appropriated her levies wholly to her own use. On the death of my mother's brother, who, being subject to epilepsy, required a very steady horse, she made interest to purchase that which he had ridden, and presented it to Lord M. The creature was like a lamb in gentleness, and would stand motionless when his rider fell off: Her Ladyship therefore consulted her lord's safety; but, alas! the creature was too sagacious. The *leges Angliæ* were too cumbersome for him, and he set his new master on his head in the first experiment. It is rather out of place here to remark on an odd instance of harmless vanity in this great man, in sitting for his portrait, which was afterwards engraved, dressed in the robes of Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office which he held but for a day.

pounds, replied, " No: it was two hundred and fifty thousand."

Now I have got amongst lawyers, I may give the following, which I had from my father:—

When that vacancy happened on the Exchequer Bench, which was afterwards filled by Mr. Adams, the ministry could not agree among themselves whom to appoint. It was debated in council, the king, George II., being present; and the dispute grew very warm, when His Majesty put an end to the contest by calling out in broken English, " I will have none of dese, give me de man wid *de dying speech*," meaning Adams, who was then recorder of London, and whose business it therefore was, to make the report to His Majesty of the convicts under sentence of death.

In the year 1745, when the Scots rebellion threatened most formidably, Herring, then Archbishop of York, resolved, in case of extremity, to take arms himself and oppose the progress of the rebels. His avowing this intention gave occa-

sion to orator Henley, to nickname him—*a red herring.*

Henry Fielding said of Sir Thomas Robinson, that such was the prepossession of the world against him, that were he to live an age, and spend all that time in good actions, he never could obtain a character for virtue.

Sir Joseph Jekyll, at his death, bequeathed his immense fortune to the sinking fund: a bequest so little esteemed, that when his next of kin, on the plea of dotage in the testator, applied for it, the parliament granted it all to him.

Heraldry, which was devised for purposes of distinction, is now so sunk in regard, that it may be gratifying to the curious to know for a fact which occurred in the memory of my father, that Sir John Blunt having assumed armorial bearings, without paying the due fees, the heralds vindicated their rights, by waylaying him, as he passed the Heralds' College, in his carriage, and with a brush and colour defacing the arms as painted on the panel.

This was done in another instance, when the O'Keeffes were seen to bear the royal arms on their carriage; but this was precipitate; they are entitled to royal arms, and the Heralds were compelled to restore them.

If I add to these anecdotes, I must omit a tract of my younger brother's on an important political subject, which has, even in its former narrow circulation, obtained for him high praise. It is my wish to preserve it, and I shall now accomplish it, and in closing this volume, unite his name with that of MY FATHER.

REFORM OF PARLIAMENT,

THE

RUIN OF PARLIAMENT,

BY

HENRY HAWKINS, ESQ.

Et quem tenebat ore dimisit cibum,
Nec quem Petebat adeo potuit attingere.

PHÆDRUS

PRINTED IN THE PAMPHLETEER, 1813.

INTRODUCTION.

The following pages are most respectfully submitted to the consideration of the public. Perhaps it may be truly said, that there is scarcely an individual, from one end of the kingdom to the other, who is not interested in the question which has occasioned them. Whatever may be the imperfections under which they may labour, they have one recommendation — they contain the real sentiments of their author. The reader, therefore, is not required to admit arguments in favour of an hypothesis, the strength of which the author himself does not feel, — for the author is of no party; — and having no tie of dependence on any one, he is perfectly at liberty to BE LOYAL; and in all honest sincerity to express his attachment to his Sovereign, his love to his country, and his veneration for its laws. Whether any who may peruse his labours, and who may happen to dissent from the principles he may find there, may think proper to answer him, he cannot conjecture; but

on this point his indifference is equal to his ignorance. He, however, begs leave to say that he shall not conceive himself under any obligation to reply, nor is his silence to be of necessity attributed to his admission of the validity of the arguments brought against him. If the opponents of his Pamphlet argue no better than the friends of the Reform in Parliament have hitherto done, he conceives that there will be no very *pressing urgency* for vindication either of himself or his labours. His motive for obtruding himself on the Public is the very great length to which the clamour for a Reform in Parliament is carried; which, as many have joined in it from whom better things might have been expected, seems to call on every man attached to the constitution to oppose it, in as much as reason shows that it is fraught with incalculable mischiefs. Some few ideas occurred to him which he had not met with in any work written on the subject; and conceiving that they might have some weight with other minds similar to his own, he has ventured to bring them forward, for the consideration of those who may do him the honour to peruse them.

REFORM OF PARLIAMENT,

&c. &c.

At a time when no small portion of the populace of the country have, by the insidious arts of the factious, been rendered dissatisfied with the constitution, and a clamour is excited from one end of the kingdom to the other, that our houses of Lords and Commons are corrupt, and are no longer to be considered as representing the people; when party, however subdivided as to other topics, enlists under one general banner, for one definite object, REFORM IN PARLIAMENT; when public meetings of counties, cities, boroughs, called for the purpose of promoting that object, profess that they discover the source of all our national woes—whether taxes, dearness of provisions, paper currency, or other evil, real or imaginary, in "the corruption of Parliament;" when such is

the state of public feeling, — the question of a reform of Parliament, as understood and intended by its advocates, together with all the train of ideas necessarily connected with it — the motives which give rise to the clamour, and the unavoidable consequences of the measure itself, almost involuntarily obtrude themselves on the mind of every man: — and, if he be blest with even the smallest degree of penetration and foresight, can scarcely fail to excite in him some suspicion at least, that more is meant by the abettors of the scheme than they may deem it prudent to avow; and, perhaps, he may be pardoned if, feeling within his breast some spark of love for his native country, and veneration for the laws by which he is protected, he communicates his thoughts and his apprehensions to the public.

That he should be ignorant that a party exists having such an object, and pursuing that object "*per fas et nefas*," is scarcely to be supposed possible: for what means of promulgation that ingenuity could devise have been left unemployed? Not only the public newspapers have dedicated whole columns to record the eloquence

and the patriotism displayed at public meetings held for this purpose; but lest there should be an individual who might not have an opportunity of inspecting these records, and to whom the triumphs of the day might not be made known, the very walls of the metropolis have grown white, with the bills posted to commemorate the glorious sentiments expressed, at such a time and at such a place, at a "most numerous and independent meeting of the Friends of Reform in Parliament!"

We may suppose that such assemblies were formed of men of different degrees of intellect, and of various tempers and dispositions: there we might discover the cold-blooded republican who could behold without a sigh, if he did not absolutely wish for, the downfal of the monarchy; the querulous declaimer against ministers and placemen; and the pert flippant yelper, who attends and makes a speech, in hopes of seeing his name recorded in the newspapers of the next day.

In many instances, indeed, the orations made on such occasions are remarkable for little more than the low abuse with which they are fraught, and are, therefore, more objects of contempt than of

serious animadversion. But, however contemptible their arguments may be — however divested of every thing that can entitle them to attention; the object of *meeting* is the same; here the standard of disaffection is reared, and the end, for which all repair to it, is the subversion of the constitution of the country.

We say, subversion of the constitution of the country. We should be sorry, by any inaccuracy of language, to misrepresent either the motives or the actions of our opponents: we mean not that they are arrayed in open and avowed rebellion against the government, "lance to lance and horse to horse;" but we certainly wish to be understood as saying, that by spreading discontent among the people by unfair statements and sophistical arguments, their purpose is to overawe the government into the adoption of those measures which would bring with them the subversion of the constitution.

That this is the fact, no one will, we presume, deny. It therefore behoves all those who, by contemplating the feeble constitutions of other states, have learned to prize our own, before they suffer themselves to be deluded by that most dangerous

of all engines of mischief, popular clamour, in the first place to consider well the grievances complained of, whether they have any real existence or not; and, afterwards, if they should believe that such grievances do really exist, to weigh, in the scales of unsophisticated reason, the probability of redress, by the means proposed by the Reformers.

If it be contended that the acrimonious language poured forth at the public meetings above alluded to, does not always proceed from the rancour of the heart; if we are told that such is the usual mode of debate on such occasions; that every orator who delivers his sentiments on any topic before a popular assembly is under the necessity of rousing the feelings rather than of convincing the understandings of his hearers; this declaration, even from the friends of reform, will not allay our suspicions; and it may perhaps be fair to answer, that this is no extenuation of the offence, because it is no diminution of the evil sustained. By such methods, or rather artifices, those who, from want of education or of information, are unable to form an accurate opinion on the subject proposed, are taught to be dissatisfied with their rulers, though they

scarcely know why; and are required to place their confidence in those who, intrinsically, have not a grain more of integrity or of regard for them than those whom they defame and calumniate.

To enforce their doctrines, nothing that can operate on the passions or prejudices of the vulgar is left untried; in debate, no rules of decency are preserved; no language is too opprobrious: those who presume to differ from *them* are treated with insult and derision; no one is to be heard who does not echo the bellowings of faction and discontent. Thus, the liberty which they assume to themselves, they deny to others; and while they loudly declaim against oppression, are themselves the most intolerant of tyrants.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

It is not then out of deference to the solidity of argument which these reasoners possess, if we may infer what they possess by that which they have as yet brought forward, that we are induced to submit these pages to the public. It is not to rouse the cautious, or to inform the experienced, that we write: to those, to the real friends of their

country, in opposition to the hypocritical patriot, we boldly make our appeal; and look to them to confirm, by their honest and independent sanction, the truth of every assertion we advance. It is because all are not cautious; all are not experienced; all have not learned, perhaps from an openness and ingenuousness of character natural to an Englishman, to distinguish between the real and the feigned; all have not learned that the patriotic Baronet and the gallant Admiral will advance doctrines which, if carried into effect, would render the estate of the one, and the rank of the other, a mere nullity; would render them of as little value as the parchment or the paper on which the instrument of possession of the one, or the commission of the other, was written. It is *to these* that we sound the alarm; and gladly join our voice to those who, with more skill, call on every Englishman to stop his ears against the declamations of political fanatics; for we conceive it to be a moral duty, not to risk that any should be made proselytes to reform, when, by stating plain facts, they may be preserved among the FAITHFUL SUPPORTERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Thus much we have said before we enter upon the examination of the question of reform as a measure of policy. To this mode we were compelled by the kind of adversaries with whom we had to contend, who, having unfortunately omitted to prove their right to be heard as honest men, before they claimed our confidence as politicians, have left us at full liberty to form our own opinions of the integrity of their motives; and we confess, and our opinion is formed from a review of their conduct, that we scarcely know of which we think worse; the integrity of their motives, or the wisdom of their measures. Having assured the reader of our perfect sincerity on this head, we proceed.

The grand question in debate is this; It is alleged that the lower House of Parliament is corrupt; this is the root of all our political misfortunes; and that a reform in this branch of the legislature is absolutely necessary to save us from ruin. Of course, the political mountebanks of the day assure us that this measure, if adopted, is to operate as a Panacea, and to cure all our grievances!!! With a reform in Parliament, say they,

ministers will not dare to be corrupt; for placemen and pensioners will no longer be permitted to sit in the House of Commons. The people will then be *fairly* represented, and not till then. Such will be the immaculate House of Commons, as planned by our reformers! To accomplish this glorious design the more effectually, the right of voting will be extended, so that numbers will then enjoy that right, whom the wisdom of our ancestors, not the casual operation of secondary causes, thought fit to exclude from it.* And hence we are, in effect, taught to expect times little inferior in point of virtue, and in the bliss diffused around on all, to those which the language of poetry has denominated "the golden age." This is to bring in, as an honourable member assured the House of Commons, "the good old times;" though he did not, for the benefit of the country gentlemen, inform his auditory what specific period was more

* There is hardly a free agent to be found, but what is entitled to a vote in some place or other in the kingdom.—*Blackstone's Com.* vol. i. p. 172.

It may be proper to inform the reader, that wherever Blackstone's Commentaries are quoted, we mean the quarto edition of 1766.

particularly to be defined "the good old times!" Did the honourable gentleman mean "the good old times" when the nation was torn to pieces with the disputes between the houses of York and Lancaster? or the subsequent "good old times" when the nation was engaged in the struggle for the Reformation? or, still later, during the *prosperous* reign of the house of Stuart? or the glorious period of William, and the earlier days of the establishment of the House of Brunswick on the throne, when the parties of Whig and Tory,—High Church and Low Church,—spread jealousy and dissension into the inmost recesses of our domestic comforts? If we are told that we are to have "the good old times" again, we should like to know when and what they were; that we may know what to expect, and not be taken by surprise, even in our happiness.

"For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first."

For ourselves, we are inclined to be sceptics:—we do not know that any particular period of our history has been less corrupt than another, provided it had the same means of corruption:—in

some instances, indeed, the depravity which would have manifested itself in corruption *at home*, has been suspended for a while by some new object — some new pursuit *abroad*; which, offering a new gratification, has withdrawn the mind from every *other* consideration — till, satiated with this, it has returned to its former habits and propensities: — yet in all this we recognise no virtuous effort — no eschewing of evil — no seeking of good! As to natural feeling — the mass of the people of all nations have ever been the same; and there seems little doubt, as far as the human mind has hitherto developed itself, that what the historians of antiquity have written of the populace of Athens and of Rome, would equally apply, at the present day, to the populace of Great Britain, if placed in their situation.

To return to our subject; we will define as closely as possible, what the defect alleged is in our Representation — for the loudest of the loud does not presume to say, that *practically* the House of Commons is corrupt — they do not deny that, during the Session of Parliament, the members, at the expense of the nearest and dearest comforts

of life — at the expense of food and sleep — sedulously attend their public duty — consuming frequently, on great and important occasions, whole nights — till the broad day-light of the ensuing morning breaks in upon the house while sitting in deep debate, whether it be wise or unwise — whether it promote the interests of the people or the contrary, that such and such a bill pass into a law. Neither do they deny that an individual, or an aggregate body, if aggrieved, may present his petition, provided it be couched in respectful terms, and be heard, through the medium of learned and able counsel chosen by himself, against any pending bill, and have suitable redress, either by impeding the further progress of the bill complained of — or by a compensation for any injury sustained by it: — this, indeed, they do not deny; — and who would believe them if they did? neither do they deny that the laws from time to time made, founded on the necessities of the people and the advantage and honour of the state, generally produce that effect. To prove this, let any man recollect the immense number of laws which are made, in every session; let him reflect what a

mass of intellect is concentred in deciding on every measure brought forward, and then let him consider in how few instances, when the effect of the law is ascertained by experience, are applications made to Parliament to rescind the laws so warily, so cautiously made. In this observation, however, it is obvious that we must omit such laws as, at the time of their being made, were understood, from their own nature, to be merely temporary; those, for instance, which permit or prohibit the importation or exportation of grain, &c. &c.; for the rescinding of these being in the contemplation of the legislature at the time when they were made, they could not be expected to remain longer in force than the emergency lasted which occasioned them, and, consequently, the repeal of them is no argument of want of discretion or integrity in the legislature.

In our criminal code, the laws which the general depravity of manners amongst the people call for, may, from time to time, require alteration; — but these alterations are generally either for the purpose of defining more accurately the offence rendered penal by them, or of aggravating or

extenuating the punishment, according as existing circumstances may render expedient; the mind of man being more astute in devising crimes or evading punishments, than the legislature can be in preventing the crime or rendering the punishment certain. But in all these cases, the principle on which Parliament acts, is the promotion of public good, by preserving the life, the liberty, the property, of all who live in the obedience, and, consequently, have a right to the protection of the laws: by restraining vice, by giving encouragement, as far as is possible, to the well-deserving, and punishing, with as lenient a hand as public security permits, those who offend against them; extending a shield over the unfortunate — the fatherless — the widow,— and pleading the cause of those who have no one to defend them against the oppressor. And in this anxious care and solicitude will any one be hardy enough to deny, that this country stands conspicuous, not only without a rival, but almost without an imitator?

Practically, therefore, as far as the House of Commons is recognised by its influence on civil society, it is not corrupt in its motives; it is not

corrupt in its operations. It is felt by all as an instrument of good to all: from that, as from a common source, is diffused a security for every external blessing which Providence vouchsafes to grant us; and, were the new-fangled doctrines of reform to become prevalent, it would be difficult to persuade the rational part of the community, that that security would not be weakened, if not totally annihilated.

But all these blessings seem to be as nothing in the eyes of the advocates for reform. At least we may so conjecture, from their willingness to bring them into jeopardy; when, from the natural tendency of their doctrines, the loss of these blessings is rather to be looked for than the gaining any new advantage; unless we are to suppose, that, while every loyal subject gratefully acknowledges the existence of those blessings, the advocates for reform remain insensible of them: they tell us, indeed, that we are ruined, and that *they* only can save us; they tell us, that our *representation* is *faulty*, because all are not permitted to vote who ought to be permitted; that the *elective franchise* is unjustly *narrowed*; that *septennial*

Parliaments must necessarily be *corrupt*. Let your Parliaments, they cry, sit but for three years instead of seven, and you put an end to corruption. By the more frequent recurrence of elections, when every member must look for the approbation of his constituents as the ground of his hope for a second election, you would destroy the influence of the minister, and thus the people would be *honestly* represented. Such is the grievance, and such the remedy! Which being reduced to plain matter of fact, divested of the jargon of political enthusiasts, means no more than this; that they would have the scenes of riot and debauchery, the never-failing concomitants of a popular election, recur every three years instead of every seven, and that as at present the *people* are admitted to vote, they would open the door to the *mob* also.

That Parliament is not *practically* corrupt, we have already proved; for we presume that if laws are framed with an anxious wish to promote the good of those on whom they were intended to operate, and the legislature is not called upon by the voice of the people to rescind those laws, they

having a right so to do, if aggrieved by them, we are justified in assuming that those laws are good and equitable, and are *admitted* to be so. Any advantage, therefore, to be derived from a change in the mode of representation, or in the duration of parliaments, is little more than nominal. But as we have already proved, that Parliament is not *practically* corrupt, we now hope to be able to prove, that the reform proposed would not remedy any of the evils under which *we are assured* that we labour, though the existence of those evils we feel much inclined to doubt. On the contrary, we contend, that mischiefs without number would infallibly arise from the change; and this, in every step that could be taken towards accomplishing it; for unless we are to be gravely told, that the arbitrary power which was denied to the Stuarts is to be allowed to the factious leaders of the mob;—unless we are to be told, that the fundamental, the eternal principles of justice, which sovereigns and senates are called upon to revere, to make the rule of their conduct, are, when it may be convenient to the reformers of Parliament that it should be so, a dead letter; unless this be

permitted, the scheme proposed is not more to be decried for its impolicy than for its iniquity; and of this iniquity the people would be the first victims, and those who had deluded them would be the only persons to receive benefit from it, as we hope we shall be able to prove.

Let us then depict a *pure* House of Commons, purified from all its dross, under the new arrangement; and in order to do this, we must consider, what description of persons would then be the voters to choose; for I have before stated that part of this new arrangement was to extend the right of voting so as to include those of a lower rank in society than are now admitted: the voters would then be not merely the opulent, or those who have what we frequently hear denominated, "a stake in the hedge," but amongst them would be found the lowest of the rabble*; the purchasers of half-crown freeholds; men who, by means of perjury, procured an admission of votes for freeholds thus purchased; the mechanic, the handicraftsman, and

* It is needless to remind the reader that this was practised some few years since at the Middlesex election.

these of the lowest description; who not choosing to attend to his occupation at the time of an election, preferred the idleness and drunkenness inseparable from it to the honest industry by which his wife and family were to be kept from want; the rabble, perhaps not sober at the moment of giving their suffrage, and exhibiting, in their general deportment, the most disgusting scenes of profligacy and wickedness; the rabble, the sturdy beggar; the VAGABOND! doubtless, competent judges of the merits of a candidate to represent a county or borough in the senate of the nation! And a most worthy and enlightened Parliament we could not but have, when chosen by such voters! Were we not witnesses of it, could it be believed that men of rank, the patrician, the Right Honourable, could be so far infatuated as to become the advocates for such politics! Unless, indeed, we are to estimate our security by the very vehemence of their language, and are at liberty to suppose that, from an instinctive care for themselves, they would not venture to speak or act as they do, were it not that they rely on Government opposing them, and, consequently, that neither their actions nor their

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speeches will really produce that effect at which they ostensibly aim: but who, if they saw in the Government the least tendency to adopt their sentiments, would, from an instinctive sense of self-preservation, themselves be the first to sound the trumpet of alarm, and to give notice of the impending danger. In this case, the efforts of the party must be considered but as a party-trick, as a mere "*ruse de guerre*;" and we cannot but pity the people who could suffer themselves to be duped by men capable of having recourse to so disingenuous an artifice.

What sort of a Parliament would be chosen by such voters, no one can be at a loss to conjecture. One* of the wisest and most enlightened men that civilised Europe has ever seen, tells us, that the common people are unable to appreciate great qualities; and the observation is confirmed by the testimony of both ancient and modern history; for, with all the reverence which some may profess for the opinions of "The People," most true it is, that a candidate might have all the integrity of Phocion,

* Lord Bacon, Essay on Praise.

the philosophy of Socrates, the military talents of Pericles, and the virtues of Scipio, and yet, if unfortunately he could not harangue the people in their own rhetoric, he would not stand the smallest chance of success, should he offer himself as a candidate to represent them in Parliament.

The recommendations which he might possess,— by which we understand those valuable, those indispensable qualities, without which he would never be able to judge of the real interests of a vast empire,—the populace would be no more able to comprehend than they would the calculations of Newton or the reasoning of Locke. If they are to judge, they will judge according to their own narrow conceptions and gross apprehensions, from that which is *with them* the criterion of fitness, which generally amounts to a dissatisfaction with the existing order of things, and a certain degree of volubility of speech exerted in abusing their governors; — farther than this they cannot proceed, because farther than this they cannot comprehend.

How can we reason, but from what we know? And what has ever been the consequence? The

people, when left to themselves, have always been the dupes of the artful and the designing; of men, who, knowing how to cajole a mob, have prevailed on a rude set of untutored bumpkins to take that as sterling patriotism, or as matter of fact, which was merely assumed in compliance with their prejudices.

In what we have here stated, we merely relate the case as *it now* stands; the reform proposed would enhance the evil a thousand-fold. More now are entitled to vote than can make a reasonable choice; and, owing to the diffusion of wealth throughout the country, and the decrease in the value of money, many voters are persons of lower rank than perhaps were in the contemplation of the legislature at the time when the qualification was settled.

For this assertion we have the authority of Sir William Blackstone, who, speaking of the qualification for a voter, says, "Bishop Fleetwood, in his Chronicon Preciosum, written about sixty years since, has fully proved forty shillings in the reign of Henry the Sixth to have been equal to twelve pounds per annum in the reign of Queen Anne;

and, as the value of money is very considerably lowered since the Bishop wrote, I think we may fairly conclude from this and other circumstances, that what was equivalent to twelve pounds in his days is equivalent to twenty in ours."

Concerning the expediency of establishing a qualification, the same author says, "The true reason of requiring any qualification, with regard to property, in voters, is to exclude such persons as are in so mean a situation that they are esteemed to have no will of their own. If these persons had votes, they would be tempted to dispose of them under some undue influence or other.* This would

* If we are told that in the passage quoted above, the author has passed a decided censure on that *influence* which is stated to exist, and which in another part of this tract we have contended is beneficial, we do not conceive our arguments at all weakened by allowing to Sir W. Blackstone's statement all the credit due to it. He, speaking strictly as a lawyer, could not defend any influence at all detracting from that unbiassed suffrage, which the letter of the law requires that the voter should give; but Sir W. Blackstone, and every man besides, might know, that whatever he might say, or Parliament might enact, theoretically, it never could, while human nature continued as it is, be carried into practice. Nevertheless, it is wise to have laws founded on that theory, as they put it into the power either of

give a great, an artful, or wealthy man, a larger share in elections than is consistent with general liberty. If it were probable that every man would give his vote freely and without influence of any kind, then, upon the true theory and genuine prin-

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Parliament, or of our courts of law, to check that influence when carried beyond due bounds:—statutes exist to prohibit the people from doing certain acts apparently innocent in themselves; but, because they have been injurious, the law is permitted to continue in force, ready, if the same injury arises again, to be put in execution. In the same manner, laws to prevent influence exist, in order that if the evil is carried to an undue extent, it may be prevented.

Before we conclude this note, we will beg leave to state our difficulties in defining what would strictly and logically be called an unbiassed vote; for, according to the literal meaning of the phrase, if a son voted for his father, or a father for his son, this not being a Parliamentary ground of approbation, the vote given is as much biassed as if the voter had received money. And thus it may be said with every preference, every predilection that we feel; and if that preference and that predilection be founded on any other grounds than those which refer to a member's conduct in Parliament, it is as likely to prompt us to vote for an unworthy object, as if we had received a pecuniary inducement, and would as effectually destroy the purity of Parliament. If none but a Parliamentary ground of preference is to be allowed, no *new* member could be chosen; for, however valuable he might be in his private capacity as a gentleman, who could conjecture what kind of a member he would make?

ciples of liberty, every member of the community, however poor, should have a vote in electing those delegates to whose charge is committed the disposal of his property, his liberty, and his life. But, since that can hardly be expected in persons of indigent fortunes, or such as are under the immediate dominion of others, all popular states have been obliged to establish certain qualifications, whereby some, who are suspected to have no will of their own, are excluded from voting, in order to set other individuals, whose wills may be supposed independent, more thoroughly upon a level with each other."

But it requires no elaborate disquisition to prove, that in the increased power and number of the rabble-voters, those of the higher orders of society, men of refined understanding, and decorous deportment, would * be overwhelmed in the unbridled vehemence of popular fury; and no man would gain even a hearing, but he who would be weak

* Here again we allude to what happened at the Middlesex election above referred to. We prefer giving matter of fact to forming hypotheses.

enough, or corrupt enough, to abet the preposterous wishes of the mob.

We have said that the people have, when left to themselves, generally, if not always, been the dupes of artful men. In order to prove our assertion, let us advert to those who have obtained a seat in Parliament by the meansabo ve alluded to; let us contemplate those who have been *the choice* of *the people*, when placed in the situation of senators; have they been the active, the vigorous, the enlightened benefactors to society? in general, if not universally, they will be found to have been totally useless; devoid of the talent, the wisdom, the experience, the cool dispassionate investigation, necessary to devise any measure for the good of the state; and no otherwise known to have been members of Parliament, than by occasionally, if not always, thwarting that which they could not make better, and calumniating those who, called to direct the councils of the nation, are doomed, by the licence which the constitution allows, to endure the revilings of envy, and the misrepresentations of malevolence. From that which has been the case hitherto, we may fairly

infer what the future would be, only increased beyond all calculation by the scheme proposed.

Thus would our Lower House be filled with those who, of all descriptions of men, are the least useful, the popular declaimers; the *dulness* of many may, perhaps, be accompanied with something that may have its use, it may bring forward information on particular subjects, where nothing more is required than plain matter of fact, which brighter minds may refine into something luminous. But in the talents which succeed with the rude mob, what was ever found worth the bringing forward into notice? What connection have they with the grand machine of the government of a great empire? They may indeed be serviceable to palliate iniquity or incapacity, and in this view they must be looked upon as most hostile to the interests of the people; but the factious are not very solicitous how much mischief happens, provided it be of their own making, though it sometimes happens, in the event, that they are the victims of it; the judges might decide contrary to the laws, and trample every legal principle under foot with impunity, provided all this were done

subserviently to popular ferment; and Jeffries himself might have been canonized in the calendar of patriots, had he wrested the law to *oppose* the King, instead of making it the instrument of the abuse of royal power.

To bring about this reform, to procure such a House of Commons as that which we contend ours would be, when chosen by a set of rabble-voters, extraordinary means must be employed; we say extraordinary, for our ancestors, having no sinister purposes to answer, provided all due means for procuring a fair representation of all who, in sound policy, had a right to be represented. Established rights and privileges must no longer be of any avail: these must be annihilated:

Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas:

prescriptions, sanctioned by regular grants, and acquiesced in for centuries, melt away; the text, that we are not to do wrong that good may come of it, rests upon high authority; but our reformers make so little account of it, that they are desirous of doing an evil, where all the good that is to come of it is problematical, however certain the evil may

be. They, therefore, have no objection to disfranchising ancient boroughs, on the ground that the population of these boroughs is not so great as it was formerly.* It is, in our opinion, no excuse to say, that the inhabitants of such boroughs shall have, as a compensation, a vote for the county in which the borough is situated, for, perhaps, as the *matter stands at present*, they may have a vote for the county; but if they have not, the giving them a vote for a county, makes a man one voter among ten thousand; whereas, in his vote for the borough, he might be one of five hundred, or of fifty, or even of five: for instance,—the borough of Old Sarum is almost deserted, and some few others are nearly in the same state, "Why should such places as these send members to Parliament?" cry our reformers. "Let them be disfranchised; no matter for the *right*." That is of no importance with them, good patriotic souls! But we, who candidly profess ourselves of the old school, may,

* Lord Bacon mentions, as one of the causes of sedition, the breaking of privileges.—See Essay on Seditions and Troubles.

perhaps be excused, if we declare ourselves not quite satisfied with this logic, and beg leave to suggest that, according to this mode of reasoning, there is not a charter, a right, a prescription, from one end of the kingdom to the other, that is safe. It would not be merely the borough of Old Sarum that would be attacked; and, consequently, it is not merely the borough of Old Sarum that we defend. It is a *principle* that we contend for; the borough alluded to may, perhaps, not have above half-a-dozen inhabitants left in it; the right is binding, great and little, many and few, are relative terms. And if the sophistry of the new school were to be adopted, wherever it can be shown that *any* alteration has taken place *in any* thing sanctioned by a charter, we may be told that the charter is become void, if it suit the views of the reformers that it should be so. What would be the outcry, if any of the courts of Westminster Hall were to lay down such doctrines, we may, without any apprehension as to the result, leave to every man to decide.

But we will suppose that the reformers prevail: all elections are popular, or, in other words,

solely decided by the voice of the people, without any interference from government or from the aristocracy. We have shown that the men who will now obtain seats, must have the faculty of addressing the mob in their own way, and would be expected to be loud in abusing all those who happen to be in power; and in this respect it is taken for granted that they do not disappoint the expectations of the electors; and we may likewise presume that they would not fail to show to the satisfaction of their masters, the electors, that nothing is necessary to the correcting all abuses but the choosing them, and such as them, for their members; accompanying their declarations with all possible assurances that they will anxiously watch over all the corruptions of government, and preserve inviolate the dignity and independence of the borough of ———. The artifice succeeds, the candidate is chosen: the chances are infinitely greater that the candidate, now the new member, will take his seat very quietly, and give himself no further trouble about his florid speech and his fair promises from the hustings; and all this *must* be the case, if he be such a man as the people, when

left to themselves, generally choose, because he has not any talents or faculties applicable to the business before him. But what is done by this? What is achieved? The effect will be this, that men of education, men of literary habits, men who are an honour to their age and country, will necessarily be excluded from a seat in the Lower House of Parliament; for if they possess these recommendations, they probably, if not certainly, do not possess the faculty of haranguing a rabble; and if they possess that dignity of mind which cultivated intellect never fails to confer, they will disdain the paltry arts of ingratiating themselves with those whose good opinion, not being founded on any basis either of integrity or intellect, they will wisely consider as beneath their regard.—

Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.

And thus, the best, the most honest, the most efficient individuals that the state can produce, will be excluded from those situations, where they could render the most service to the public. Let us conceive, for a moment, a man of the character

here described; let us suppose him willing to offer himself to represent some place in Parliament; but, before he begins his canvass, he is given to understand that he must exhibit on the hustings of a country town, the talents above stated; talents, perhaps, it may be said, better adapted to a mountebank than to a gentleman and a man of family.—Let us conceive the Clarendons, the Somerses, and the Falklands of the day in this situation, and that even *they* must adopt the course here pointed out, or forego their claim and retire. Or, to make the case still more our own, by instancing names more familiar; let us consider the venerable president of the Court of Admiralty, of the present day [1813], a man in all good learning "ORNATISSIMUS;" or the late Right Honourable William Pitt; or the heroes of the Peninsula, reduced to the alternative above alluded to; is there a GENTLEMAN but would feel disgust at the disgraceful conditions imposed on such men, or would any man of sane intellects pretend to maintain, that it would not be a public calamity that such men should be excluded from the House of Commons, because, forsooth, they could not please a body of

such electors? For, as we have stated above, the necessary consequences of this plan of Reform would be, that by increasing the number of the voters, which is to be brought about by lowering the qualification necessary to constitute a voter, our reformers would eventually exclude the characters above alluded to, from the power of offering themselves — and this as effectually, as if they were precluded by a positive vote from sitting in the House of Commons. And thus we might have again a *Parliamentum indoctorum*, the evil of which was so forcibly felt in the single instance which we read of, that it was never permitted to recur again: a sufficient reason, it is humbly conceived, for not making another experiment of the effects of it.

But, as it is absolutely necessary for the public good, the only criterion in a public question, that the worthy characters that we have just mentioned should be found in every Parliament; so, in addition to the right which such places as Old Sarum, &c. claim, (a right which no wise man will ever wish to see violated,) by the existence of such boroughs as are out of the reach of the popular

grasp it is plain that an accommodation arises to the community, as they open a door to men of retired habits of life and thinking, by which they can, without the harassing inconveniences of a canvass, become members; in which situation they may bring forward more wisdom and knowledge for the public good, than almost any other description of members may have had an opportunity of acquiring. And in this part of the scheme of the reformers, we discover the same spirit of sacrificing the public to their own private ends, that we have already traced in many other instances. But, though they may not choose to confess it, it is obvious that they feel the weight, the power, the influence that such men possess, as guardians of the state, and consequently would gladly remove them out of their way. And if their purpose be what few can doubt, the overthrow of the laws of the land, we can scarcely blame them; their antipathy is natural; and, in proportion as the veneration of the wise and good attends such men, will that antipathy increase.

We have already said that the choice of the people, when left to themselves, but rarely, if ever,

falls on such men as can be of service in promoting the interests of the empire. We may add, that, however such men may have affected to be the friends of the people, they have generally sought only their private interests. We will suppose one of this description becomes the minister of the day, raised to that "painful pre-eminence" by the voice of the people who have made the welkin ring with acclamation that at last their wishes were gratified; their prayers were heard; their idol is raised; the man of the people is minister. The people will now *enjoy* that which before they could only contemplate as a phantom, Liberty; for corruption is now no more!!! What are his measures? Are the rights of the people and the grievances under which he has *repeatedly told them that* they groan, the peculiar objects of his care? No: as soon as he is warm in his seat, and the gazette has announced that his friends and partizans are all placed in battle-array to support him;—he brings in a bill*, the obvious effect of which is to invest the House

* A Bill for the regulation of the affairs of India. We speak from fact.

of Commons, which House of Commons he could always, by means of this bill, contrive to have in his interest, with such powers and patronage as would enable him to set at defiance the Crown, the House of Lords, the people and every recognised power in the state. — So much for the leaders of the people, the men of the people, the enemies of corruption, the virtuous patriots.

Quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore!

And now what is the consequence? that which reason points out would be the consequence; the people, his former friends, and among them many persons of real worth, who, in an evil hour, had given the patriot credit for honesty, indignant that they had been duped by an impostor, desert him. He is driven from the helm, and retires amidst the hoots and hisses of all, to disgrace brought on him by himself; a disgrace which all his subsequent pains and exertions were never able entirely to do away.

"If thou beest he — but O how fall'n! — how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads though bright!"

We adduce not this as *a single* instance: the infirmity is epidemical among that class of men who *call themselves* the men of the people. If this be any extenuation of the apostasy, the manes of the patriot are welcome to it.

It requires no great sagacity to foresee what would be the proceedings of a Parliament chosen by such voters, and formed of such members as have been described; a Parliament from which learning and talent for business would be excluded; from which every man who held an office in the state, would, because all such would be considered as under influence, be deemed unfit to have the confidence of the people. If the measures of government were attacked, and attacked they certainly would be, without any reference to merit or demerit, who would be there to defend them? who would be present to answer any charge?—a solitary Chancellor of the Exchequer,—or, perhaps, he might be permitted to be aided by a few,—half a score, at the most, of his colleagues, who would be doomed to endure the storm of popular frenzy; and to abide the tumultuous decision of those, who were wholly unable to judge of the merits of the

case before them, to judge what was fittest, or even what was practicable! With such a tribunal, what man could ever expect justice; and without that security, what man would be rash enough to accept an office? Or would any one say that the affairs of the nation can be conducted on such plain and obvious principles, as the generality of mankind can comprehend? Were the experiment but attempted to be made, the united empire would soon feel its inability to contend against even the meanest potentate that might draw his sword against her. Or where is the man who would, or could, whatever might be the powers of his understanding, accept an office, on the terms of popular favour only? — *arbitrio popularis auræ.* — Many measures will a minister be compelled to adopt, that may, to the indiscriminating observer, have an ungracious aspect; but which, when thoroughly understood, may be found highly advantageous to the community, or, if not productive of positive advantage, may be defended on the ground of necessity; — yet of this advantage, or of this necessity, very few have it in their power to form an accurate judgment; and pride and prejudice may influence the

decisions of those who may not be precluded by ignorance. To comprehend the expediency of measures, may require intimate knowledge of the intentions of other states, or of the resources of our own; its funds, its population, its manufactures, its virtues, and its vices; and what is of no less importance, the state of popular feeling.

We do not give this as a new axiom in politics. The authority of antiquity might be quoted to support it. Nothing is more easy than to censure any measure that the wisest minister ever planned; the difficulty is to devise those measures that may be least objectionable; and in proportion as the number of objects which demand the attention is increased, so much greater must that difficulty be.

But we are told that there exists an influence from without, which destroys the independence of the House of Commons, and which the Reform proposed could do away; the influence of peers and opulent men, exerted in procuring the election of persons whom they wish to provide for or promote, or where some interest of their own is concerned. Yet even here, we do not feel the tre-

pitulations of our opponents. In this interference, we as frequently see the person so put in, enlist under the banners of the popular party, as under those of the government; the inclinations of the peer who procured such persons to be elected, generally determining which side the member thus returned shall take; in which cases it frequently happens that the *people gain* one more advocate; so that what is lost by influence in one instance, is compensated by what is gained in another, and thus no injury is sustained. And to the honour of our nobility and great men be it stated, it has frequently happened that the nation has been indebted for some of the wisest * and best men that ever held a seat in its councils, to this, I will venture to say, salutary influence, which affords another mode of admission into Parliament for those who might be excluded by popular prejudice, or by the want of what we must call borough-connexions.

To our opponents it may be as music to the

* The late Mr. Pitt sat for Appleby, by the assistance of a Peer of the realm.

ears of the deaf, to say that the influence thus exerted has been proved by many sagacious politicians, to be the necessary result of the connexion between landlord and tenant, or to be referable to the sway that wealth and elevated rank will ever bear in a country where the grand energies by which the inhabitants grow opulent, are permitted to act in all their vigour. We therefore deny that it is an evil; it is one of the links by which society is kept together; it is almost referable to necessity, and might almost be predicted as what would take place in a country, the constitution of which resembled that of England.

This interference, therefore, stands proved, as we conceive, to be unavoidable, and even to be productive, in many instances, of good; to be founded in the nature of wealth and prosperity; and not to be removed, if it were possible that it should be removed, without essentially injuring the vital interests of the kingdom: and of the injury thus sustained, any reasonable man may be convinced, who reflects on the benefits arising from whatever forms a connection between the different ranks and classes of society.

But a more glaring evil still remains to be considered; more glaring, as appearing to militate against the law of the land, more strongly than any of those as yet enumerated! We mean what is asserted by some, that seats are subjects of bargain and sale; and that this traffic is so openly carried on, that no one can doubt it. Admitting, for argument sake, that the fact is so, without asserting it, or making ourselves responsible for the accuracy of the assertion, we wish fairly to consider the quantum of moral or physical evil contained in the custom, or the inconvenience arising from it, and perhaps, if we do not admit clamour for argument, or rage for reason, the evil, or the inconvenience, will be found much less than was at first imagined. From the experience we have had, the members who have come into Parliament by this method, have been in general as independent and as well informed, have been as zealous in the discharge of their Parliamentary duties as any other description of members: the public, therefore, have been no *sufferers* by the practice. In most instances, they have been gentlemen de-

sirous of coming forward in business, of employing their talents in a way from which they found themselves excluded, except by the means now made use of. Not unfrequently have such members taken the popular side in debates. And what can the most suspicious apprehend, even supposing the practice grossly irregular? Does any one imagine that our lives are so weakly defended, or our liberties so ill defined, or so feebly established by the wisdom and courage of our ancestors, that it would be in the power of a score or two of gentlemen who *had purchased* seats in the House of Commons, to deprive us of the one or the other? Who has ever been deprived by members of this description, of any of his comforts? This practice, like that which we have already had occasion to notice, may be perhaps one of the concomitants of the great wealth of the nation; of wealth, bringing with it ten thousand blessings to those who are contented to enjoy the good which Providence has bestowed upon them, without seeking to attain unattainable perfection, either from the want of duly appreciating what they

themselves possess, or to destroy the happiness of others from a spirit of envy or malevolence, of ambition or avarice.

Thanks to the wisdom of our forefathers, under the blessing of that Providence, the constitution of this country has been so well matured and digested; the several parts of it are formed so exactly to support and correct each other, that it is not in the power of any one of the branches of the legislature to destroy either of the others. The power which each independently possesses, always enables it to preserve itself, and to give its weight and influence to support either of the others when in danger. Of this, history furnishes instances without number; the Lords have rallied round the throne, when the throne has been endangered from the inroads of the Commons; the Commons have done the same, when the danger was apprehended from the Lords; and when the Crown was conceived to have overstepped the boundaries established by the law, the two Houses of Parliament have undauntedly and effectually united their powers to provide the remedy.

We flatter ourselves that we have produced

arguments against the Reform of Parliament as proposed, which our readers will admit to be of force. We have shown that by extending the right of voting, we constitute a number of voters still less competent to judge of the merits of a candidate, than the major part of the people show themselves to be, even as the law stands at present: — that therefore we may reasonably expect that those, who would be returned to Parliament by such voters, would be neither wise nor virtuous; that the evils complained of in our Representation in no instance produce any practical inconvenience; but on the contrary, solid and substantial good, by affording means for able men to come into Parliament, who otherwise would be precluded. We have shown that it is necessary for the purposes of justice, that the officers of government should be eligible, in order that the merits of public men should be investigated with more candour; that those men who have risen to great political eminence by humouring the people, have, when in power, shown themselves devoid of consistency, we had almost said of common probity; and the first to violate

those principles, by the profession of which they became powerful. If we are correct in our hypothesis, we do not conceive that the arguments of our opponents, whenever they may think proper to bring them forward, can be very numerous or very conclusive, and may hope that a moderate portion of intellect, joined to no great quantity of common honesty, will enable the larger half of the community to discover how vain are the pretensions of those who seek to delude them; and dispose them to rest contented, unpolluted with the spirit of innovation, and thankful that in the general wreck of kingdoms and states, which the continent of Europe at this time [1813] exhibits—their lot is fallen on a good ground, where every man may worship God in the way he prefers, and lie down at night on his bed in peace and charity with his neighbour.

It may not be totally inapplicable to our present subject, to consider what is required by our reformers, exclusively as an innovation, for as Parliamentary innovation is no new thing in this country, it may be prudent to consider what has been *done* by former innovators, and what was the

consequence. For we read in history, that when the rulers of the people, being determined on a thorough godly reformation!

> "when hypocrisy and nonsense
> Had got th' advowson of their conscience,"

made great innovations in the established order of things, and, more especially in the two Houses of Parliament, the people at last found, that, whatever they had *given* up, they had *gained* nothing; their rulers, indeed, in compliance with whose requisitions they had made great sacrifices, had been benefited; they had secured to themselves something to gratify their avarice or their ambition; but it was at the people's expense, who then discovered, by lamentable experience, that acquiescence in one demand, did but enable their factious rulers to insist with more vehemence on a second; and were we now to permit the advocates for reform to become the rulers of the people, there is no doubt that the same effects would be produced by *their* systems, as were produced by those of their predecessors in the reign of Charles the First. We see but little difference between

the spirit of 1640, and that of 1818, and should wish to have a satisfactory answer, whether, were the demands of the reformers to be acquiesced in, they would even then be quiet? or would not such acquiescence rather be made the ground of a second demand? would they rest contented with *reforming*? would they stop short of ANNIHILATION? are the lowest orders of the people in general so moderate in their demands, that they may be trusted, so that generosity, however lavish or ill-timed on the part of the legislature, would not produce insolent importunity on theirs? for unless this be ascertained, until it be shown that the rabble would learn moderation by success, until it be shown that the madness of the people was in any instance restrained by their becoming masters, it seems little less than trusting a sword in the hands of a maniac, to comply with their present demands.

Is the experience of ages nothing? is every emergency, is every feature of the times, to be considered as a new case? What were the factions of Rome and Athens, if in any instance they gained the ascendancy? If schools and colleges

are founded, if students are expected to read, and to become conversant with the historians of antiquity, for Heaven's sake let us have the practical benefit of becoming wise by their precepts, and not run into dangers, of which they would warn us; and, perhaps, teach us how to avoid; let us make them really the

KTHMA 'EΣ 'AEI.

If we cannot improve that which our ancestors have done for us, — at least let us not injure the mighty fabric which their labours have reared, — the work of centuries to construct, and the glory of the world when completed!

Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet IMPERIUMQUE FRANGAT.

Before we dismiss from our minds the objections to the measure proposed, which occur to us from its being an innovation, it may be to our purpose to attend to the opinion of a great man, whom we have quoted once before *, Lord Bacon, in order

* Essay on Innovation. He likewise says, "and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change,

to show what were his ideas on the subject. He tells us, it is good also not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident. In this quotation, every syllable applies to us with infinitely more force than to any other instance for which it might be quoted; for here no necessity exists, for the nation enjoys every practical benefit without it; and no utility is evident, because it is so far from being useful, that it would be an injury, by increasing, to a dangerous excess, the democratic influence in elections which already exists to as great an extent as is safe with respect to the other energies proper to be exerted, and therefore proper to be protected on such occasions; and to give, *out of* Parliament, an ascendency to the mob, which would bring with it inevitable ruin, by endangering the existence of Parliament itself; for when have the people been adequate, either as to power or inclination, even to defend their country by their own wisdom or their

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and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation:" — this we conceive to be very necessary in the change meditated in our Parliament.

own activity? To comprehend the force of this question, let any man turn to the orations of Demosthenes, when Athens was menaced by the overgrown ambition of Philip; — let him observe what address was necessary on the part of the orator, to give some degree of consistency to the vacillating politics of a tumultuous republic, or to rouse a whole people from their indolence, their pleasures, their vices, to arm themselves against certain destruction. We say address, for it was not mere cogency of argument that would have produced the effect he desired: if the orator had, in well-turned periods, poured forth the language of reproach and honest indignation, he might have excited their malice and their resentment, but he would never have stimulated their patriotism; for, be it known, in proportion as the people, by which phrase we mean the lower orders, the clamorous, and the factious, grow powerful, in the same ratio does their laziness and their indifference as to the public good, increase; and thus, while we were *gloriously* encouraging and pampering the people in all their vices, we should ultimately find that our improvements in the constitution of the country

had only destroyed our resources and paralysed our energies, and thus opened a door for the secret arts or open force of the common enemy. For, as it is unquestionably true that there are, within the kingdom, those who, from depravity of heart, are the enemies, and would be the subverters of the constitution, did but our government relax in its vigilance; so is it most true, that there is a modern Philip [1813] ready to avail himself of any opportunity that might be offered him; though, in one respect, the Athenians were more fortunate than we, for the hand of death has closed the eyes of our modern Demosthenes, whose eloquence was the first trumpet to sound the alarm, when scarcely the most alert perceived the danger, when the turbulent spirit of the lower classes, which many are now endeavouring to raise again, was, with the cry of liberty and equality, exerting all its power to annihilate every thing that had the sanction of law to support it. Such is the nature and tendency of the innovation proposed, and such the blessings that may be expected from it!!! Let us now turn our attention to a more pleasing prospect; the contemplation of the good we enjoy.

In order to ascertain the advantages we derive from the House of Commons, constituted as it is, let us consider of what it is capable. It will easily be conceived, that the demands of a nation, whose only pursuit is war, must be few; recruit your army, and almost all the business of the state is done: plunder may supply food and clothing; but how numerous are the concerns and interests of a commercial country like Great Britain! — to regulate and to legislate for these, what various knowledge, what different species of talent are requisite! infinitely too great for any one mind to possess. It has been observed, that in England there are more methods of gaining an honest livelihood than in any other country hitherto known; if this be true, let any one reflect how much of burden is imposed on the legislature by this circumstance; — all are to be protected, all are to be encouraged; not merely the trade that is carried on in the metropolis or in Birmingham, but the commerce also which is necessary to that trade, in all its ramifications and bearings, from Greenland to Cape Horn; from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. Trace this care throughout the

various departments of commerce, through all the complicated demands of necessity or luxury, and then let the question be asked, what kind of intellect is useless in a House of Commons, provided it be capable of being applied to the pursuits of men. What description of persons, then, would you exclude? for the unavoidable effect of this reform would be to exclude some of the most useful men that the country possesses, as we hope to prove. Would you exclude the military officer; the naval officer; because these may be considered as dependent on the crown for promotion to the command of armies and navies? Would you exclude the lawyer, lest the hopes of the seals should influence his vote? the merchant, the stockbroker, the manufacturer? — the pursuit of any one of these may occasionally be the subject of debate; and who so competent to legislate on these several points, as the persons most accustomed to consider them minutely? Would you exclude these, for the purpose of admitting the uninformed man, or the man of desperate fortune? — In the wide-extended dominion of the Corsican usurper, [1813] no such

necessity of consulting the wants of the public exists. If he permits no commerce that shall supply the demands of his people, he has an army ready to stifle their cries, but in England this is not the case; here ten thousand subjects for legislation arise, not known either in France or elsewhere. Let a man consider what a House of Commons of England ought to be, in order that it may do justice to the various, and in many respects intricate, interests of the country; and then let him ask himself whether it be possible to form a senate, whose office it is to promote the welfare of a nation, such as we have represented England to be, better calculated to answer that purpose than the House of Commons, constituted as it is at present, by condensing the various talents requisite for public business, in a greater degree than perhaps was ever done in any other popular assembly whatever. Where was ever found an individual who had occasion for the assistance of Parliament, who has not found men in that assembly, able to judge of the merits of his case? or who was ever precluded from a patient hearing, provided the language in which his tale was couched was conformable to the rules of decency,

to those rules which every man requires for himself, and which the nature and dignity of all public bodies require to be observed towards them? Even the spirit of party, which is ever found in great political assemblies, has this one advantage to compensate fifty evils that it engenders; it brings every thing to argument, *pro* and *con*: the two parties as regularly set themselves to oppose each other, as the counsel on a trial at the Old Bailey, where one advocate says all he can in behalf of the prosecutor, and the other for the defendant; and, from the two, the Court and the Jury elicit the truth; the same effect is produced in the House of Commons; and perhaps it has seldom happened that the ultimate decision formed on any point, has been other than what prudence or necessity dictated. If any man feel dissatisfied with the representation of the people of England, let him see the senates* of other countries, and he will learn perhaps, from them, the difficulty of constituting public assemblies so as to render them in every respect ade-

* We would recommend to our readers the perusal of De Lolme's valuable work on the Constitution of England.

quate to the purposes for which they were constituted, restraining the violence to which disquisition* has a natural tendency, yet preserving that freedom, without which disquisition would be nugatory. Yet this happy medium has Great Britain found; and is now called upon, if the *nation please to have it so*, under the specious pretence of reform, eventually to sacrifice it; to surrender it on the summons of the ignorant or the artful; without the remotest prospect of receiving any practical benefit from a measure so fraught with evil.

To avoid the necessity of making such a sacrifice, let us be true to ourselves; to insure the possession of the benefits above enumerated, we are not called upon to make any exertion to obtain them; we enjoy them already; we are, as the orator of old told the Athenians, κυριοι της ψηφου, we are in possession, and all that is required of us is, not to do voluntarily, wilfully, and blindly, that which would deprive us of them; not to suffer our-

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* Modesty and moderation in words, never was, nor ever will be, observed in popular councils, whose foundation is liberty of speech.

Lord Clarendon's Hist. Reb. book 1.

selves to be deluded by those, who, to speak of them in the most favourable terms, are very incompetent judges of reason or expediency, though very severe tyrants, whenever they are permitted to gain any ascendancy. Resist the first attempt at innovation, the second is prevented; but give way to the first, and you know not to what extent you are pledged. In the reign of Charles the First, the bishops were excluded from the House of Lords, and Lord Falkland voted for it; but when he saw to what lengths innovation was afterwards carried, he sincerely regretted the consent which he had given. Encourage the same spirit now, and we may soon hear the House of Lords spoken of as "the other house;" and the House of Lords and every thing else, either useful or venerable, laid prostrate at the foot of some artful demagogue, who, laughing at our folly, will establish, like Cromwell, his greatness on the ruin of ours.

We do not think so humbly of the intellects or the patriotism of the majority of the nation, as to suppose that they will suffer themselves to be the dupes of such politics: — we have among us, the spirits of those worthy men, though they them-

selves may now be no more, who frequently, in the House of Commons and elsewhere, warned the nation of the snare that was spread under their feet; and we hope and trust that the warning was not in vain, but that all who do not prefer riot and disorder to peace and security, will join heart and hand to aid the government to defeat one of the most ruinous projects that was ever obtruded on a people.

We expect that our opponents will object to us, that the author of the Commentaries on the Laws of England, whom we have had occasion to quote, has expressed himself in terms amounting very nearly to an approbation of a Reform in Parliament; and we readily admit that, whatever may be his encomium on the laws respecting Parliaments, he has said, "if any alteration might be wished, or suggested in the present frame of Parliaments, it should be in favour of a more complete representation of the people."* How far it may be perfectly discreet in an author writing on a grand political question, to throw out a hint at an imperfection,

* See Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. i. p. 171. et seqq.

without defining accurately what it is and pointing out a remedy for it, I leave to profounder understandings than mine; the learned author has already told us, that there is hardly a free agent to be found, but what is entitled to a vote in some part of the kingdom or other; he has told us, that it is expedient that agents who are not free, should not have votes, lest they should become corrupt,—and yet a hint is thrown out, that we want a *more complete* representation of the people. If we are not mistaken, Sir W. Blackstone is sometimes to be detected in saying and unsaying the same proposition; and until it be accurately ascertained what alteration in the constitution could remedy so singular a defect as that above stated, that is to say, the incomplete representation of the people, when there is hardly a free agent in the kingdom but has a vote, and only such are entirely excluded, as can have no will of their own, and those who are esteemed to have no will of their own ought not to vote, as all popular states have admitted by their conduct, we really are at a loss to discover. We might make an alteration, without making any improvement in our system.

But, allowing to Sir W. Blackstone's observation, that a more complete representation of the people is desirable, (an observation in which we do not concur with him) all the weight possible; what is it compared with the skill and judgment manifested in settling the right and mode of voting, in arranging the claims of the landed and commercial interests, a skill and judgment to which Sir W. Blackstone himself, notwithstanding any objections that he might have, bears testimony?—a mere nothing!

Or even supposing, for argument's sake, that real evils did exist, and we only suppose it for argument's sake; and that some intellect, luminous, without doubt, above the usual lot of man, could devise something by which this evil might either be palliated or removed; is this a time to reject old habits and customs, and disturb the public mind by futile innovations? to throw aside that which is venerable in system, for its antiquity, to adopt that, which "though it be not rejected, yet ought to be held for a suspect," as Lord Bacon expresses it; which will require the lapse of centuries to acquire the same interest in the minds, or the same hold

on the affections, of the people, as the exploded establishment had. Far more probable is it, the system thus adopted would be superseded long before time has shown either its merits, or its defects, to make room for another, which, in its turn, might yield to a third, at the pleasure of those who might gain power sufficient with the people for the purpose, and thus the energies of the nation be exhausted in a succession of fruitless experiments, till, at last, as in the instance of the Commonwealth, established on the destruction of monarchy in the time of Charles I., the people gladly return to their former mode of government, and hail him as the deliverer of their country, whom they had before persecuted, and driven into exile.

It now remains that we notice the second part of the proposed innovation, the making Parliaments triennial, instead of being, as they now stand, septennial. We call it an innovation: for, notwithstanding at one period since the Revolution, our Parliaments were triennial, yet as for divers prudent reasons the law was altered, the *restoration* of Parliaments to a duration of three years is as much an innovation, with respect to us,

after the lapse of near a century, as if they had *always* been for seven years; — with this difference, which is with us an argument against such innovation, that we return to that which, upon making a fair experiment, was rejected. — We will quote the words of Mr. Justice Blackstone on the subject * — "The utmost extent of time that the same Parliament was allowed to sit by the statute 6 W. and M. c. 2. was three years — After the expiration of which, reckoning from the return of the first summons, the Parliament was to have no longer continuance. — But by the statute 1 Geo. 1. s. 2. c. 28., (in order professedly to prevent the great and continued expenses of frequent elections, and the violent heats and animosities consequent thereupon, and for the peace and security of the Government, then just recovering from the late rebellion) this term was prolonged to seven years." So that it appears that the experiment was made for about twenty-eight years, and then an alteration took place. That the grounds alleged as the reason of the alteration existed as facts, we cannot

* Commentaries, vol. i. p. 189.

reasonably doubt; neither can we well doubt that the same reasons exist at present that prompted the alteration at the time when it was made, whether it be the expenses — the heats or the animosities; for though we no longer hear resounded through our streets "roundhead and cavalier" — "Whig and Tory" — "Jacobin and Aristocrat" — or "Pitt and Fox," the cry may be as loud and the ferment as great, that are excited by the Reformers of Parliament against septennial Parliaments and the settled order of things, as on any of the occasions above alluded to. It is therefore the duty of our governors, because it is the interest of the community, to prevent as much as possible, the recurrence of those events which are calculated to create heats and animosities, and to endanger the public security; and though it may be truly said that by the wise and prudent measures, and generally speaking, the success of the plans, of the Administration of the present day, the splendid achievements of our fleets and armies, and the degraded state of the common enemy, many fears and apprehensions have been done away, and confidence is reposed in our rulers, yet

those know but little of *the people*, who suppose that the most consummate integrity or the profoundest wisdom, attended with the most prosperous issue of their labours, would ensure to any administration that support from the mob, which would be proof against the attacks of such as would wish to render them dissatified. And as at all elections there are many whose interest it is to render them dissatisfied, and to humour, in every sense of the word, the passions and prejudices of the electors, — the period of an election is always, and must necessarily be, from the nature of things, a season of turbulence and riot, a general nuisance to all who are disposed to live peaceably in their habitations.

In addition to the argument above stated, which, whatever weight it may have with the patriots of the present day, was certainly considered as important a century ago, it may be urged that, as the law of elections stands at present, no small inconvenience must necessarily arise, in the discharge of the business of the public, from the making Parliaments triennial. Till the passing what is called the "Grenville Act" which gave the

House of Commons a power of appointing Committees to try contested elections, the mode of proceeding, which the rejected candidate was obliged to adopt, was by an information in the Court of King's Bench, to try the legality of certain votes which he contended ought not to have been admitted; and by the admission of which, a majority was created against him, and consequently he lost his election. The House of Commons, considering this mode to be objectionable on many accounts, caused an act to be passed, generally known by the name of the Grenville Act; under which the party aggrieved may present his petition, and a Committee will be ballotted for, to try the merits of such petition. Now it is very well known that many Petitions of this kind are presented on the meeting of every new Parliament:—and if any petition should occupy a large portion of time, or remain long on the table of the House before it can be decided, and both these circumstances must in the nature of things be expected,—the necessary consequence will be that no small part of the existence of a triennial Parliament will be spent in deciding whether A or B ought to sit

as member for the borough of * * *; during all which time the said borough of * * *, if it send but one member to Parliament, must either remain unrepresented, or be represented by a member who perhaps ought not to have been returned, and consequently the people of the borough are not represented by the man of their choice. Is not this an inconvenience?—to our apprehensions, a very great one; for it will produce this effect; that as any gentleman who offers himself as a candidate, may be liable to the inconvenience and expense here alluded to, he will consider whether three years' enjoyment of a seat in the House of Commons will be worth all the trouble and anxiety attending a contested election,—in which he may find himself involved. In many instances, the candidate must decline such a contest: his fortune, if he has a family, may not be able to bear it, or would not recover the injury it would sustain before a second contest would be necessary, that is to say, at the end of three years. And this would operate as another obstacle to good and worthy men getting admission, and tend to throw the representation of the people into the hands of a set

of desperate adventurers, who, having once obtained a seat in Parliament, might look to the minister for a compensation for their losses.

For this reason, were there no other, the pretended reform in Parliament ought to receive, from all who are anxious to maintain the real dignity of Parliament, the most decided disapprobation. And most earnestly do we hope, that the majority of the nation feel thus anxious for its *dignity*; sensible, as they can but be, that, *that* once gone, Parliament, as the grand source of public security, is no more.

How much better then is that which the law of the land has defined as the fittest term for the duration of Parliaments, than that which is to be substituted in its stead! and what is the foundation for the alarm in the mind of any man who does not suffer himself to be scared by phantoms and the absurd bodings of waywardness and folly, that the member is under the influence of the minister, when the minister himself is under the influence of the Parliament and of the people likewise! For it is to be remembered, that though the people are represented, they are not anni-

hilated as a body, nor are they silenced as to the expression of their sentiments. In order to make this more clear, we will suppose the minister of the day to be corrupt, and in every respect unfit for his office. Has there been any period, from the Revolution down to the present moment, when there was not some one in the house who felt it his duty, or, what is more to the purpose, his interest, to oppose such a minister? and when has there ever been such a decided opposition, without its ultimately driving him from his place? If the opposing member was not remunerated in any other way, which is not very likely, the popularity he acquired has proved an ample source of gratification; and, in such a case, what minister is there who would not feel the necessity of yielding to popular opinion? or, if Parliament failed to exert its force by its own suggestions, the people, and here it might not be the rabble only, would soon make their sentiments known to their representatives, and give them to understand what they expected from them. What we here state as hypothetical, may be confirmed by fact. What was it that removed Lord North from his situation? The

American war had been proceeded in, till the nation was tired of it, but the minister was not disposed, or was not able to make a peace. What was the consequence? The opposition spoke the language of the nation; and, therefore, was supported; and the minister resigned. Yet, at this time, let it be remembered, Parliaments were septennial. This is the second instance that we have recorded, where the sense of the people has prevailed, and this too, though Parliament was of such a duration as made it, according to the language of our sapient adversaries, the tool of the minister ! ! !

Let us, however, consider how, supposing Parliaments are corrupt, and that the corruption arises from their being called for seven years, the evil is to be cured, by calling them for three only: because, even though it were proved that the evil exists, it does not follow that the remedy prescribed would cure it. To us it seems that it would only shorten the duration of the minister's influence; it would not diminish its power while that influence existed. Any bargain that may be supposed, may be as binding for three years as for

seven. If we are told that the responsibility of the member to his constituents is increased by the more frequent recurrence of elections, we will readily admit the fact, but deny that it follows that Parliament would be more *pure* from that recurrence; for every *new* member that might be returned, might be as open to a new bargain as he that was superseded; the purity would, in both cases, equally depend not only upon the representative, but also upon the electors, who are as likely to be *factious* * and corrupt, as the member is to be *venal* and corrupt; and it would be as impure in a member to sacrifice the public good, by cajoling the people in order to secure his election, as it would be to do the same act to procure a bribe from a minister. We frankly avow ourselves of the opinion of those who contend that a member ought to go perfectly *free* and *unshackled* into the House, to recollect that he is to legislate for "THE WHOLE," and to feel himself divested of all party squabbles and brawls, — the

* And here we beg leave once more to refer to the Middlesex Election.

affairs of a nation cannot be conducted on the same simple principle that may regulate the politics of a vestry. And to suppose that the people would choose upon real, substantial grounds of recommendation, is scarcely to be hoped; in fact, it has rarely happened, and, consequently, whenever it has been the case, it is to be considered as the exception, not the example, to the rule. Neither is there any reason to suppose, as far as history speaks on the subject, that when Parliaments were triennial, they were less under the control of the minister. Even at that time, improper persons were occasionally chosen, and, when chosen, would act as corruptly as if they had reckoned on a seven years' tenure of their seats, so that, as it appears, the evil sustained by the expense, the riot, and the profligacy which attend a general election, are certain, and any good that can be supposed to ensue is problematical.

If we are asked, which we should in reason consider as the greater evil, the acting under the influence of the minister, or of a set of rabble voters, such persons, that is to say, as would become voters under the new arrangement, we do

not hesitate to affirm, that we consider the latter as the greater evil. The minister, whom a member might support, has a certain degree of credit to maintain, which would, *primâ facie*, prompt him to his duty. In the course of that duty, he must pursue certain measures, which make it requisite that he should be supported: without that support there would be no government; and until it be plain that the minister be either corrupt or incapable, it is the duty of a member to support him. With the mob, there is no such credit; they generally act, not from judgment, but from feeling; and whoever considered the feeling manifested by the rabble as a sound principle, in which any confidence, even as to consistency, could be placed? The favourite of one day has been the exile of the next:

> " O thou fond many, with what loud applause
> Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolinbroke,
> Before he was what thou would'st have him be!"

Hitherto we have considered the House of Commons, in the strict sense of the phrase, as the representatives of the people. We have considered its electors, and, as far as was necessary

for our purpose, its faculties and its operations. But it may still farther claim our attention, from certain other peculiarities connected with it, not arising entirely from itself, but from its relative situation with respect to the other branches of the legislature, or, more generally, with the state and condition of the kingdom at large.

In our opinion, the nation draws no inconsiderable advantage from the House of Commons, forming a *third* estate, not merely as forming *another* estate, but as being a *third.*

Had there been but *one* other estate, in case of any disagreement between the two, the House of Commons could only have formed an opposing power to that other; and supposing it but equal to that other, could only have impeded it in its operations; or, had it been more powerful, it might have controlled and overwhelmed it, and, consequently, that other would have been reduced to a mere nullity. Thus, in the one case, the nation might have been distracted by a contest between two powers for the mastery, or, in the other, have been left at the mercy of the predominant power, of whatever description it might be. But by being

a *third* estate, it is not only an *assisting* power to both the others, provided they act in obedience to the laws; but where either does not, it can unite with that which is in danger, and, by so doing, act as a preservative of the *constitution*, from its intimate connexion with the people as a mass; and this advantage is increased, from being the organ by which their wants * are brought forward, and become the basis of laws; without reference to its being composed of persons recognised as the representatives of counties, boroughs, &c. &c., individually. And so long as it preserves that character, so long will it continue to diffuse security on all, and be the grand bulwark against the inroads of the two other states, but no longer.

But the mischief is, that the clamour and suspicion that may be necessary in a republic, where, from the feebleness of the constitution, any man who, by wealth, or probity, or talent, is raised above the common level, becomes formidable, is

* The greater number of Acts of Parliament originate in the House of Commons.

excited here where monarchy is so firmly established as the fountain of honour, that all who gain honour must necessarily receive it thence, as the only source, and hold it subordinate to that power which conferred it: nothing, therefore, is to be apprehended from the most splendid talents or the most consummate virtue. Of this jealousy, so natural in republics, we meet with many instances among the ancients. Cornelius Nepos closes his life of Miltiades with these words: "Namque Athenienses propter Pisistrati tyrannidem, quæ paucis annis ante fuerat, omnium suorum civium potentiam extimescebant. Sed in Miltiade erat cum summa humanitas, tum mira comitas, ut nemo tam humilis esset ut non ad eum aditus pateret; magna auctoritas apud omnes civitates, nobile nomen, laus rei militaris maxima. Hæc populus respiciens maluit eum innoxium plecti, quam se diutius esse in timore!" And though we cannot applaud the justice of the Athenians, their conduct may be accounted for by the weakness of the species of government under which they lived.

To demonstrate the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of political gratitude, which is found in republics, and in kingdoms, likewise, where the government is exclusively monarchical *, Macchiavel has the following passage: "E tanto dunque naturale questo sospetto nei principi che non sene posson difendere ed è impossibile ch' eglino usino gratitudine a quelli che con vittoria hanno fatto sotto l'insegne loro grandi acquisti. E da quello che non si difende un principe, non è miracolo; nè cosa degna di maggiore considerazione sè un popolo non sene difende." The same author, a little farther on, adds, "Ma l'ingratitudine usata a Scipione nacque da un sospetto che i Cittadini cominciarono avere di lui che degli altri non s'era avuta, il quale nacque dalla grandezza del nemico che Scipione aveva vinto, dalla riputazione ch' egli aveva data la vittorià di sì lunga e pericolosa guerra, dalla celerità di essa, da i favori che la gioventù, la prudenza e le altre sue memorabili virtù gli acquistavano,—le quali cose furono tante che, non che altro, i magistrati di Roma te-

* Discorsi, lib. i. cap. 29.

mevano della sua autorità, la qual cosa spiaceva agli vomini savj, come cosa inconsueta in Roma. E parve tanto straordinario il vivere suo, che Catone prisco, riputato santo, fù il primo a fargli contra, e a dire ch' una Città non si poteva chiamare libera, dove era un cittadino che fusse temuto dai magistrati." So that those very virtues which excited the admiration of all who witnessed them, caused him who was endowed with them to be suspected, and the greatest benefits conferred on his country, became the source, and established the necessity, of punishment; and this, not from the temper of the times, but from the inherent evil of the constitution of the country.

Neither is the fate of the two heroes above named to be considered as solitary instances; the fear which produced the punishment of Miltiades and of Scipio, must have operated in the same way in numberless other instances; but, by quoting these two, we have shown in what manner great men must expect to be treated, when the people are their masters.

But in England the case is different; for, by the excellence of our Constitution, we are enabled to do

what very few kingdoms, and certainly no republics, have ever been able to do:—TO BE GRATEFUL— a power which Macchiavel himself seems scarcely to have deemed possible. We can confer honour and wealth, without at the same time conferring power; and thus the annals of our country exhibit a degree of political justice which is sought in those of other countries in vain. If General Churchill could, by superior military talent, defeat the ambitious views of Lewis the Fourteenth, his sovereign could, without endangering the state, elevate him to the highest honour to which an English subject could arrive; and as long as the empire of Great Britain shall stand, the name of the Duke of Marlborough will be remembered with honour, and with gratitude: the same may be observed in the instance of the immortal heroes of the Nile, and the Peninsula; whatever honours their sovereign may have conferred on them, the safety of the Constitution can never be brought into jeopardy by them. Ingratitude, in our Constitution, is as needless as it would be disgraceful. Our heroes have no ostracism to fear; and of course more talent can be exhibited with safety to

the possessor, in defence of Great Britain, than could in any of the boasted nations of antiquity. And this is to be attributed solely to the well-compacted frame of our government not resting on *any one abstract* principle, as a Palladium, of which we might be deprived; but supported by numberless resources, and forming a mighty fabric, which nothing short of consummate wisdom, under a gracious Providence, could have reared, and which, perhaps, nothing but our own corruptions or folly can destroy. We need not be apprehensive that it is to be injured by septennial Parliaments, by a few gentlemen purchasing seats in the House of Commons, even supposing the fact to be as some state it, by the officers of government sitting as members for certain boroughs, or lastly, in a word, by not excluding from the councils of the nation, the wisest, the ablest, the best men in the kingdom.

If we do not overrate the power of the arguments which we have brought forward against the Reform of Parliament, we conceive that we have demonstrated, that the Reform of Parliament would ultimately produce the Ruin of Parliament,

by annihilating the qualification of voters, which our forefathers perceived was necessary to preserve the dignity of the Representatives of the people, and which, according to Mr. Justice Blackstone's account, is a measure found necessary in all *popular* states. But perhaps it is meant to be understood, that the reformers in destroying the dignity of the House of Commons, would substitute some other qualification in the stead of that which exists at present. Even in this case, the effect would be nearly the same, as the purpose of the alteration would still be, to admit those who ought to be excluded from the right of voting. We conceive that we have demonstrated that the consequence of this extension of right, would be, that men, devoid either of integrity or talents for business, would be returned as members; and that, instead of any advantage resulting to the people from such a measure, experience shows that serious inconvenience to the public must ensue. That in altering the duration of Parliaments to three years, we recur to that, which our ancestors, after having adopted it, found inexpedient, and had recourse to that establishment which now prevails. That the

influence which is stated to exist, is a practical good, as having a tendency to bring talent and understanding forward for the service of the public; an argument which applies equally to that custom which is said to exist, that seats are purchased. That it is scarcely possible to conceive a House of Commons more wisely constituted with respect to public business, than ours at present; and that from no system that ever has been devised for its REFORM, is the smallest practical benefit to be expected. On the contrary, scarcely any one of the advantages which we enjoy from our present Constitution, would not be endangered, if not positively and certainly sacrificed, by an alteration. And for these reasons we do not hesitate to declare it as our decided opinion, that THE REFORM OF PARLIAMENT would be THE RUIN OF PARLIAMENT.

Such are the arguments which have occurred to us respecting this most important measure; arguments, which we are not aware that the advocates for the Reform in Parliament can answer, and tending to prove that the prospect of good to be expected is fallacious, and that innumerable evils,

absolutely certain, attend the adoption of it. We are not actuated by any party views, for we are of no party; but we are not afraid to avow ourselves firmly attached to the present established order of things, and to the revered person, and to the mild and equitable government, of our gracious Sovereign.

Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.

We hope we have not been intemperate in our language: though we entertain no very favourable opinion of the conduct or the intentions of our opponents; though we conceive we trace in the situation of the country, at the time when the clamour for Reform was first excited, those circumstances which were found in Rome, at the close of the reign of Augustus.* *Postquam provecta jam senectus, ægro et corpore fatigabatur, aderatque finis et spes novæ*, — and though we doubt not that many with "jealous leer malign," have eyed the probable future conduct of the successor; yet, we hope that we have not been intemperate. Owing to the peculiar situation of the Sovereign [1813], all *hopes*

* Tacit. Ann. lib. i.

that the discontented may have formed, from what might be the conduct of the successor, are annihilated; he has been called upon, in some sense of the term, prematurely to decide and to act; and the course which he has pursued has raised him in the esteem, and endeared him to the affections, of the worthy and the well-affected. From his moderation and the steadiness of his counsels, he has defeated the arts of those who were equally the enemies of himself and of the country; and he has the satisfaction of contemplating, that his honest and worthy endeavours have been crowned with a success, that baffles all comparison in the history of modern Europe. These events, it is incumbent on us to contemplate WITH GRATITUDE. . We openly rest our cause on fair and legitimate argument — on the experience, on the wisdom of the wise. We leave invective for those who stand in need of it; to those, who, not having reason on their side, require some succedaneum for argument; to those, who, hoping that from the general wreck of the fabric of the state, some advantage may accrue to themselves; to those, whose *trade* and *occupation* it is "to speak ill of dignities;" to

those, who consider every man in office as a knave, and every man who decries and defames the government as a friend to the people. We are fully aware, that as there are philosophical enthusiasts and religious enthusiasts, so, likewise, there are political enthusiasts, men with slender judgments and heated passions. Quixotism is not confined to combats with windmills; but let the Quixotes of the present day recollect, that when the ferment is once excited, no medicine can cool the blood again; the disease, when once epidemical, becomes deadly, *nulli medicabilis herbæ ;* and that they likewise may perish with the rest. When once the spirit of discontent is permitted to walk the earth, no ordinary hand can arrest his progress; whereever he sets his foot, the ruin of thousands ensues. That this will be the effect, if the present clamour against the Representation be suffered to proceed to the extent that many seem to wish, no man can doubt; and, for these consequences, all who engage in that clamour are *morally responsible.*

If, in any one instance, what is submitted to the public in these pages, will avail to rouse the attention of the thoughtless, or to defeat the schemes

of the unprincipled; if it will avail to show that in no constitution, nor in any other exertion of human intellect, is perfection attainable; if by demonstrating the decided superiority of our system of government over all others hitherto devised, it will tend to render those contented with their present condition, who before were disposed to complain, or who but acquiesced in it from the supineness of custom, we shall not feel elated, — ΚΟΜΠΕΙΝ ΟΥΧΙ ΒΟΥΛΟΜΑΙ, — but in all due humility shall attribute the effect, not to our own merits, but to the goodness of the cause in which we have engaged, and to that conviction which the eternal principles of reason and truth will ever bring to the minds of the candid and unprejudiced, against the schemes of those, who, either from want of penetration, do not perceive the latent mischief, or who seek to mislead others, the better to promote their own base interests.

THE END.

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